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				13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Death of a Salesman—This fine play about a man who suddenly comes to realize that he can't go on any more is impressively acted and superbly staged. Lee J. Cobb is exemplary in the leading role. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Detective Story—Sidney Kingsley's play, laid in a New York police station, is somewhat complicated by a social message, but it is still lively and amusing. Ralph Bellamy is convincing as a tough cop. (Hudson, 44th St., E. LU 2-1087. Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8:40; Fridays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Diamond Lil—Mae West inviting her friends to come up and see her sometime just as engagingly as she did in 1928. Among the members of the saloon society she dominates are Billy Van, Richard Coogan, and Walter Petrie. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Madwoman of Chaillot—Martita Hunt, Estelle Winwood, John Carradine, and Nydia Westman in Jean Giraudoux's witty play about a loony old Parisian lady and her good works. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Twelfth Night—The chances are this comedy should be revived only with a superlative cast, and the one here is not that, though there are some nice performances. Arnold Moss, Nina Foch, Carl Benton Reid, and Harry Townes are probably those most successfully employed. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Yes, M'Lord—A. E. Matthews is the principal, if not the only, point of interest in this rather mild and foolish comedy about the social revolution in England. Among the others in the cast are George Curzon, Tom Macaulay, and Mary Hinton. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**BORN YESTERDAY**: The piece about a conniving junk dealer. Now with Joan Morgan and Jesse White. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **GOODBYE, MY FANCY**: Concerning a college president, a famous congresswoman, and a *Life* photographer. With Ruth Hussey and Conrad Nagel. Starting Monday, Oct. 17, Miss Hussey will be replaced by Ann Harding. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **MISTER ROBERTS**: Henry Fonda, Henry Hull, and William Harrigan patrolling the deck of a Navy cargo ship. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE**: Tennessee Williams' drama about the tragic end of a woman's life. Now with Uta Hagen and Anthony Quinn. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Browning Version and **Harlequinade**—Maurice Evans and Edna Best in two Terence Rattigan one-act plays. Peter Glenville is the director, and Mr. Evans and Stephen Mitchell are the producers. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Miss Liberty—The Berlin-Sherwood-Hart musical concerning a girl who may or may not have posed for that statue in the Harbor. It has a few pretty tunes and some fair dancing, but otherwise it is a distinct disappointment. Eddie Albert, Allyn McLerie, and Mary McCarty head the cast, but Ethel Griffies unquestionably provides most of the fun. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

South Pacific—Richard Rodgers, Oscar Hammerstein II, and Joshua Logan have collaborated triumphantly on this musical about the war in the Pacific. Ezio Pinza contributes a remarkable singing and acting performance, and Mary Martin is delightful in the other leading role. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Oct. 17, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25. Special performance Sunday, Oct. 16, at 8:25.)

Long Runs—**AS THE GIRLS GO**: Mainly Bobby Clark and a couple of songs by Jimmy McHugh. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **KISS ME, KATE**: "The Taming of the Shrew," as souped up by Cole Porter. With Alfred Drake and Patricia Morison. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance, for the Stage Relief Fund, Sunday, Oct. 16, at 8:30.) . . . **LEND AN EAR**: William Eythe and Yvonne Adair running through Charles Gaynor's sketches, lyrics, and music. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **WHERE'S CHARLEY?**: Ray Bolger's resurrection of "Charley's Aunt." (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Touch and Go—A revue with sketches and lyrics by Jean and Walter Kerr, and music by Jay Gorney. Kyle MacDonnell heads the cast. Directed by Mr. Kerr and produced by George Abbott. Opens Thursday, Oct. 13. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

People Like Us—Ann Dvorak and Sidney Blackmer in a play by Frank Vosper. Directed by Clarence Derwent. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 19. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Les Ballets de Paris—Roland Petit's French ballet troupe, presenting "Carmen," "Le Rendez-vous," "L'Oeuf à la Coque," and "Le Combat." (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Sadler's Wells Ballet—Thursday evening, Oct. 13: "The Rake's Progress," "Symphonic Variations," "Façade," and "Hamlet." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday evenings, Oct. 14-15, and Saturday and Sunday matinées, Oct. 15-16: "The Sleeping Beauty." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 15: "The Rake's Progress," "Symphonic Variations," "Façade," and "Hamlet." . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Oct. 18-19: "Cinderella." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 20: "Le Lac des Cygnes" and "Façade." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 21: "Cinderella." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 22: "Le Lac des Cygnes" and "Façade." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 22: "Cinderella." (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

Dance Recital—Jean Erdman and her company. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

Gilbert and Sullivan—Performances by a repertory company, including Ralph Riggs, Joseph Macaulay, Morton Bowe, and Kathleen Roche. "Pirates of Penzance" will run through Saturday, Oct. 15, followed by a week of "H.M.S. Pinafore" and "Trial by Jury." (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ken Murray's Blackouts—A large, various, but not especially gifted assortment of human actors appears in support of some very appealing lovebirds in this vaudeville show, which ran for seven years in California. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Ice Show—"Howdy, Mr. Ice of 1950," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40; Sundays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Rodeo—The annual fall showing of cowboys and Indians. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednes-

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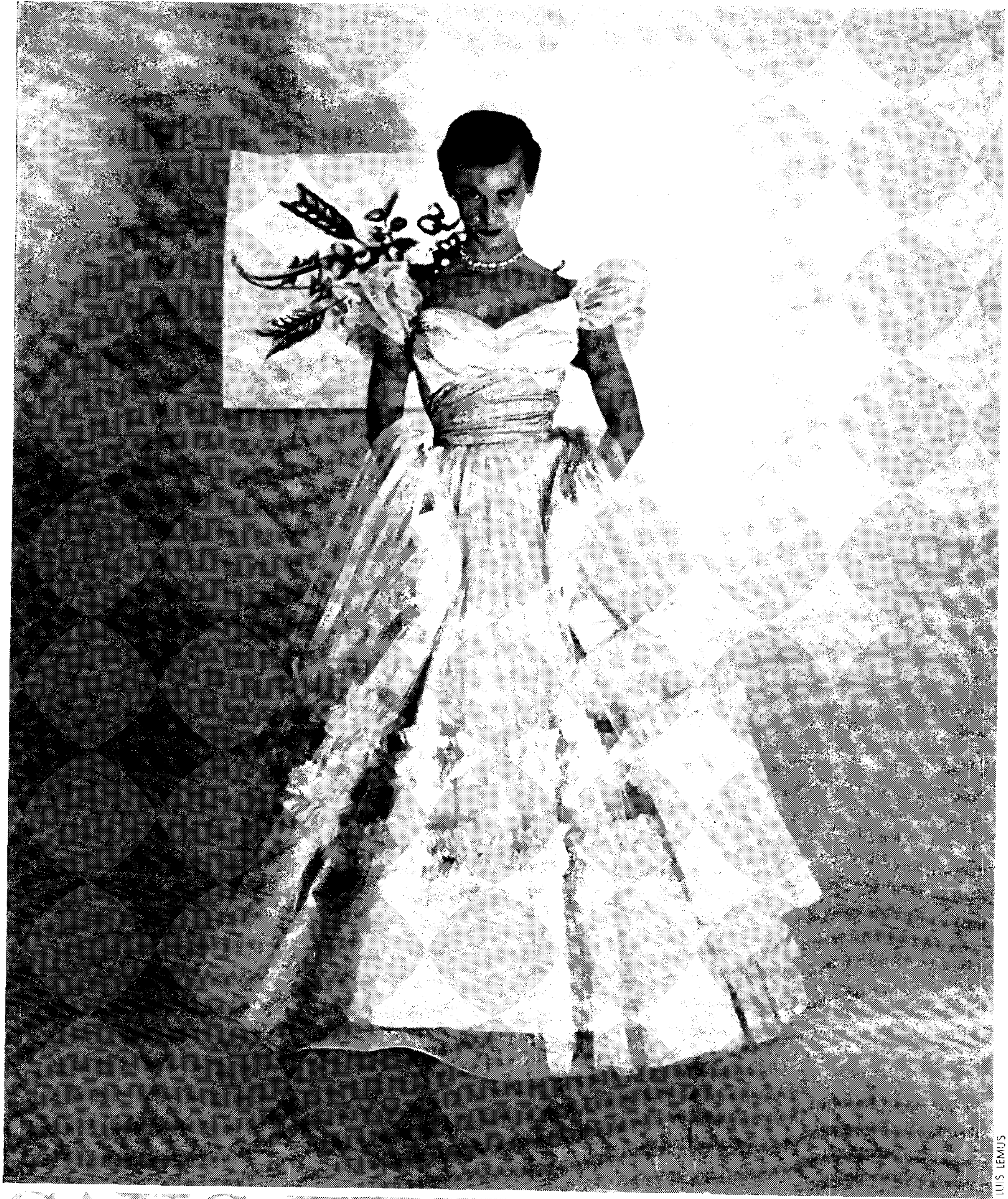
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NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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16	17	18	19	20	21	22

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the Trianon Room, which opens for the season Thursday, Oct. 13, with a benefit for East Side House, Jules Lande's orchestra and Nino de Moraes' rumba band. No music on Sundays.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Billy Taylor's freshly minted band, affording considerable nourishment to serious listeners. Cliff Jackson is, as always, the interlude pianist. Closed Mondays.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Much ado about practically everything, from violin music to ballet to parlor magic. Billy Banks' band for dancing.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A famous lodestone for the life-begins-at-midnight crowd. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—Not all the old familiar faces are on view in the new Larue, but it's still recognizable. The bands of Larry Siry and Bernie Dolen provide the usual sweet dance music. Closed Sundays.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Ballet Theatre's John Kriza and Ruth Ann Koesun dancing Cole Porter tunes in a fairly static revue about the life of Mr. P., who is amiably portrayed by James MacColl. Don McGrane's dance orchestra.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, Eddie Garr makes funny noises and faces. Stanley Melba's dance orchestra and Ralph Lane's rumba band. Square dancing at suppertime Tuesdays, Fridays, and Sundays. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's orchestra for tea dancing and during dinner and supper in the Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Through Monday, Oct. 17, in the Persian Room, Victor Borge will continue his top-grade foolery at, around, and under his piano. Bob Grant's and Mark Monte's orchestras for dancing. The following evening, the De Marcos will commence dancing here. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a luxurious period piece, has the flowing dance music (after eight-thirty) of Nicolas Matthey's and Payson Ré's orchestras. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, Leo LeFleur's music at the cocktail hour. No dancing.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—The stately Oval Room has Emery Deutsch's dinner music every evening but Sunday, when Harold Sandler's orchestra plays instead. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, Harold Sandler's cocktail music from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing in either room.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Kitty Kallen's rather conventional song recitals at dinner and supper in the Maisonette, where Milt Shaw's and Laszlo and Pepito's bands play for dancing. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra is on tap in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper. Tea dancing every afternoon.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2800)—In the new Carnaval Room, Lester Lanin's orchestra and Jan Brunesco's music for dancing. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—So as not to put all its subdebs in one basket, this establishment has opened a Friday-and-Saturday upstairs room, where Suzy Mulligan sings and Ernie Warren's band plays. Downstairs every night, and a good part of every morning, Cathy Farrington sings and Paul Rickenbacker's band plays.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Edith Piaf, an emotional experience in any language, including (as of this fall) the American. Emil Petti's orchestra, some

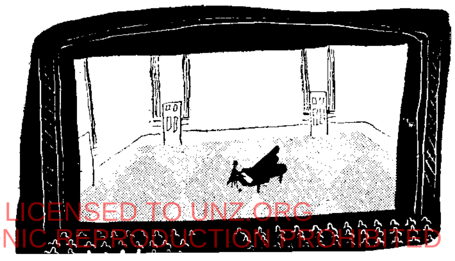
out nobly, but the show is still Piaf. Panchito's rumba band is also on hand.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Wedgwood Room, at suppertime, Janet Blair and the Blackburn Twins put their heads together to vocal and comic effect. Eddy Duchin's orchestra plays for dinner, and, aided by Mischa Borr's band, for supper. On Sundays, no show, but the Borr band plays until ten o'clock. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's band for dinner and supper dance music in the Flamingo Room. Dr. Sydney Ross produces a little sleight of hand. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Les Crosley's light-fingered pianoforte intricacies at cocktails and dinner, followed by Cy Walter's flashy piano work at supper. John Kelley, Jr., does the honors on Sundays. . . . **COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, a timeless ornament of Park Avenue after dark, playing for dancing from eight-thirty on and imparting a new verve to this landmark; further noise by the Phil D'Arcy Trio. Helen Edwards, a big blond Alabama Junior Leaguer, sings a lot better than most débutantes. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): Mary McNally (at cocktail time) and Harry Taylor (after nine-thirty), providing piano undertones for the animated table talk. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A halfway house between Broadway and Park Avenue, with Marshall Grant's trio after ten, except Sunday, and Rudy Barron's violin music after dinner, every evening except Monday. . . . **MONTE CARLO,** 125 E. 54th St. (PL 9-2728): An elegant candy box in which to dance to Dick Gasparre's and the Playa Sextet's music, and to watch Teddy and Phyllis Rodriguez do a much more professional stint of footwork. Closed Mondays. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Subdued piano and violin after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CONTINENTAL ROOM,** St. Moritz Hotel, 50 Central Park S. (PL 5-5800): Opening Friday, Oct. 14, with, at dinner and supper, Cy Coleman's trio, the songs of Maureen Cannon, and Ramoni's rumba band. Closed Mondays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain on a folksy, neighborhood level, with furious indigenous dances by both cast and customers. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): French *schmalz* by Simone Dolphen, American ditto by Wilton Clary. Harold Fonville and Bob Downey operate double pianos. Old silent movies, too, on Sunday nights, but no hoops or marbles. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): This hanging garden offers William Tabbert, one of "South Pacific's" bright young men, and a new torch-bearer named Valaida Snow. Kurt Maier at the piano. No entertainment Sundays. . . . **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In this busy bit of modernist design, Rudy Timfield's dinner and supper piano, except Tuesdays and Sundays. . . . **MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Cocktail piano music Mondays through Fridays, and Bernie Dolen's dance orchestra Saturdays and Sundays until nine. . . . **WEYLIN SUPPER ROOM,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): One more new *boîte de nuit,* with Vertès drawings on the walls and, except Sundays, Delora Bueno, a highly ornamental Brazilian nightingale; Patricia Bright, a highly acidulous caricaturist; and the Sonny Miller Foursome on the stand after ten.



BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis, reigning supreme in his underground kingdom. Copa dolls prance, and there is dance music for spectator athletes. . . . **RIVIERA,** Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): The Ritz Brothers, blowing their tops in thunderous and often funny fashion. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the lounge, John Kelley, Jr., at the piano during dinner weekdays, and the seductive piano duets of Eadie and Rack from suppertime until just before dawn, except Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the back room, every night, Mark Twain comedy by Wally Cox, robust foolishness by the new team of Eddie and Tony, and the beguiling songs of Irene Williams and Mme. Claude Alphand. Background music by Stuart Ross and the Herman Chittison Trio. Sunday nights, guest performers are interspersed among the regulars. . . . **RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Rare good humor, done sly-puss style by Paula Drake, and Rover Boys style by Bibi Osterwald, plus Michael Brown's ballads from the subconscious, the King Odom Quartet's part singing, and the Norman Paris Trio's music of tomorrow. Julius Monk is the proud parent of this assemblage. Closed Sundays. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): An odd yet agreeable treetop, wherein Mmes. Mercer (Mabel) and Spivy (Spivy) sing their familiar but absorbing ditties. Sam Hamilton at the piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mary Lou Williams' arresting abstract piano, sometimes solo and sometimes in counterpoint with J. C. Heard's trio, which also plays for dancing. Erma Ethridge is in charge of the sad-song department. Closed Sundays.

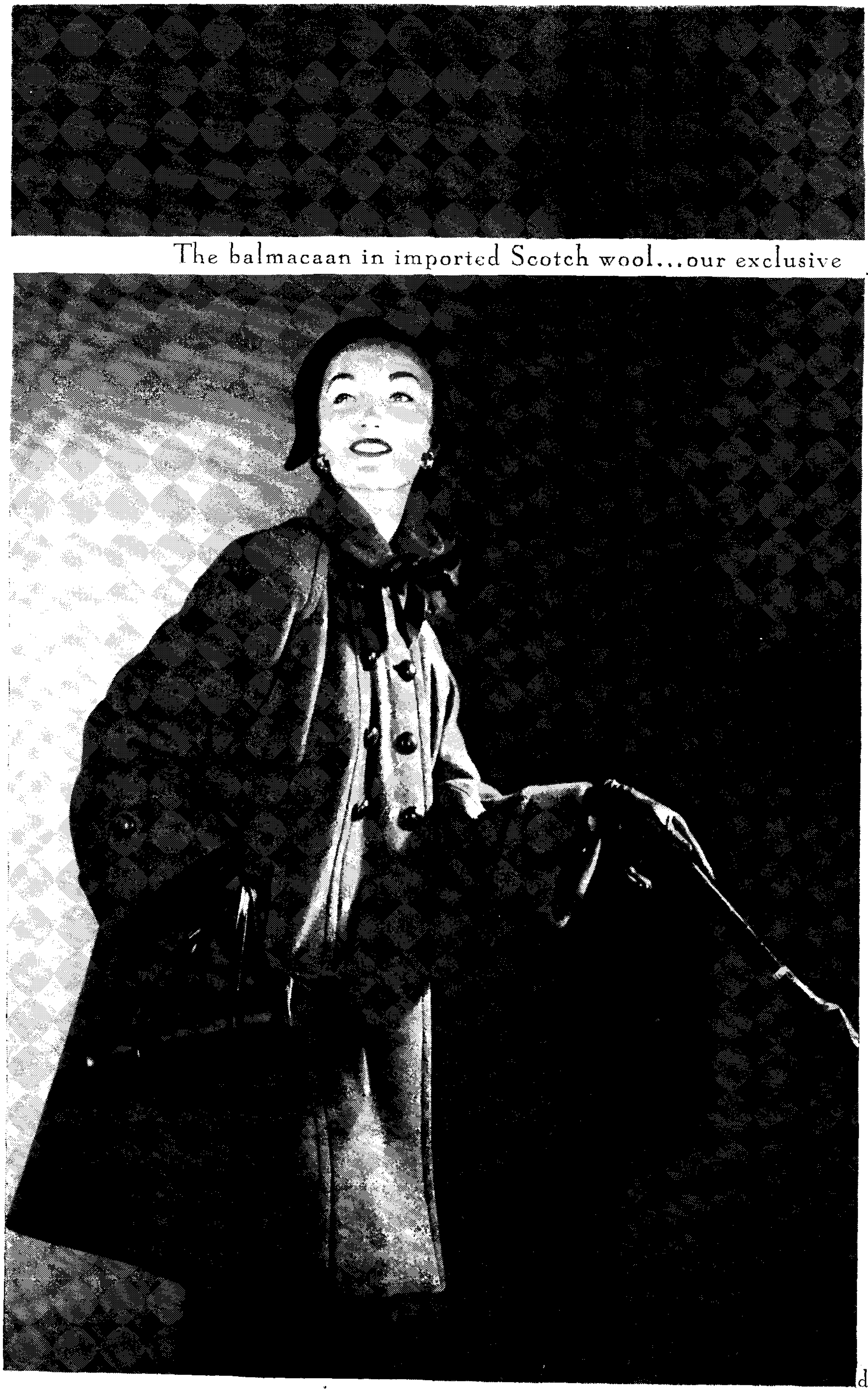
MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Alarums and excursions by Wild Bill Davison, aided and abetted by Gene Schroeder, Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, and other cacophonists. Ralph Sutton plays spontaneous-combustion piano between sets. On Tuesdays, visiting firebrands compound the chaos. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five, ringing these aged rafters. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes, Tony Parenti, Art Trappier, Dick Carey, and friends, up to their customary tricks. Don Frye plays piano while they're out having a smoke. Jam sessions Monday nights. Dancing. . . . **RIVIERA LOUNGE,** Seventh Ave. at 4th St. (WA 9-9663): Willie the Lion Smith and Joe Sullivan, making real lively boys-in-the-back-room piano music after ten every night but Monday. Chippie Hill sings now and then, and Herb Ward and Frank Orchard help out. Guest night is Thursday. . . . **BOP CITY,** 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): Pearl Bailey's down-to-earth views on the love life of the higher mammals; Cab Calloway's quartet and the Gene Ammons Sextet. Closed Mondays. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Slam Stewart's and Yardbird Parker's bands, knocking out their customary rooty-toot. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Those Friday-night frolics, paced this week (Oct. 14) by Baby Dodds, Yank Lawson, Bobby Hackett, Joe Marsala, Max Kaminsky, and other first-stringers. Dancing.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

STATLER, Seventh Ave., at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): In the Café Rouge, Claude Thornhill's orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madi-



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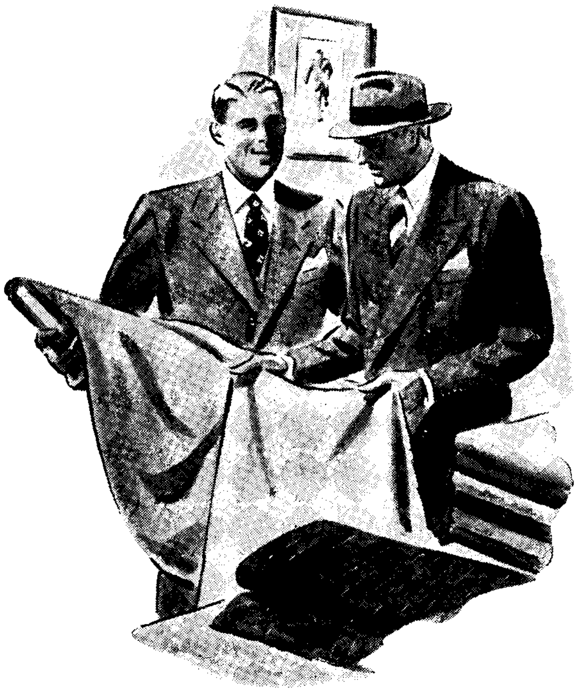

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Grill, Guy Lombardo's orchestra. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6 Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

Allied Artists of America—Their thirty-sixth Annual, unrelievedly academic, as usual. (National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5; through Oct. 20.)

André Demonchy—Paintings by a new Paris primitive, who has the virtue as well as the disadvantage of working in a style that combines those of Louis Vivin and Camille Bombois, his contemporaries in the field. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 15.)

Lamar Dodd—Water colors and drawings, somewhat Cézanne in character, by the prominent Georgia painter. (Luyber, 112 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 22.)

Ernest Fiene—Paintings, tending more toward the abstract than formerly, in his first exhibition in five years. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 29.)

Group Shows—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Fifteenth-anniversary showing of paintings by Sigmund Menkes, Umberto Romano, and other members of this gallery; through Oct. 22. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: New paintings and sculptures in this gallery's twenty-fourth annual fall exhibition, including works by Julian Levi, John Marin, Ben Shahn, and Georgia O'Keeffe; through Oct. 22. . . . **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St.: Paintings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans; through Oct. 29. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57th St.: A show comprising drawings, pastels, and paintings by Degas and Renoir; through Oct. 22.

Barbara Hepworth—The sculptress wife of the English artist Ben Nicholson shows some vividly perceptive drawings and oils. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 29.)

Lilian MacKendrick—Brightly decorative landscapes and other paintings, done with a whimsical touch of abstraction. (Levitt, 16 W. 57th St.; through Oct. 15.)

Robert Motherwell—Collages, dated from 1943 to 1949, including, among a few failures, some extremely impressive examples. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through Oct. 24.)

Karl Priebe—Pleasant, if a bit deliberately elfin, paintings of Midwestern birds. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through Oct. 29.)

Joe Richards—Paintings by a former seaman, in which the influence of Ryder and Eilshemius is brought to bear tellingly on nautical affairs. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through Oct. 22.)

Sculpture—Modern European and American sculptors, from Gerhard Marcks and Jacques Lipchitz to Mary Callery and Alexander Calder. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 15.)

Anthony Toney—Tenuously drawn but generally effective paintings, loosely abstract in style. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 15.)

Note—The semiannual outdoor art display in Washington Square can be seen daily, through Oct. 16, from noon until dark.

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57th St.: Albert Gleizes; through Nov. 5. . . . **SIDNEY JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Mondrian; through Nov. 12. . . . **JEWISH MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.: Abraham Walkowitz. Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; through Nov. 14. . . . **BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway: Max Beckmann. Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Nov. 27.

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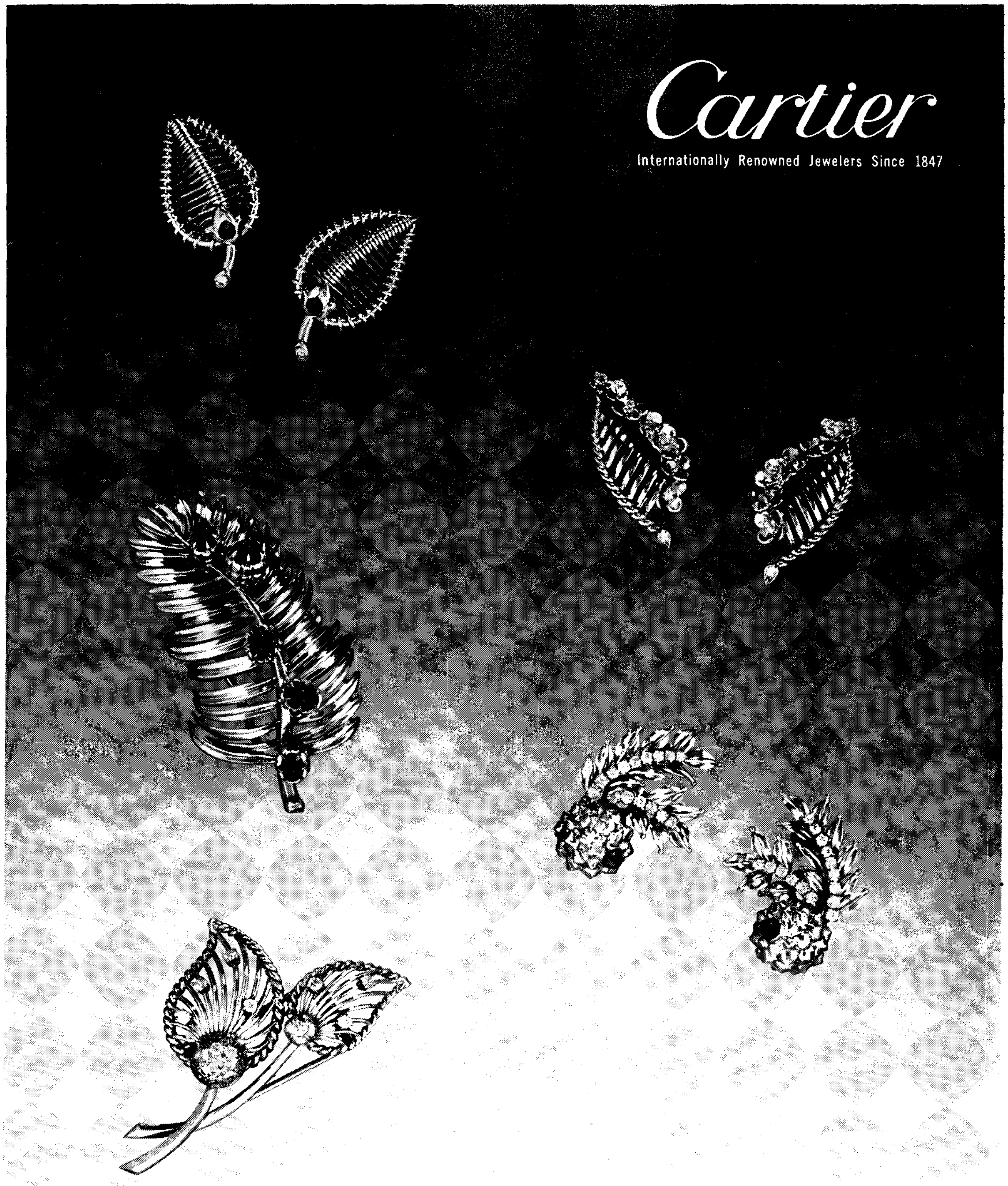
MUSEUMS

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Modern Art in Your Life," a slightly helter-skelter but very lively juxtaposition of examples of the fine arts and samples of industrial design, indicating how much "modernism" has penetrated into daily living. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays 1 to 7; through Dec 4.)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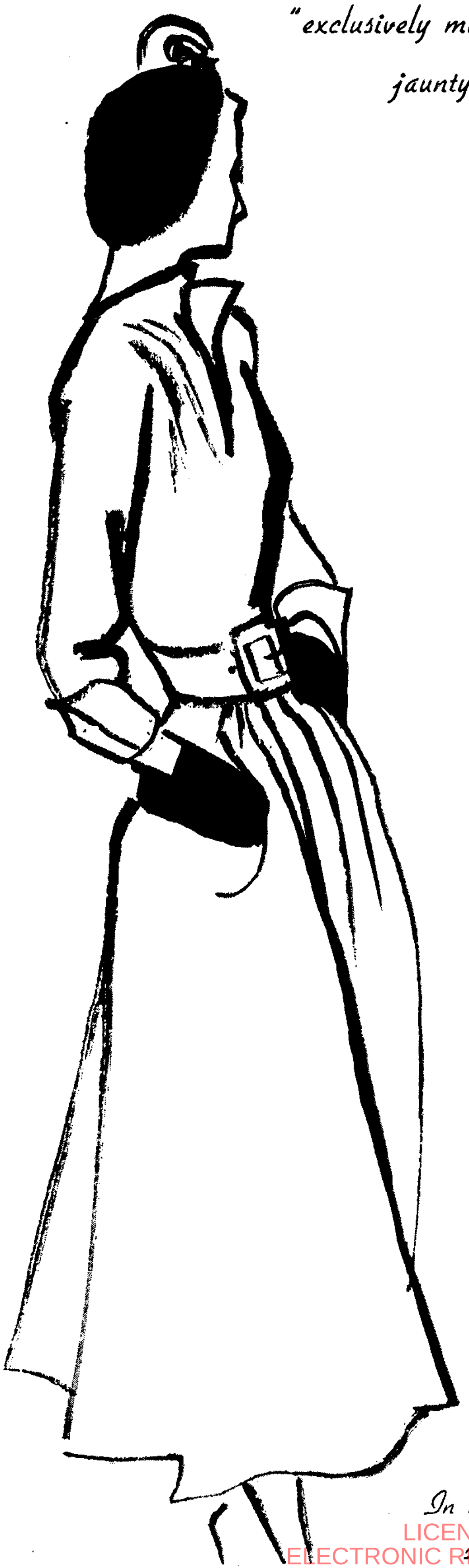

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

exhibition in honor of Juliana Force, former directress of the Museum. Made up solely of paintings, sculptures, and other works that were shown at one time or another during her tenure, it amounts to a sort of one-woman survey of the past forty years of American art. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5; through Oct. 30.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall it's LU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Thursday evening, Oct. 13: "Don Giovanni." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 14: "Der Rosenkavalier." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 15: "The Old Maid and the Thief" and "The Medium." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 16: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 16: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 19: "Tales of Hoffmann." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 20: "Aïda." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 21: "Ariadne auf Naxos," in English and German. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 22: "The Marriage of Figaro," in English. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15, except Friday, Oct. 21, when the curtain is scheduled for 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

LEMONADE OPERA—Kurt Weill's "Down in the Valley," along with "Hänsel and Gretel," both in English; through Saturday, Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Haydn's "The Man in the Moon," in English, starting Wednesday, Oct. 19. (Greenwich Mews Playhouse, 141 W. 13th St. CH 2-9360. Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings at 8:40. Matinées Saturday, Oct. 15, at 3, and Saturday, Oct. 22, at 2:40.)

ORCHESTRAS

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Opening performances of the season, Leopold Stokowski conducting: Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8:45; Friday, Oct. 14, at 2:30; Sunday, Oct. 16, at 2:45; Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8:45; and Friday, Oct. 21, at 2:30. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Bruno Walter conducting, Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8:30. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. For tickets, call RE 7-8490.)

RECITALS

APPLETON AND FIELD—Duo piano, with the Frank Brieff Chamber Orchestra. (Town Hall. Fridays, Oct. 14 and 21, at 8:30.)

ROBERT GOLDSAND—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

HORSZOWSKI—Piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8:30.)

GRACE CASTAGNETTA—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 3.)

CHAMBER ART SOCIETY—Robert Craft conducting, with Joseph Fuchs, violin; Leo Smit, piano; Reginald Kell, clarinet; and others. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 5:30.)

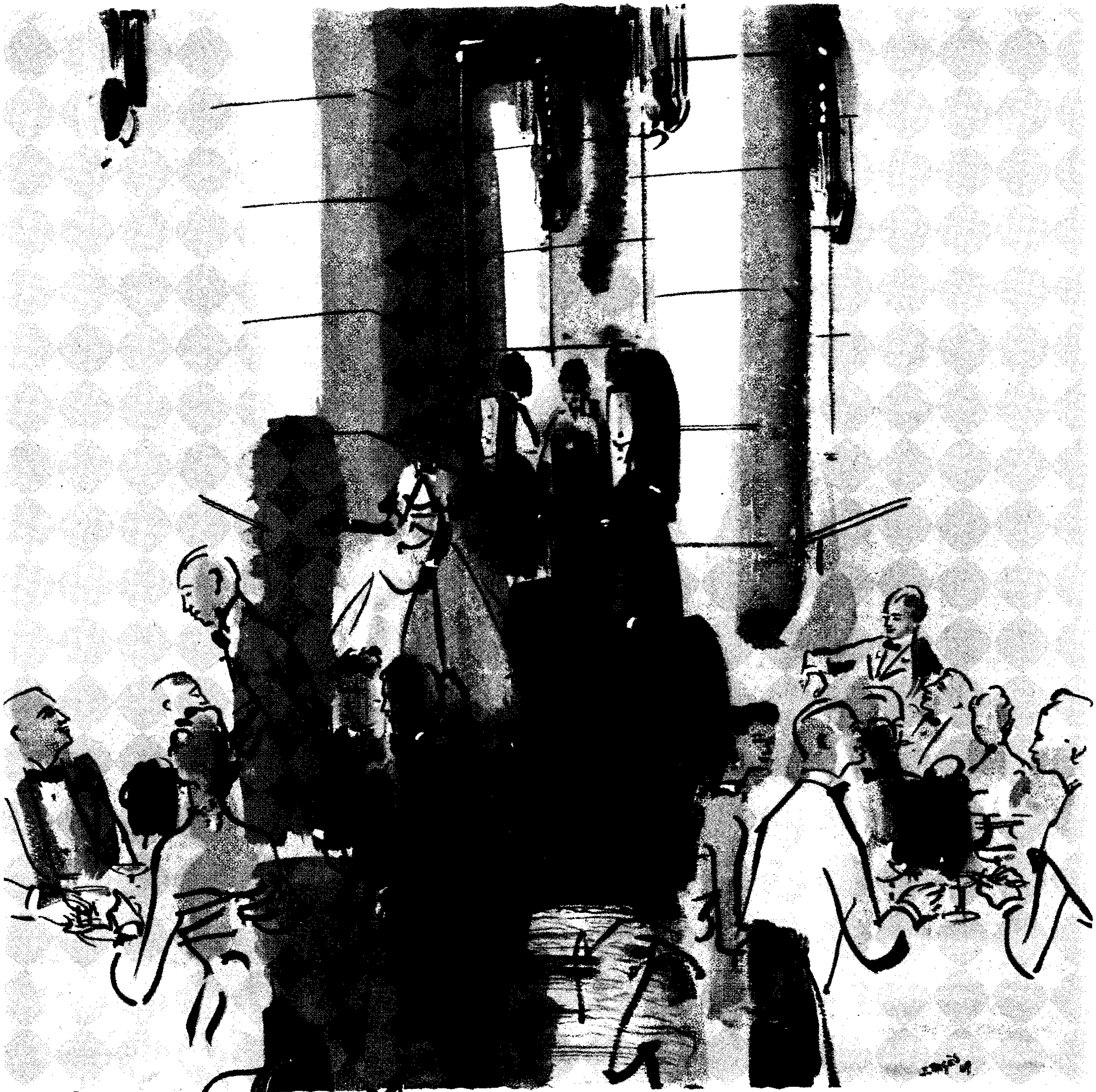
MISCELLANY

CHOPIN CENTENNIAL PROGRAMS—Artur Rubinstein, piano. A benefit for the Chopin Scholarship Fund. (Metropolitan Opera House. Monday, Oct. 17, at 8:30. For tickets, call RE 4-2130.) . . . ¶ Vladimir Horowitz, piano. A benefit for the Village Temple and the Village Presbyterian Church. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Monday, Oct. 17, at 8:30. For tickets, call WA 9-4868.) . . . ¶ Frank Sheridan, piano. (Town Hall. Monday, Oct. 17, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Agi Jambor and Jakob Gimpel, both piano; the Mannes Trio; and a symphony orchestra conducted by Franco Autori. A program sponsored by Trygve Lie, Carlos P. Romulo, and the Polish Delegation to the United Nations. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8:30.)

JAZZ CONCERT—The George Shearing Quintet, Dizzy Gillespie's band, Harry Belafonté, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Oct. 17, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—**SATURDAY, OCT. 15:** Dartmouth vs. Colgate, at Hanover, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard



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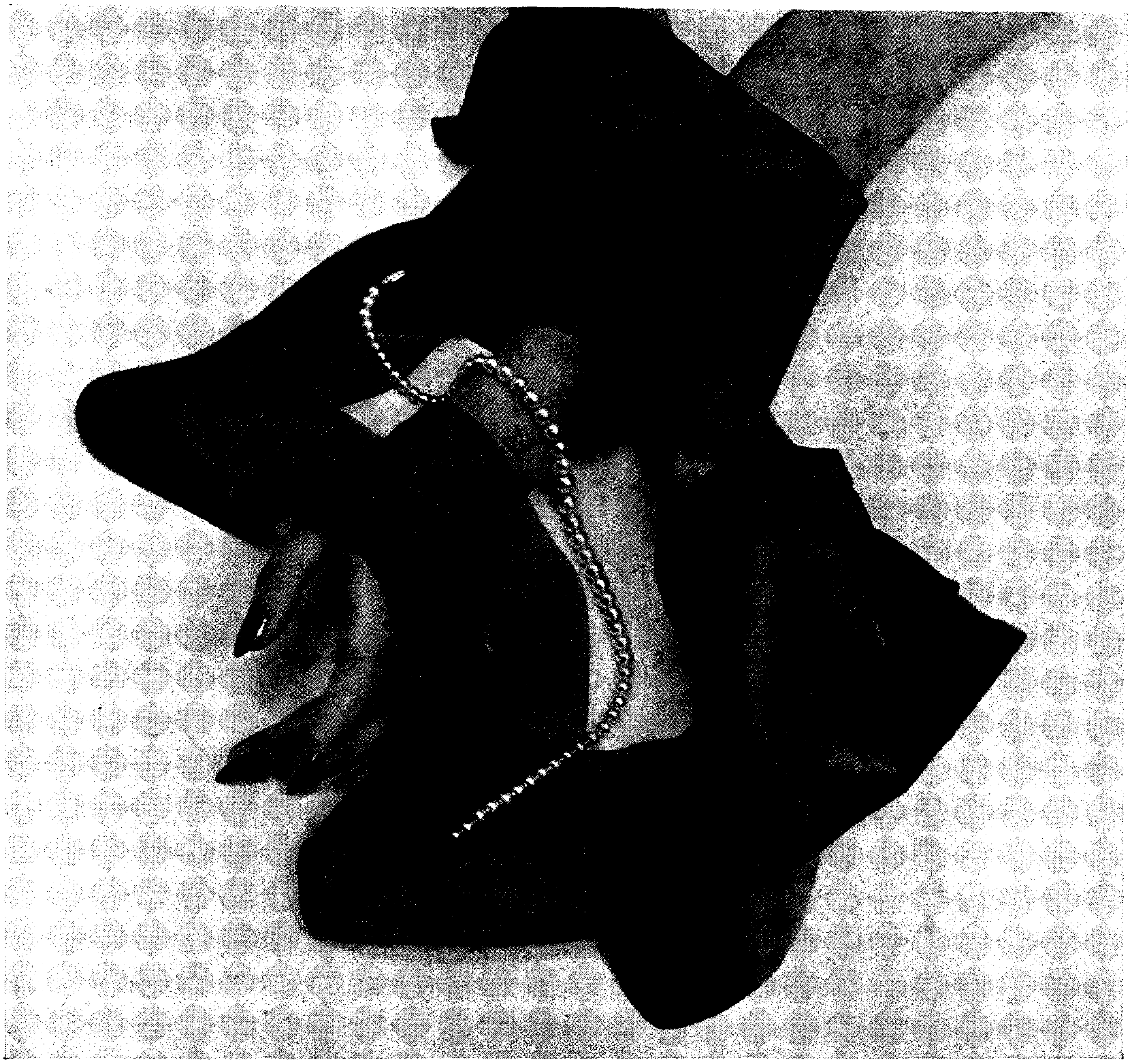

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

vs. Army, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia, at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Syracuse, at New Brunswick, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Cornell, at New Haven, at 2. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 22:** Amherst vs. Wesleyan, at Amherst, at 2. . . . ¶ Army vs. Columbia, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Colgate vs. Rutgers, at Hamilton, at 2. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Syracuse, at the Polo Grounds, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Holy Cross, at New Haven, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Lehigh, at Providence, at 2.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers. (Polo Grounds. Sunday, Oct. 16, at 2:05.)

HORSE SHOW—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Starting Wednesday, Oct. 19.)

HUNT RACING—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 15.) . . . ¶ Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 22.)

RACING—At **JAMAICA:** Weekdays at 1:15; through Tuesday, Oct. 18. The Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 15; the Remsen Handicap, Tuesday, Oct. 18. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays between 11:10 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:47 and 1:25.) . . . **EMPIRE CITY AT JAMAICA:** Weekdays at 1:15, starting Wednesday, Oct. 19. The Autumn Day Stakes, Wednesday, Oct. 19; the Comely Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 22. (Trains will leave Penn Station for the track at the times given above.) . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J. Weekdays at 1:30. The Vineland Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 15. (A train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Saturdays at 10 A.M.) . . . **LAUREL PARK,** Laurel, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 22. The Selima Stakes, Saturday, Oct. 22.

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40. (Special trains leave Penn Station Mondays through Thursdays at 7:03, and Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49 and 7:03.) . . . **SARATOGA SPRINGS:** Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 15.

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERT—Philharmonic-Symphony, Igor Buketoff conducting. (Town Hall. LU 2-4536. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 11.)

CLARE TREE MAJOR CHILDREN'S THEATRE—"The Five Little Peppers." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 3.)

MOVIES—Children's films, cartoons, and short subjects. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The General Assembly is holding plenary sessions at Flushing Meadow most weekdays, and about nine hundred visitors are admitted to each meeting. Whenever plenary sessions are not going on, committees of the General Assembly confer at Lake Success, in rooms accommodating fifty to a hundred onlookers each. About five hundred visitors continue to be admitted, Mondays through Fridays, to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments, also at Lake Success. For tickets to any of these events, call FLushing 8-2000, Ext. 92, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the United Nations Station, at Flushing Meadow, and for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success.

ANTIQUE SHOW—The New York Antiques Fair. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Monday through Friday, Oct. 17-21, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, Oct. 22, from 1 to 6.)

CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW—An outdoor display of hardy chrysanthemums, together with an indoor exhibit by the National Chrysanthemum Society. (New York Botanical Garden

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Bronx Park. Friday, Oct. 21, from 2 to 5; Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 22-23, from 10 to 5.)

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 110 E. 58th St.—Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century French and English furniture, tapestries, and bibelots, owned by Miss F. E. Wickham and others. (Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 13-15, at 2.) . . . ¶ French Provincial furniture and decorations, owned by Mme. Laurestine Julien. (Exhibition, Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 18-20, from 9:30 to 5; auction, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 21-22, at 2.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The *current show* is called "Antarctic Skies." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

NOTE—Registration days for the November 8 elections are Thursday and Friday, Oct. 13-14, from 5 to 10:30 P.M., and Saturday, Oct. 15, from 7 A.M. to 7:30 P.M.

ON THE AIR

(Since programs are often changed at the last minute, the newspapers should be consulted as final authority.)

RADIO

UNITED NATIONS—The most important open meetings are broadcast at 11 A.M. and 3 P.M. over WNYC. . . . ¶ A résumé of the day's proceedings can be heard Mondays through Fridays at 10:45 P.M. over WMCA.

MUSIC—N.B.C. Symphony, Milton Katims conducting, Saturday, Oct. 15, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Philharmonic-Symphony, Leopold Stokowski conducting, Sunday, Oct. 16, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Eleanor Steber, soprano, Monday, Oct. 17, at 8:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Ezio Pinza, bass, Monday, Oct. 17, at 9 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Nino Martini, tenor, Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 8 P.M., WJZ.

DRAMA—Kirk Douglas and Marilyn Maxwell in Ring Lardner's "Champion," Thursday, Oct. 13, at 9 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Theodore Dreiser's "Sister Carrie," Sunday, Oct. 16, at 2 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Dorothy McGuire and Cornel Wilde in "Coquette," presented by the Theatre Guild, Sunday, Oct. 16, at 8:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Loretta Young and Van Johnson in "Mother Is a Freshman," Monday, Oct. 17, at 9 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Rosalind Russell in "The Rock Cried Out," Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 8 P.M., WNBC.

SPORTS—COLLEGE FOOTBALL, SATURDAY, OCT. 15: Yale vs. Cornell, at 1:45 P.M., and Northwestern vs. Michigan, at 4:45 P.M., both over WOR. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Army, at 1:55 P.M., WMGM. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at 1:50 P.M., WINS. . . . ¶ Notre Dame vs. Tulane, at 2:15 P.M., WNBC, and at 2:45 P.M., WJZ.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Elmer Davis, Mondays through Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Edward R. Murrow, Mondays through Fridays at 7:45 P.M., WCBS.

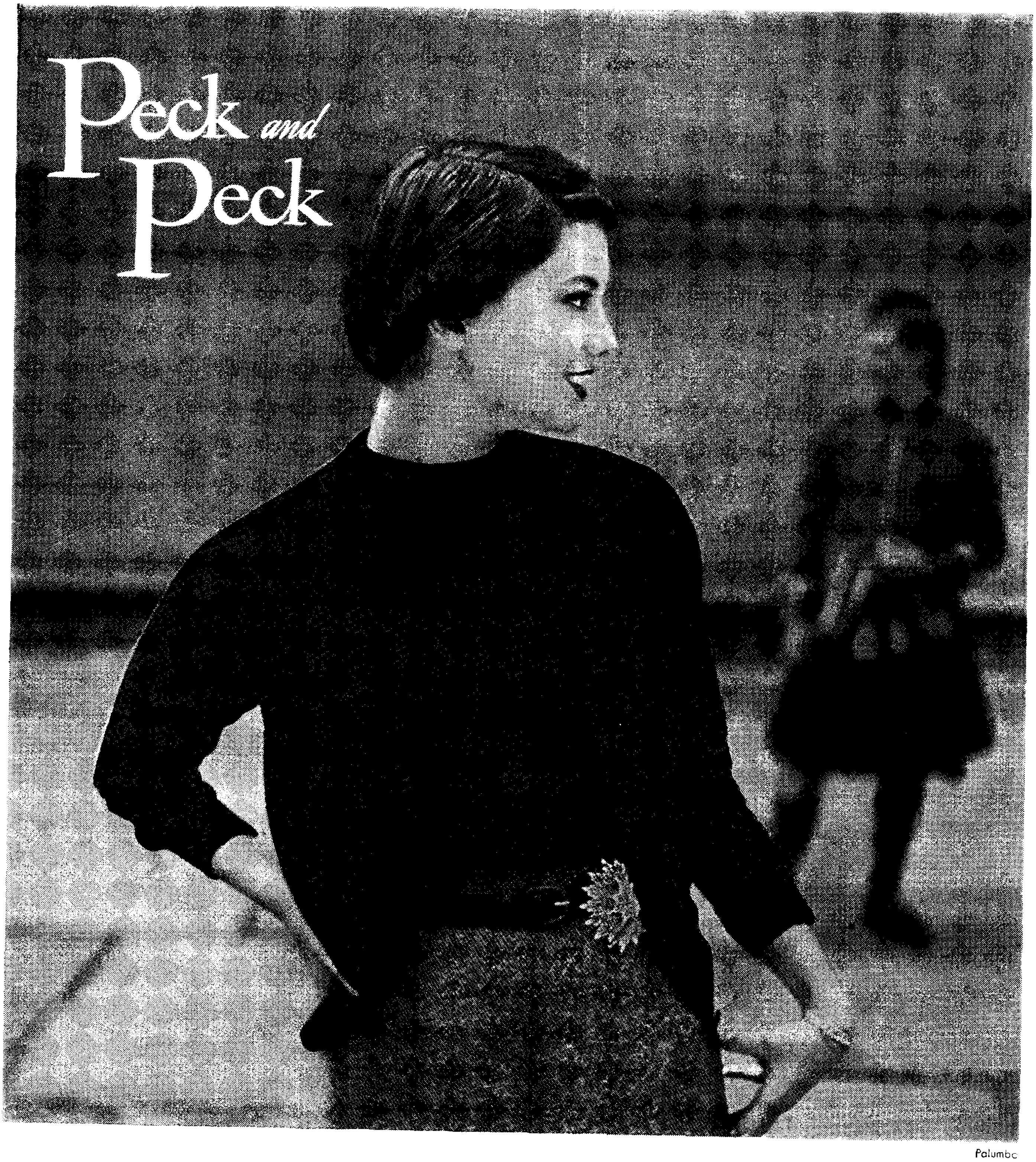
TELEVISION

MUSIC—Eleanor Steber, soprano, Monday, Oct. 17, at 8:30 P.M., WNBT.

DRAMA—Leueen MacGrath in F. Scott Fitzgerald's "The Last Tycoon," Sunday, Oct. 16, at 9 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Marsha Hunt in "The Storm," Monday, Oct. 17, at 10 P.M., WCBS-TV. . . . ¶ Cloris Leachman and Valerie Cossart in "Accidentally Yours," Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 9 P.M., WNBT.

SPORTS—COLLEGE FOOTBALL, SATURDAY, OCT. 15: Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at 1:30 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Cornell, at 1:45 P.M., WPIX. . . . ¶ Tulane vs. Notre Dame, at 2:30 P.M., WABD.

MISCELLANY—The twenty-fourth installment of the film of General Eisenhower's book "Crusade in Europe," Thursday, Oct. 13, at 9 P.M., WJZ-TV. . . . ¶ Filmed highlights of the past week's important football games, Friday, Oct. 14, at 7:30 P.M., WJZ-TV. . . . ¶ "Author Meets the Critics," with Millard Lampell,



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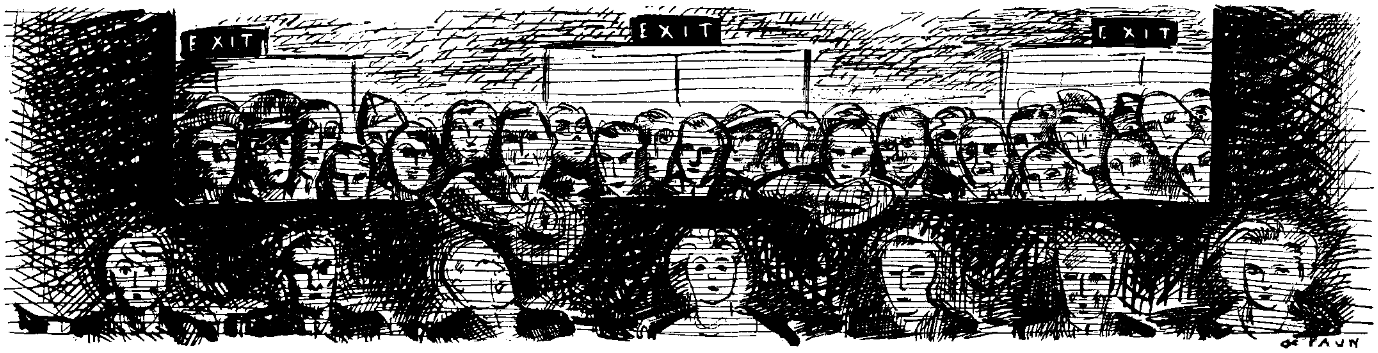
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

Devil in the Flesh—Adolescent love described perceptively in a French film, adroitly directed by Claude Autant-Lara, that features Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Germany Year Zero—Roberto Rossellini's not too successful effort to duplicate, with a cast made up of German amateurs, the sort of thing he did so well in "Open City" and "Paisan." In German. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th, CI 7-0760.)

Hamlet—Sir Laurence Olivier's version of the Shakespearean tragedy, and a fine one. An English picture. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30 and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Pinky—The race problem again—this time as it affects a Negro girl, very fair in appearance, who ventures back to her birthplace in the South after passing for years as a white girl in Boston. Jeanne Crain plays the unfortunate young lady, and Ethel Barrymore and Ethel Waters also participate. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

Quartet—An English film consisting of screen versions of four of Somerset Maugham's short stories. A couple of the episodes are quite pleasant, and the cast is first-rate. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520.)

The Red Shoes—A stylish ballet is the chief asset of this long-drawn-out British picture, which deals with life among the dancers. With Moira Shearer, Ludmilla Tcherina, and Leonide Massine. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30 and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Saints and Sinners—The Abbey Theatre Players of Dublin cutting loose in a modern Irish town, with results that are often very comic. An English film, based on a script by Paul Vincent Carroll. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

Task Force—Gary Cooper on the wing with the U.S. Navy's air arm in a picture that compensates for some implausible romance with excellent documentary shots of the war in the Pacific. Walter Brennan is helpful as an officer who acts as Mr. Cooper's mentor in the service. (Strand, B'way at 47th, CI 7-5900.)

REVIVALS

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Oct. 15. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Oct. 15-18.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Oct. 17.)

I Know Where I'm Going (1947)—Wendy Hiller and Roger Livesey stormbound in the Hebrides. An English film. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Oct. 14.)

Man Hunt (1941)—Spies and sportsmen in Germany and England. Joan Bennett and Walter Pidgeon. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Oct. 17-19.)

Monsieur Vincent (1948)—Pierre Fresnay in a French picture that tells of the struggles of Saint Vincent de Paul. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Never Give a Sucker an Even Break (1941)—W. C. Fields doing his best as a kindly uncle. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers mixed up with the musical world. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; through Oct. 14.)

Pygmalion (1938)—The G.B.S. business. A British film, with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; through Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; Oct. 14-16.)

Storm in a Teacup (1938)—A British comedy about a Scottish village and a flock of dogs. With Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Sara Allgood. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Oct. 13.)

The True Glory (1945)—A documentary film of the war, with a commentary by General Eisenhower and others. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Oct. 18-19.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—Circus life, with W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, and Charlie McCarthy. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Oct. 16: "Max Apprend à Patiner" (1905), with Max Linder; and four Chaplin pictures—"Making a Living" (1914), "A Night at the Show" (1915), "Work" (1915), and "The Pawnshop" (1916). . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 17: Four more Chaplin pictures—"The Tramp" (1915), "A Woman" (1915), "The Bank" (1915), and "Police" (1915). (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only if applied for in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Lost Boundaries," Beatrice Pearson, Mel Ferrer.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"Roseanna McCoy," Farley Granger, Joan Evans.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"Easy Living," Victor Mature, Lucille Ball.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through Oct. 14: "The Blue Lagoon," Jean Simmons, Donald Houston.
From Oct. 15: "The Black Book," Robert Cummings, Arlene Dahl.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Adventures of Ichabod and Mr. Toad," a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Heiress," Olivia de Havilland, Montgomery Clift, Ralph Richardson.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Oct. 19: "Holiday in Havana," Desi Arnaz.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
Through Oct. 18: "My Friend Irma," Marie Wilson, John Lund.
From Oct. 19: "Red, Hot and Blue," Betty Hutton, Victor Mature.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
PINKY.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Father Was a Fullback," Fred MacMurray, Maureen O'Hara.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Jolson Sings Again," Larry Parks, Barbara Hale.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
TASK FORCE.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Christopher Columbus," Fredric March, Florence Eldridge.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Ambassador, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
GERMANY YEAR ZERO.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
"Under the Sun of Rome" (in Italian).

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
THE RED SHOES.

Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd. (MU 7-8723)
Through Oct. 14: "One Night of Love," revival, Grace Moore.
From Oct. 15: "Master of Bankdam," Anne Crawford, Dennis Price.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (OR 5-9630)
NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK, revival; and **YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN**, revival.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
"Strangers in the House" (in French), Raimu.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
SAINTS AND SINNERS.

Little Cinémet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
Through Oct. 19: "Pagliacci" (in Italian), revival, Beniamino Gigli; and "Before Him All Rome Trembled" (in Italian), revival, Anna Magnani.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DEVIL IN THE FLESH; and "A Visit with Maillol," short documentary film.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
HAMLET.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
QUARTET.

Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
"Spring in Park Lane," Anna Neagle, Michael Wilding.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through Oct. 16: "It Happened in Europe" (in Hungarian).
From Oct. 17: "The Affair Blum" (in German).

See and Hear **OLSEN and JOHNSON'S FIREBALL FUN-FOR-ALL** every Thursday on Television

All roads lead it to Roam

THERE'S the winey autumn air calling—the open road beckoning.

And here's this beautiful Buick ROADMASTER ready for whatever pathway you choose—with everything it takes to make a ride beyond comparison.

Here is the buoyant cushioning of a soft coil spring on each wheel. Here, the slipper-soft stride of low-pressure tires, and the satisfying steadiness of extra-wide rims.

Here, too—and here alone—two prideful qualities team up to give ROADMASTER a place unmatched in your preference.

One is Buick's high-compression, high-pressure Fireball power with all the lift and surge of one hundred and fifty horses.

The other is the completely silken action of Dynaflow Drive—the one transmission in all the land that is utterly smooth and falter-free from getaway to open-road pace.

So you have the answer to autumn's call to adventure. The answer in comfort, in driving ease, in thrilling power.

The answer even in price and delivery. For a call at your Buick dealer will show you there's no buy in its price class to equal ROADMASTER—while deliveries are pleasingly prompt.

See him today—for a demonstration and to get a firm order in.

SEE YOUR NEAREST BUICK DEALER

Tune in HENRY J. TAYLOR, ABC Network, every Monday evening.

BUICK alone has all these features

SILK-SMOOTH DYNAFLOW DRIVE* • FULL-VIEW VISION FROM ENLARGED GLASS AREA • SWING-EASY DOORS AND EASY ACCESS "LIVING SPACE" INTERIORS WITH DEEP-CRADLE CUSHIONS • BUOYANT-RIDING QUADRUFLEX COIL SPRINGING • LIVELY FIREBALL STRAIGHT-EIGHT POWER WITH SELF-SETTING VALVE LIFTERS (*Dynaflow Models*) PLUS HI-POISED ENGINE MOUNTINGS • LOW-PRESSURE TIRES ON SAFETY-RIDE RIMS • DOUBLE-DUTY VENTIPORTS • DURABLE BEARINGS, MAIN AND CONNECTING RODS • BODY BY FISHER

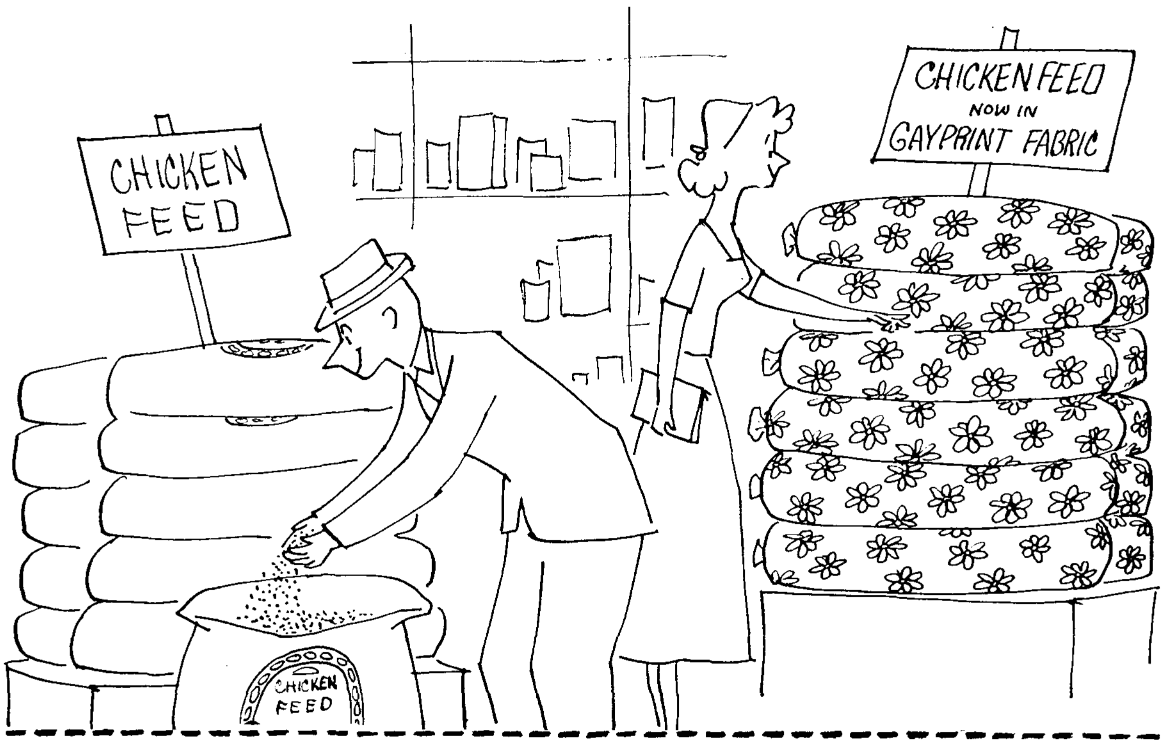
*Standard on ROADMASTER, optional at extra cost on SUPER and SPECIAL models.

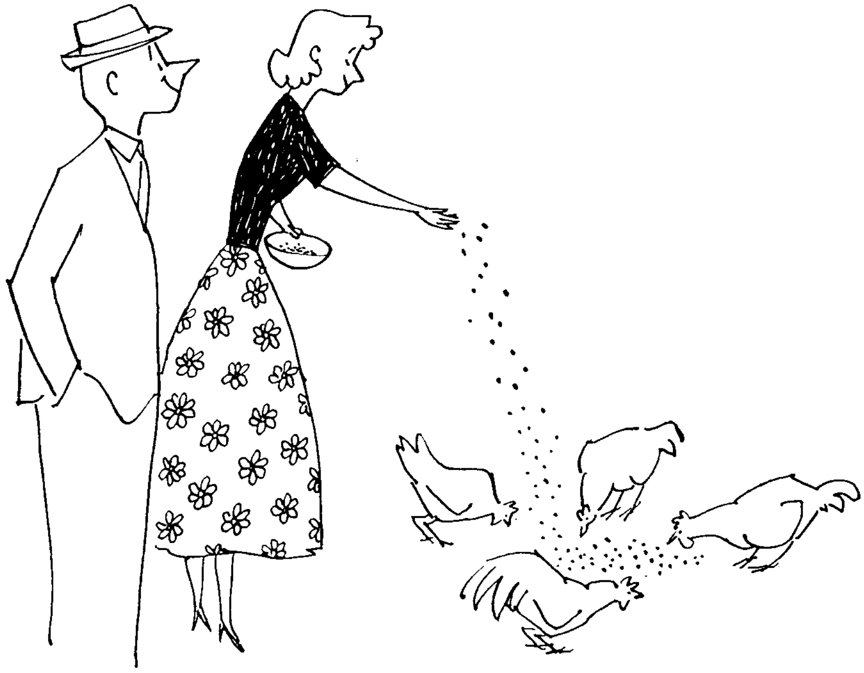
YOUR KEY TO
GREATER VALUE

Buick **ROADMASTER** with Dynaflow Drive

THE BUY IN FINE CARS • When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!


CHICKEN FEED
CHICKEN FEED NOW IN GAYPRINT FABRIC
CHICKEN FEED

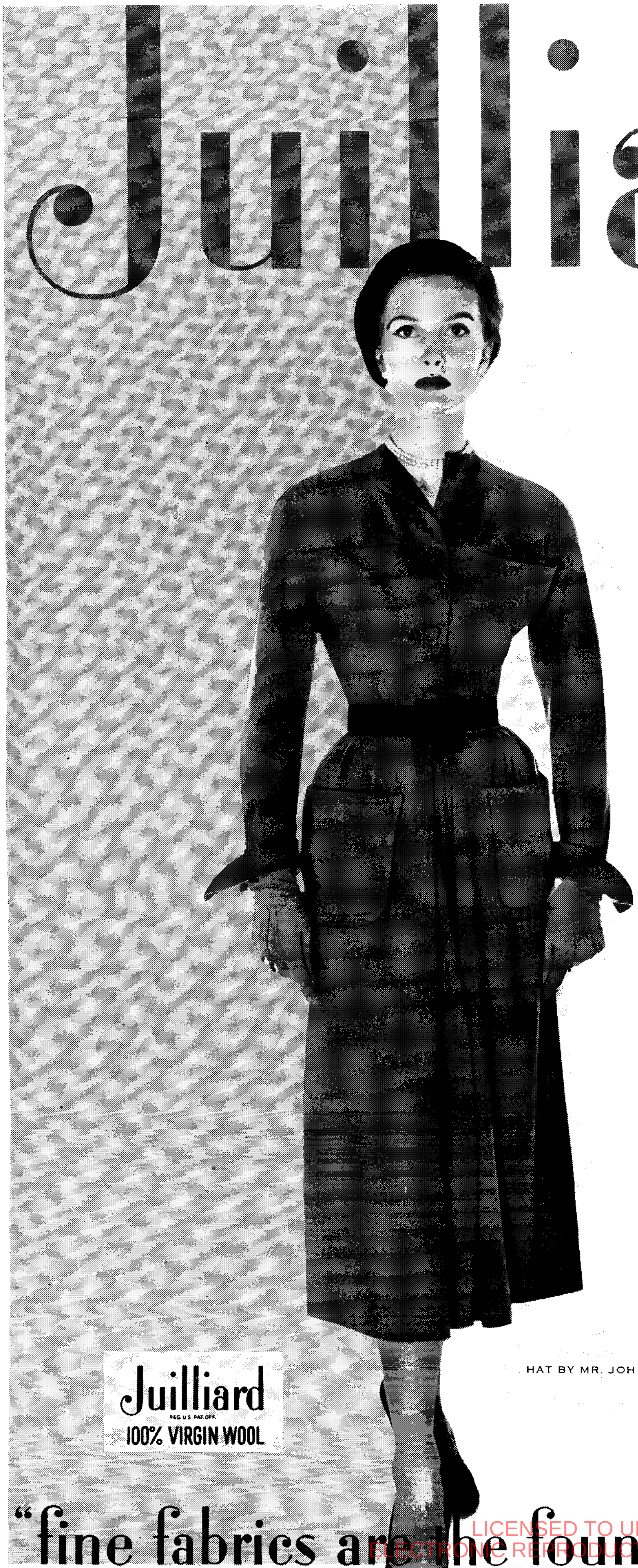


In their pattern of living, too, women know where to turn for help and inspiration.

Month after month, more women buy Ladies' Home Journal than any other magazine.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN

Juilliard woolens


Juilliard
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
100% VIRGIN WOOL

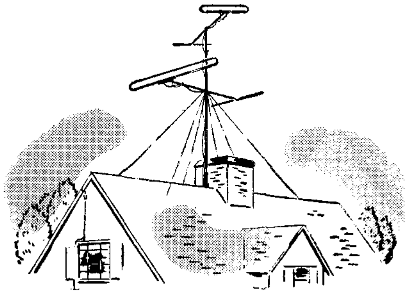
Juilliard Bontura . . . light
and fluid as a buoyant step,
in a beautifully casual dress
by Zweig-Talmack
at
Saks Fifth Ave., New York
Neiman-Marcus, Dallas
Roos Bros., San Francisco

HAT BY MR. JOHN

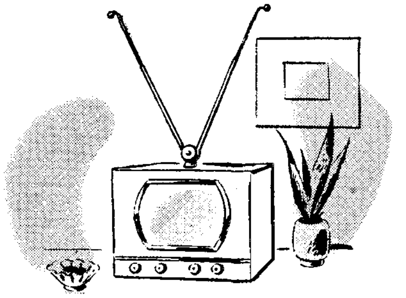
"fine fabrics are the foundation of fashion"

NOW—NO MORE HIGH COST TELEVISION INSTALLATION

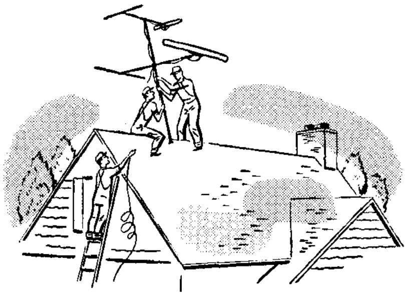
With the sensational Philco Electronic Built-In Aerial System no antenna of any kind is needed



NO outdoor aerial



NO indoor aerial



NO installation cost

. . . and these new super-powered, Philco receivers give the finest performance, even in "fringe areas," in television history.

Have you "held off" television because of all the money you have to put into installation . . . or because of those unsightly pipes and poles on the roof . . . or because of the inefficient "rabbit ear" indoor aerials? Or has your apartment house landlord refused you permission to put up an aerial? Well now you can forget all *that!* For the Philco Electronic Built-In Aerial System is here.

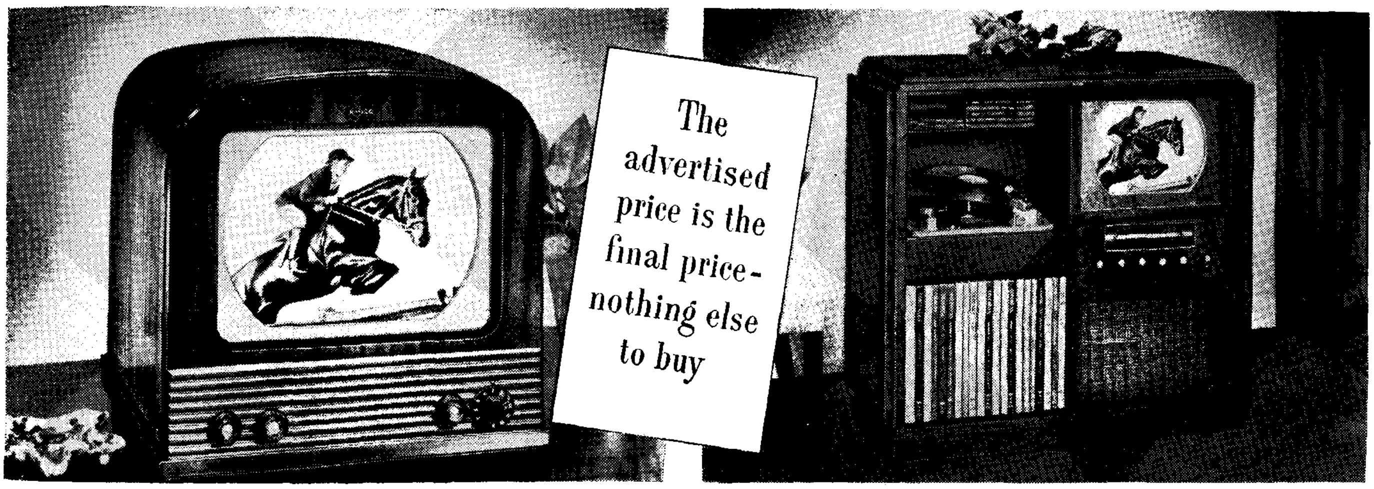
Now—Just Plug in and Play

No aerial of any kind in up to 8 out of 10 locations is now necessary. All you do is just plug in and play.

But Philco brings you even *more.* You get the most powerful, the most sensitive circuits we've ever designed. Far more efficient, far more selective—these new super-powered Philco receivers deliver the finest overall performance in television.

Even in far off fringe areas or other weak signal areas where an outdoor aerial may be needed—and where other sets may fail—Philco television for 1950 will perform brilliantly.

See these great new 1950 Philco receivers at your dealer's now—the sensational television sets with the Electronic Built-In Aerial System.


The advertised price is the final price - nothing else to buy

NO AERIAL NEEDED in any normal location. New Philco super-sensitive circuit and High Gain Tuner give you performance that never before has been possible. You get sharper, clearer pictures than ever on huge 97 square inch screen. No installation cost, and the price is nearly $200.00 less than last year's 90 square inch picture. Model 1400.

$\$259^{95}$

Tax and Warranty $3.80

NEEDS NO AERIAL in all normal locations. Has a huge 97 square inch screen and the exclusive Philco No-Glare Optical System that makes television easy on your eyes! Exclusive Philco 3-speed automatic phonograph plays all kinds of records, all sizes, all speeds automatically. Plus the new Philco super-powered AM-FM radio. Model 1479.

$\$499^{95}$

Tax and Warranty $11.75

Price slightly higher in South and West

PHILCO TELEVISION *for* 1950

"The set with the Built-in Antenna"

REPARTEE
Repartee
Lenthéric

Repartee

An engaging new perfume . . . witty, expansive, lasting . . . a moving experience that makes imagination twinkle. Repartee is available in de luxe presentations . . . also in purse-size flacons.

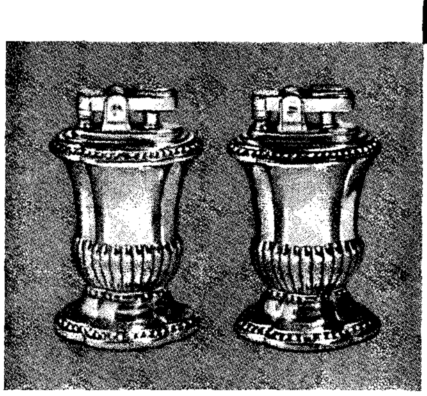
A NEW Lenthéric perfume

MADE IN FRANCE

CAROLE STUPELL, leading designer of table décor, SAYS:

"this can be *your* table"

Ronson MAYFAIR, *in heavy silver plate; in pairs for balanced table settings. $16.50 per pair, plus tax*



Miss Stupell, famous creator of table settings, who designed this enchanting arrangement, says:

> "To me—Ronson Table Lighters are as essential as the silverware on the table."

Exquisite Table Ronsons, in heavy silver plate, happily fit modern or period settings. Use them for every desk and table in your home. These gorgeous lighters serve for months on a single fueling. Give years of obedient lights.

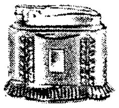
Any woman who loves her home will appreciate a gift of Table Ronsons—and will recall your thoughtfulness with every light. All Ronsons have that famous one-finger, one-motion safety action: **"press—it's lit! release—it's out!** *Safely out the instant you lift your finger."*

Tune in Ronson's "20 Questions" Saturday nights (Sunday nights, Pacific Coast), Mutual Network, and Ronson's "Johnny Desmond Show" Sunday nights (Monday nights, Pacific Coast), Mutual Network. See and hear Ronson on Television, *too.*

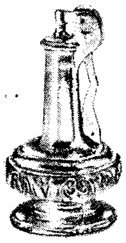
RONSON®
WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

Other table Ronsons in heavy silver plate . . .

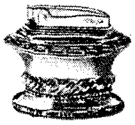
CROWN.
Popular Table Ronson in Danish modern.
$11 plus tax



DIANA.
Stunning Table Ronson of classic design.
$8.50 plus tax



DECANTER.
Tall, slim; richly ornamented base.
$14.50 plus tax



WALDORF.
Handsome relief motif.
$12.50 plus tax

Ronson QUEEN ANNE *in heavy silver plate. Period design inspired by 18th century motif.* ***$11 plus tax.***

Ronson NEWPORT *in heavy silver plate. Tall, sophisticated lighter with deeply fluted body.* ***$9 plus tax.***

RONSON Newark N J • Toronto, Ont • London, Eng

Other Ronsons for pocket and purse from $6.00 to $200 at your favorite dealer

MARIAN STEPHENSON

DRESS BY SARA RIPAULT

HOCKANUM

Woolens

It's wool, it's wonderful . . .

this dramatic dress

in flame red, emerald or

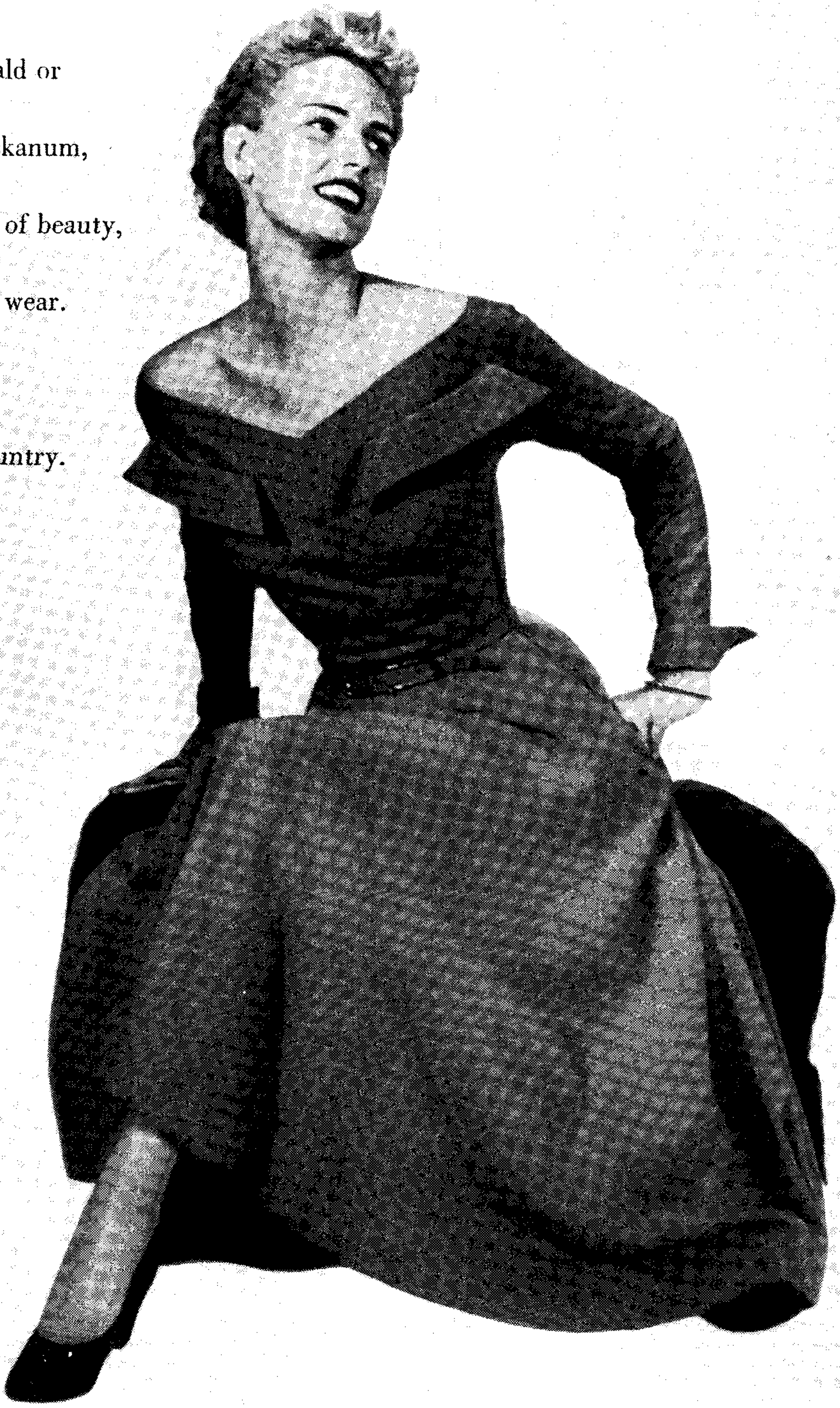
black cloth by Hockanum,

makers of woolens of beauty,

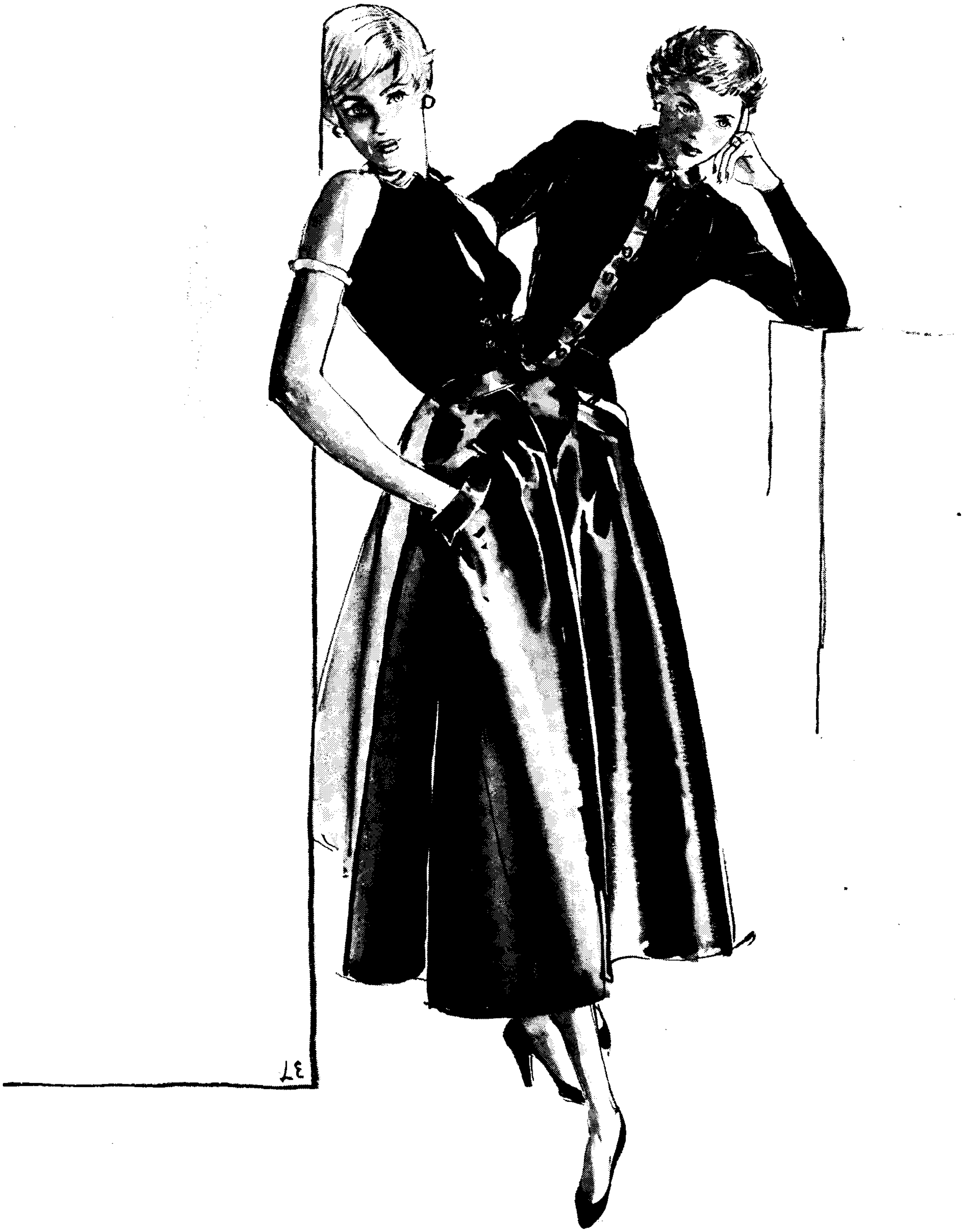
quality and lasting wear.

At fine stores

throughout the country.



M. T. STEVENS & SONS COMPANY



DUAL PERSONALITY . . . Young Colony's fascinating theatre costume . . . rayon satin-skirted . . . topped with a wool jersey cardigan which may be whipped off to reveal a beautiful bare-armed jersey halter for your dancing-dates. Black or navy, sizes 9 to 15. Skirt, 16.95; satin-bound cardigan, 12.95; satin-collared halter, 9.95.

Young Colony shop, third floor . . . and at East Orange, White Plains and Manhasset

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK **B. ALTMAN & CO.** TELEPHONE MURRAY HILL 8-7000

THE NEW YORKER

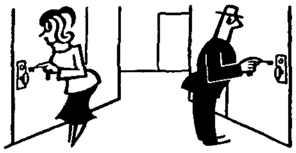
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE wonder how a traveller would make out if he were to carry an amplifying device into Grand Central and shout back at the commercials. "Aw, shut up!" would be a proper response to make in the great hall these days. Undoubtedly the traveller would be seized and ejected from the terminal, as a disturber of the peace. But the New York Central apparently is in a safe corner and can disturb the peace twenty-five times an hour by plugging beer and flashlight batteries in a loud voice when people are trying to get some sleep in the waiting room. Now that the precedent has been set to louse up a public place with audible advertisements, the idea should spread rapidly. Eventually it will spread into hospitals, whose rooms, we trust, will be entirely occupied by railroad executives, each on his bed of pain.

LAST week's advertisement, in the financial sections of the local papers, of the first public offering here of an Israeli corporation stock—three hundred thousand shares of Palestine Cotton Mills common—attracted our attention not only because of its pioneering nature but because it contained a line in Hebrew, which we took to read "Palestine Cotton Mills." This is an exotic departure from the usual, parochial financial announcement, and we congratulate the First Guardian Securities Corporation, which made it, and the composing rooms of the *Times*, the *Tribune*, and the other papers, which made it possible. We hope it marks a trend, and that we may look forward to similar notices, reading "*Prospectus sur demande*," *und so weiter*.

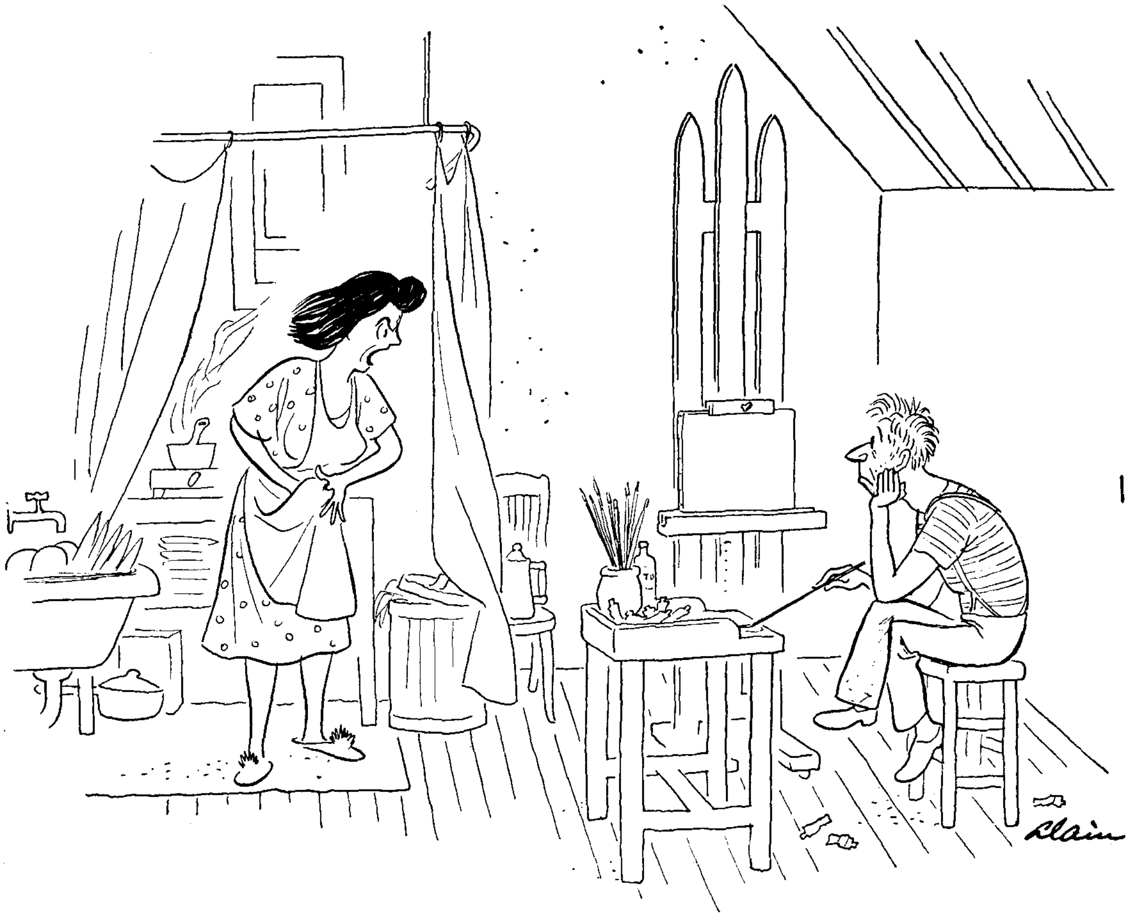
REPRESENTATIVE WAYNE L. HAYS, Democrat, of Ohio, told the press that on his recent trip to Warsaw with a junketing Congressional subcommittee he was shadowed by a Polish secret agent. He said that a well-dressed, attractive blond woman had a room across the hall from his in Warsaw's Hotel Bristol, and that every time he left his room, she left hers. Once, to test whether he was being trailed, he walked down the hotel stairs, the woman following, and stepped into an elevator going up, the woman still following. We think Representative Hays' conclusion that the woman was a government agent is hasty. First, government agents in Eastern Europe are never well-dressed, attractive blond women; they are dark, frowzy public stenographers, elderly busboys, or thickset men in derbies. Second, the preferred distance for shadowing is twenty feet, not six inches. Third, we ourself have had precisely the same experience four times right in New York—twice at the Waldorf, once at the Biltmore, once at the St. Regis. Our own hasty conclusion in each case, which Representative Hays might do well to consider, was simply that we exercise an irresistible attraction for good-looking blondes, and each time we went on about our business diffusing a soft, steady glow.



Affectionate Friend

WE stopped in at the Plaza the other morning to have a talk with Count Carlo Sforza, the Italian Foreign Minister, whom we had last seen during the war, when he was living here as a voluntary exile from Fascism. He looked just about as we remembered him—a handsome man with a pointed white beard and compelling eyes. In the old days, at his apartment on East Ninety-third Street, he used to receive journalists and friends stark naked, save for a monocle attached to a black cord. At the Plaza, he wore a silk dressing gown and no monocle. The Count, now in his middle seventies, is an eloquent speaker, and he seems disposed to discuss all subjects, personal or political, with an air of rather feudal benignity. When, for example, he mentioned his deep affection for America, he gestured toward the windows of his room as if that specific demesne, America, were lying just outside. He seems disposed also to develop his ideas by paradox and indirection. "I am very glad that the Russians have, at long last, the atom bomb," he told us, then closed his eyes, leaned back in his chair, and caressed his beard. "And why? Because I was in France between 1933 and 1937." With a beckoning gesture, he encouraged us to finish his thought for him. We sat tight, and he went on, "And what did I see there? That the French were preparing methodically for the greatest defeat in their history. They were then the victims of that complex of destructive optimism called the Maginot Line. The atom bomb was well on its way to becoming America's Maginot Line. Now that danger is past." There was another silence, then he demanded, "What is political?" We still sat tight. "Or what is military? Or what is strategic? Nothing. Everything is moral. A defense against Soviet ideas is unthinkable in terms of weapons. It is ridiculous. You must have superior moral and intellectual courage, not a mere armed fear. With a monopoly on the bomb, America risked forgetting that."

The Count mentioned Italy's re-



"Grandma Moses doesn't get into a funk. Grandma Moses doesn't have to wait for the creative yeast. Grandma Moses isn't hamstrung by the tensions of her time. Grandma Moses knocks them out one after another. Grandma Moses . . ."

• •

nunciation of its territorial claims on Libya and Eritrea, and said that in giving full freedom to the Africans his country is guaranteeing the future economic and moral mission of Italians in Africa as an assertion of its old territorial rights could never do. At that point in our talk, Countess Sforza, white-haired and lively, bustled into the room and frantically attempted to find a list of things she had promised to buy at Finchley for their son, who lives in Paris. While she circled the room, the Count leaned forward and asked abruptly, "Why is Marx still known to us? Because he wrote well, that's all. His ideas are worth nothing. His style is excellent." The Countess rushed out of the room, and the Count, apparently dissatisfied with Marx as a subject, challenged us with "All old men are wicked. They are possessed by an evil spirit." We decided that we couldn't afford to sit tight any longer and started to suggest that maybe it was going too far to accuse *all* old men. The Count held up his hand to stop us. "I am greatly surprised that you should say such a thing," he said. "Where do you get your information concerning this matter? Have you been old already?" Humbly, we shook our head, and he asked, "Or do you perhaps mean to imply that I am not a wicked person?" He reflected a moment, then continued, "Probably I am not. That is, I am. Old people are wicked because they feel death approaching, and this they don't like. Descartes used to say, 'I think, therefore I am.' Old people say, 'I am being flattered, therefore I am.' The only cure for this attitude and for that great wickedness is to be found in the cult of beauty. When I walk through the woods, or ride horseback, or swim, I think, 'What is it to me whether I am successful or not, whether I am a private individual or Foreign Minister? What do I care?' And so I am saved."

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PACIFIC COAST INTELLIGENCE: A Hollywood mortician is making a wide promotional distribution of gift bottles of a perfume called A Bientôt.

Topped Out

THE day after the steel skeleton of the United Nations Secretariat Building, on the East River, was topped out last week and the blue-and-white flag of the United Nations was raised to its thirty-ninth story, we inspected the site, starting from a little park in Tudor City that commands a fine view of the whole United Nations enclave, from Forty-second to Forty-eighth Streets, and is therefore a favorite point of vantage for sidewalk superintendents. The principal work now going on is the completing of the Secretariat Building, which stands at the southerly end of the site, and closer to the river than to First Avenue. The broad east and west façades will be mostly glass, and the narrow north and south façades will be sheathed in marble. By last week, the marble was up to the twentieth floor and the glass up to around the tenth. Except for a drum-shaped concrete basement that will eventually be part of the turn-around space in an immense underground garage, the rest of the site is an untidy wasteland of cranes, construction shacks, trucks, trash fires, and piles of materials.

When we called at the main construction shack, we were informed by Mr. Joseph Zunser, whose title is Assistant Coördinator of Construction, that the untidiness is deceptive and that everything is proceeding almost exactly on schedule. When ground was broken for the Secretariat Building, thirteen months ago, the program called for completion of the structure in January, 1951, and Zunser told us that he is pretty sure it will be done by then. The second building on the time card is the one to house the Security Council, the Economic and Social Council, and the Trusteeship Council; this will start going up the middle of next month and is to be finished in the summer of 1951. The General Assembly Building will be begun in December and, if all goes well, finished in the fall of 1951. The plans call for another skyscraper, up near Forty-eighth Street, but at the moment there's no provision for it in the United Nations budget. On the north side of Forty-second Street, close to the river, is a square brick building that looks as if it belonged to the United Nations, but it doesn't. It's a ventilator shaft for the I.R.T. subway to Queens, and the city retains possession of it and of the ground it stands on. The United Nations people have been given permission to beautify it as they see fit, and hope to blend it in with the other buildings. There's also a small building on Forty-second Street, which the United Nations Headquarters planning staff is using as its office. It was started by the Civic Housing Authority, sold to the United Nations when half done, and finished by the United Nations. When the other buildings are completed, it will house the United Nations library. The United Nations cornerstone is all ready to be put in place, by the way, except that no date has been carved on it yet. That is because President Truman hadn't, at the time of our visit, said whether he will come up to lay it this year or next. Advices were momentarily expected. The stone will be laid temporarily in a retaining wall that runs along Forty-second Street south of the Secretariat Building, and moved later to a permanent niche, the location of which hasn't yet been selected.

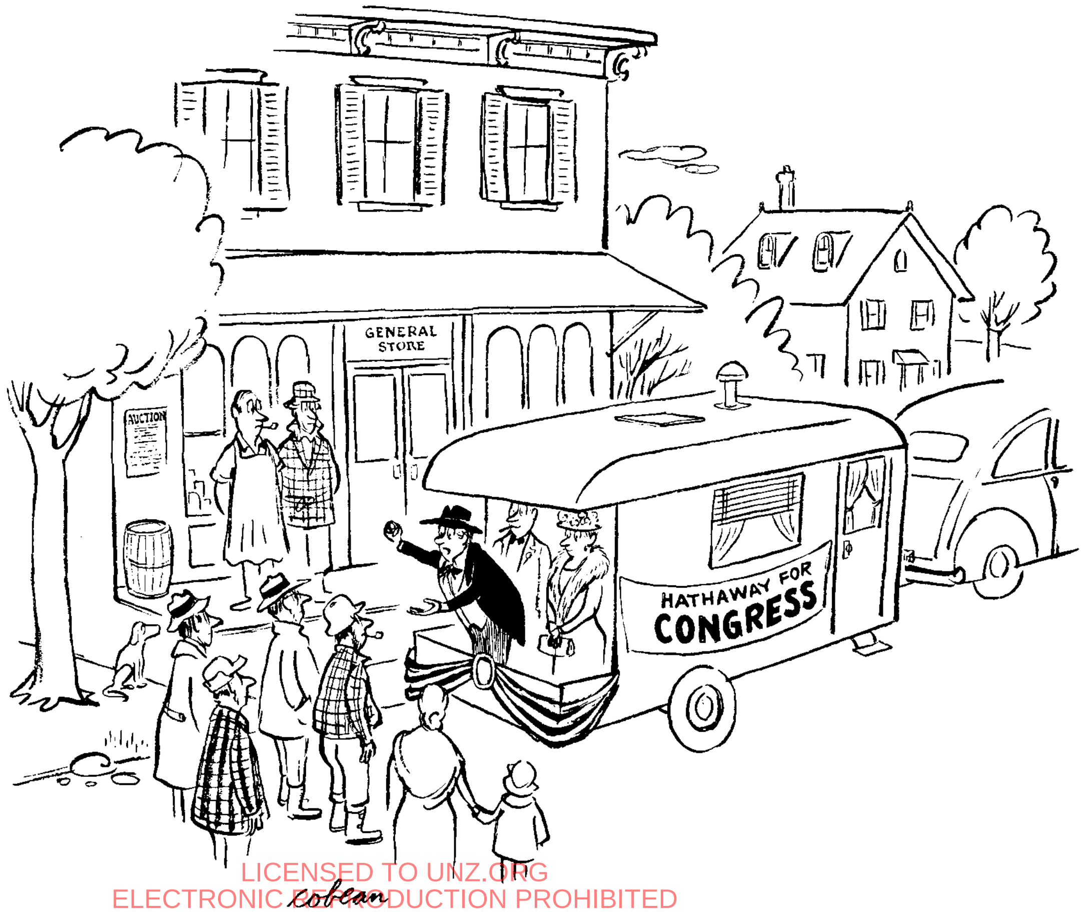
Mr. Zunser offered to show us around a bit, and led us at a rapid pace through the naked innards of the Secretariat Building, of which we remember quantities of pipes, stacks of bricks, and loudspeakers urgently blaring people's names. Zunser said that the loudspeakers are necessary because there are a thousand men on the job—too many to keep in touch with by ordinary means. From the north side of the building, we surveyed a man-made hill, of considerable size, at Forty-seventh Street. "That's the fill we got from excavating here," Zunser said. "Most of it will have to be brought back later, because the ground level here is going to be three stories higher than it is now." The most surprising thing uncovered by the construction work to date, he told us, has been the extent of fill on the site. In its natural state, the site was a ledge of rugged Manhattan schist varying in height and with an irregular shoreline. From time to time in the last couple of centuries, loads of stone, dirt, and rubbish have been dumped on it to bring it up to a uniform level and to claim more space from the river. In some places, the fill extends seventy-five feet in from the river and is thirty-five feet deep. The East River was once closer to First Avenue in many places than it is now. The Secretariat Building occupies some of the filled-in part of the site and consequently is supported on piers that go down to bedrock. These are fifteen by eighteen feet in girth. As far as the engineers are concerned, the building will stand till kingdom come.

Clutter

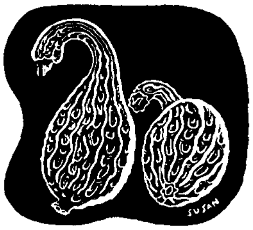
OUR Third Avenue correspondent reports some misgivings about television in the recreation centers over there. He cites in particular the instance of one of the senior bartenders of the region being goaded past passive endurance by the remarks of customers who were presented with a television snowstorm instead of a prizefight the other evening. The bartender faced the complainers firmly, and spoke as follows, by way of explanation and prediction: "It was all right until everybody in the building got television. I've been living on this avenue fifty-six years, and I never seen a time there wasn't only just so much of anything to be had, whatever the hell it was. Now, on a little two-by-four roof, like the one we got here, they got so many of these damn tit-tat-toe aerials sticking up that there ain't enough pictures to go around. The lot of you sit around beefing because you see snow instead of the boys in the Garden, but I'm telling you right now if things keep up the way they're going, they'll come a day when you'll think back how wonderful it was when you could see anything at all on the bloody gadget."

Saint Francis of the Bronx

IN addition to acting as night watchman at the Botanical Garden, Mr. William F. Drescher is curator, entirely on his own, of a cold-weather bird-feeding station up there, and we've had a talk with him about his plans for the coming cold season, which, we find, are identical with his plans for several seasons past: During the fall and winter, he will put out, in the Rock Garden,



a hundred pounds of grain and twenty-five pounds of suet in mesh containers. This costs him around ten dollars a year, and he considers it money well spent. The investment, plus a careful scrutiny of feathered visitors, which he maintains not only in cool and cold weather but in summer, too, has enabled him to observe, often at close quarters, birds of nearly a hundred and seventy species and subspecies, including the great horned owl, the baldpate widgeon, the Eastern hairy woodpecker, the slate-colored junco, and the tufted titmouse. The last-named, Mr. Drescher advised us, used to regard the Hudson River as an impassable barrier, but he has seen three titmice in the Bronx since 1932. "The hermit thrush and the Kentucky cardinal winter here occasionally," he said, "though they don't belong here. Last winter's migration was very thin, but we had twelve robins in mid-February." This, we gathered, was unusually early for robins. Mr. Drescher is a ruddy, portly, keen-eyed man of seventy, addicted to the use of the ornithological "we." He has made a really serious study of bird-feeding, and one important thing he told us was that the feeding of winter migrants shouldn't be undertaken too soon in the season, because it misleads birds into sticking around, with possibly fatal results, when they ought to be on their way south. Early November is about the right time to start putting out food, in a normal fall. He is of the opinion that repeaters increase in tameness with the years and that he can recognize them by this attribute.



Mr. Drescher is a former printer. He began feeding birds in the Garden in 1922, on a once-a-week basis, and stepped this up to a daily routine four years ago, when, having retired from printing, he assumed his present post, largely because he wanted to be near the Garden birds. His working hours are 4 P.M. till midnight, but he generally arrives at the Garden early in the afternoon, for bird-observing activities. He fell in love with the Garden at the age of thirteen, when he first visited it, as a member of an Ethical Culture School nature class. "I've been bumming around the Garden ever since," he told us. "We used to come here for chestnuts and hickory nuts, and to fish in the Bronx River for pickerel and bass. We'd pick up small eels by the hatful. I'm eternally grateful to the Society for Ethical Culture. I was a scholarship boy at its school—for having aroused my interest in the outdoors. Its head, Felix Adler, was a great fellow." Although Mr. Drescher has observed birds in Florida, Canada, and the Newark Meadows, the Garden still commands his deepest ornithological loyalty. "But what a mess of stuff there used to be in the Newark Meadows!" he exclaimed. "The northern phalarope, Wilson's phalarope, greater yellowlegs, lesser yellowlegs, spotted and solitary sandpipers, golden plovers, and, once in a while, an avocet. When Newark began to fill in the tidal inlets, almost forty years ago, all that changed. Boundary Creek, which divides Essex and Union Counties, used to be a great place for wading birds. I remember a fellow there who'd throw a stone at a bird on one bank, thus making it fly to the other, so he could report having seen the bird in both counties." Mr. Drescher shook his head disapprovingly. "Few people realize what a wonderful park the Garden is," he said. "It has a glacial gorge and potholes, and in November, 1933, a pelagic bird, the dovekie, was blown in by a gale and, exhausted, landed on that road right over there. The place has been a joy to me for nearly sixty years. I think it's kept me young."

Lesson

A YOUNG man sidled up to the window of the lady receptionist at the Actors' Equity office the other afternoon and found himself the straight man in the following exchange:

HE: I'm looking for a job.
SHE: *Are you an actor?*
HE: Yes.
SHE: Actors don't look for jobs. Stagehands look for jobs. Actors look for parts. Now, young man, what are you looking for?
HE: A part.
SHE: There are none open right now.

The Hot Place

WE repaired to the Bankers Trust Company, at 16 Wall Street, on a recent morning to watch the cremation of a batch of cancelled securities—a sort of fire ritual of economic man that takes place a couple of times a week in the bigger banks of the city. "Cremation" is the Bankers Trust word for it, not ours, and the ceremony is somewhat less solemn than it might imply. On arriving at 16 Wall, we were directed to the seventh floor, which is the province of the Corporate Trust Department, and got off the elevator to find a man peering at us through a window in a heavy steel door. "Security cage," he said. We displayed a substantial sheaf of credentials and were admitted. "This whole floor is one big security cage," the man said as we stepped uneasily past him. "Can't afford to take chances. Sometimes have over a hundred million dollars in negotiable securities up here." We introduced ourself to Mr. J. C. Kennedy, the bank officer who has most to do with the cremation ceremonies, and he told us that they were burning up eighty-eight million three hundred and ninety-five thousand dollars' worth of New York Telephone Company bonds that day. "Face value, that is, of course," he added. "They're temporary bonds that have outlived their usefulness. The definitive bonds have been out for a year now, nearly all the temporaries have been turned in, and we've finished recording their numbers. It's time to cremate them, and there they go."

Kennedy indicated four large canvas hampers on wheels, into which another Bankers Trust man, Andrew Baltz, was dropping stacks of certificates under the unblinking eye of Harry C. Maass, who was in attendance as the Telephone Company's official witness of the proceedings. As the bonds fell crisply into the hampers, Kennedy explained that securities outlive their usefulness in various ways. "Most of our cremations are of paid coupons or bonds in bearer form," he said. "Other times, like today, it's an exchange of bonds—one kind of bond replacing another." We asked why cancelled bonds couldn't just be thrown away, like other office trash, and were told that it is because unscrupulous people might, and probably would, get their hands on them. In theory, nothing can be done with a cancelled security, but in practice they've been sold to the unknowing as bona-fide investments or been doctored up sufficiently to serve as collateral on bank loans.

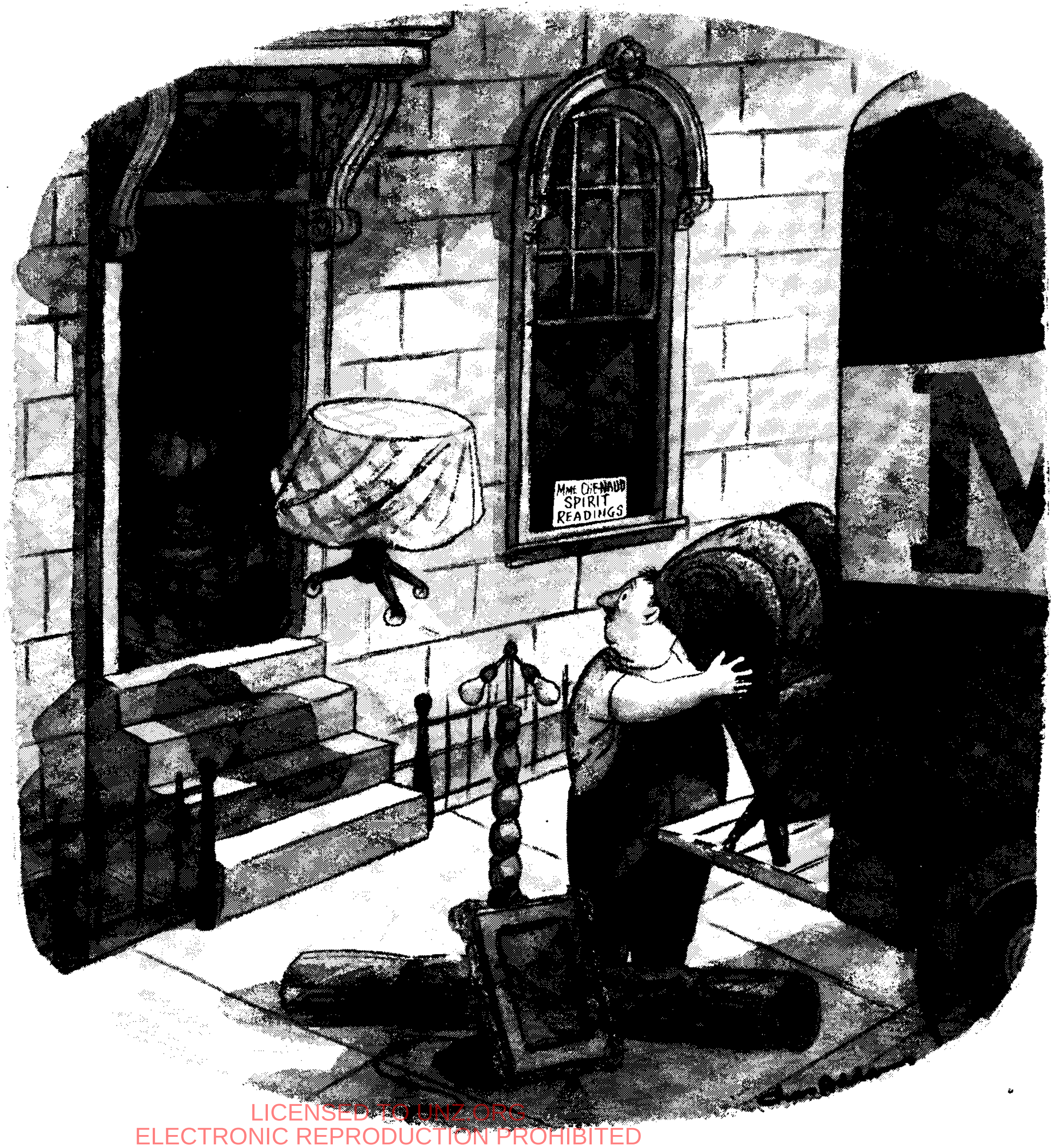
When the last of the bonds were in the hampers, we accompanied them and the Messrs. Kennedy, Baltz, and Maass into the elevator, descended to Basement D, four stories below Wall Street, and entered a room with peeling walls and naked pipes, lighted by a few bare bulbs. In one corner was a brick-and-asbestos installation, about twelve feet wide and eight feet high, with two iron doors and bearing a plate reading, "Morse Boulger Destructor." Ten feet in front of this was a twelve-foot segment of brick wall open at one end and extending from floor to ceiling. In it was a window with a plate-glass pane, and in front of the window was a bench. "The bench is for the witness," Kennedy explained. "We try to keep him cool. These securities *do* get hot, you know. . . . Please have a seat, Mr. Maass." Maass sat down on the bench, while at Baltz's invitation we followed him up a short flight of steps to a small door in the flue of the destructor's chimney. Baltz opened the door and with the aid of a flashlight inspected a grating in the flue. This, he explained, is to keep certificates from floating up unburned. The chimney rises the four floors below ground and thirty-nine above, but before the grating was installed, a mass of unburned bonds once floated apocalyptically from the top of the Bankers Trust Building and showered on Wall Street, astonishing people.

We took up a position next to Maass as a man, stripped to the waist, appeared and began feeding the bonds into the destructor. When he had got a fair-sized pile inside, he struck a match to them and then poked at them with a long metal rod. They were soon blazing vigorously. "Fine fire today," Maass said, eying it critically. "Good wind outside. That means a good draft in the chimney. The last time, they barely glowed." It turns out that Maass officially witnesses all Telephone Company cremations, some of which take place at the National City Bank. Dropping his voice, he told us that he prefers the National City's cremations to the Bankers Trust's, because the former institution has its furnace on the fifty-third floor, which is airy. As the bonds were stoked into first one door of the destructor and then the other, it got hot in the room, and all of us except Kennedy took off our coats. Kennedy volunteered the information that cremation has been customary downtown ever since the storage of obsolete securities became a serious problem, which was decades ago, and that the Bankers Trust would be swamped with useless paper inside a month if it weren't burned up.

As the stoker shoved the last few millions into the destructor, some ashes fell out onto the floor, and Kennedy, Maass, and Baltz regarded them tensely. The stoker swept the ashes up and returned them to the destructor. "Seal up," Kennedy said, and the stoker shut the doors of the destructor and slipped a padlock on each of them. "Three o'clock this afternoon all right with everybody to come back and make sure they're all burned?" Kennedy asked. There was no dissenting voice. Kennedy handed Maass a paper marked "Cremation Certificate" to sign if everything was satisfactory at the three-o'clock inspection. "Eighty-eight million three hundred and ninety-five thousand dollars," Maass said. "Not a bad morning's blaze."

Fan

THE principal of one of our local schools has told us that on the third day of the Series—an edgy day, at best—a very much perturbed mother telephoned him to say that she had accidentally left twenty dollars in a pocket of her little boy's trousers, and could the little boy be informed of that fact as quickly as possible? The principal said he'd be glad to help, hurried upstairs, and sought out the boy's teacher. The teacher said she'd be glad to help, too, but there was one drawback—the little boy was absent.



A FINAL NOTE ON CHANDA BELL

(AFTER READING TWO OR THREE LITERARY MEMORIALS, TO THIS OR THAT LAMENTED TALENT, WRITTEN BY ONE CRITIC OR ANOTHER.)

THERE were only three of us around Chanda Bell at the end: Charles Vayne, her attorney; Hadley, the butler (if he was a butler); and myself. The others had departed with the beginning of the war, to new dedications, or old hideouts, and the obituaries in the journals after Miss Bell's death were erroneous in claiming that the great, dark house in the East Sixties was, up to the very last, bedlam and carnival. Chanda Bell's famous largess and laissez-faire had, naturally enough, attracted the strange and the sublimated from the nooks and crannies of Greenwich Village. I had been particularly pleased to witness the going away of the middle-aged man who rode the tricycle, the schoolteacher who had resigned from the human race to become a bird, and Miss Menta, the disturbingly nude Chilean transcendentalist.

Charles Vayne, as regular and as futile as a clock in an empty house, showed up once a week with important documents that Chanda Bell would never sign. Some of them were dated as far back as 1924. A year of my friendship with the gifted lady had passed (so long ago!) before I could be sure that I knew what she was trying not to say, but Vayne never knew. Her use of the triple negative, in such expressions as "not unmeaningless," and her habit of starting sentences in the middle bewildered him, and so did her fondness for surrogate words with ambiguous meanings, like the words in dreams: "rupture" for "rapture," "centaur" for "sender," "pressure" for "pleasure," and "scorpio" for "scrofula." She enjoyed frustrating him, and she made the most of his discomfiture. "Praise me!" she would say as he handed her a fountain pen and the documents, which she always waved away. "Praise me!" she would command again. He invariably reacted the same way. It had become a kind of ritual. "I repeat that I have not read a novel all the way through since 'The Crimson Sweater,' by Ralph Henry Barbour," he would say. His expostulations and his entreaties amused her for a while, but then she would poke at him

"He comes without armor who comes without art!"

Hadley, who ushered the attorney in and out every Wednesday afternoon, had one cold, impassive eye and one that he could cause to twinkle. It gave you the chill sense of being, at one and the same time, in the presence of advocate and opponent. His duties in the final months were sparse, consisting mainly of serving Madeira to Chanda Bell and me, or to Chanda Bell and Vayne and me, in the Gray Room, after four o'clock, when she had had her egg and had dressed and was ready to receive. One always stood in her presence, for it was Chanda Bell's conceit to believe that only the uncomfortable are capable of pure attention.

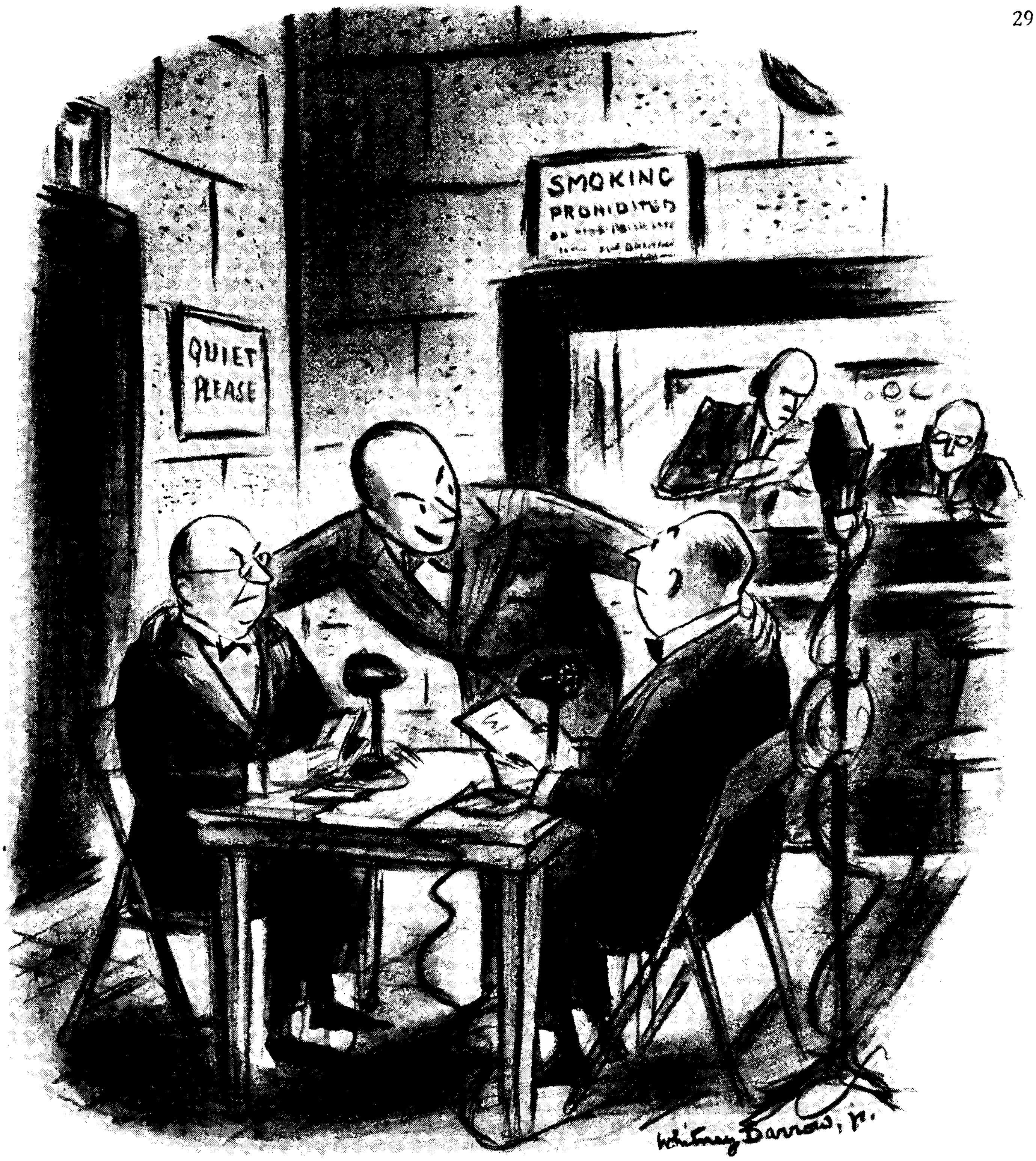
CHANDA BELL was fifty-seven when I first bent over her hand, and her mind seemed so keen and agile it was difficult to believe that she could confuse her guests, even her intimates, with one another. But she did. Charles Vayne was sometimes Lord Rudgate, an Englishman of dim background and cryptic reference, and sometimes Strephon ("a Jung mad I cussed in the Sprig"). I was alternately Dennis, a deceased painter, who had specialized in gun dogs for the calendars of coal companies, and one McKinnon or McKenyon, an advertising executive, who had attempted to deflower Miss Bell in a speeding motorboat during the panic of 1907. This was highly exasperating to such scholarly critics as Hudson van Horne and Dantes Woodrow, and they never came back after their separate agonized hours in the underwater gloom of the echoing Gray Room.

It is not congenial to me, at this time, to expose in detail how I became lost—if lost I became—in the "brilliant wilderness" of Chanda Bell's prose, or to reënact the process of equation, synthesis, and integration by means of which I was able to reveal the subtle affirmation compounded of the double negative of her unmeaning and her unmethod. This was ably—if mistakenly, still ably—set forth in my "A Note on Chanda Bell."[1] Upon its publication,

she had sent for me, and in the fine years of intellectual intimacy that followed, my faith in her genius was more often reinforced than not. It wasn't until the last few months, when, by design or aberration, she began to discuss herself, between teatime and twilight, as if she were discussing someone else, that the blackest of a critic's ravens, uncertainty of his soundness, came to dwell in my consciousness. It is a terrible thing not to be sure whether one has sought or been sought, not to be able to tell the hunter from the quarry, the sanctuary from the trap.

Chanda Bell had, in fact, commanded me to her salon, but had I not asked for it, had I not commanded the command, by the tribute of my unique and penetrating analysis of her work? She had cause to be grateful, and her summoning me to her side was, in my early opinion, the most natural of acts. Careless and churlish critics, in malice or mischief, had dismissed her bright and tangled intention with such expressions as "bloom and drool," "the amorphous richness of a thrown pie," "as dull as Daiquiris with the commodore of a yacht club," and "as far to the Right as a soupspoon." This last was the sheerest nonsense. One might as reasonably have said that she was as far to the Left as a fish fork. The closest she ever came to mentioning politics was one day when, in a rare moment of merriment, she referred to Karl Marx as "Groucho." I myself had heard the faint and special obbligato of elfin horns in her work and the laughter in the dusty house, and I alone had seen the swift and single flashing of a naked nymph by moonlight.

IT is hard to mark the hour and day when the thunderhead of suspicion first stains the clear horizon of an old admiration, but I came to be drenched, in the horrid mental weather of last autumn, by the downpour of a million doubts and dreads of Chanda Bell. I began to fear that she had perpetrated, in her half-dozen dense, tortured novels, one of the major literary hoaxes of our time and to suspect that she had drawn me into the glittering web of a monstrous deceit, in order to destroy, by proxy and in effigy, the entire critical profession. We would sit in the Gray Room from four till dark—she had permitted me to sit, at last, with the compassionate concession of a queen—and she would pierce my thin armor of hope and prayer with sharp and studied flicks of her sardonic, allusive intelligence. "You have the scaffold touch of a brain



"Now, you men know that millions are listening out there. Don't let them down! No off-color remarks, no personal invective, no mumbling, and above all, I want to hear you men arguing from start to finish. When you hear the gong, start talking. And may the best man win!"

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certain," she told me one afternoon. This was in the best tradition of her infernal dialectic. I could figure, in accordance with her secret code, that I had the scalpel touch of a brain surgeon, or I could take her to mean, in perverted literalness, that I was doomed death for my wrong and sinful certainties.

"You have found the figure, Thurber," she told me one afternoon, "but have you found the carpet?" This was accompanied by her shrewd, tiny smile. I could not determine whether she I had not found, or nothing to find at all, beneath the gleaming surface of her style. The devil of it was that I could not be sure of anything. I spent that night going over "The Huanted Yatch" with a fine-tooth comb, searching for esoteric anagrams, feeling for what she investigated, explored, took apart, and put back together again the entire fibre and fabric, uncertain of what shape and texture I was looking for. I read the thing backward, and I even tried to read it upside down and in the mirror of my bureau. I copied out one disturbing sentence and carried it about with me for close study: "Icing mellow moony on a postgate doves snow and love surrender." Its once perspicuous feel-meaning deserted me, and its cool loveliness became the chatter of a gibbon in my distraught consciousness. I could no longer tell whether it was beauty or balderdash. If it was balderdash, the book degenerated into the vivid cackling of a macaw, and my critique stood as a monument to a fatuous gullibility.

TOWARD the end, Chanda Bell began to talk about herself in the third person, as if she were not there in the house but on her way to visit us. "I've asked her to tea," she would tell me, "but it will not astonish me if she fails to appear. Nobody has ever been able to pin her down." And she would study the effect of this upon me with her hooded gaze. She had lapsed into simple, declarative sentences, and this was a comfort, but I was deeply perturbed by the feeling that her outlandish fantasy and her revelations were new and planned inventions of her cruelty.

"Chanda Bell," she said one evening, "had an allowance of two hundred dollars a week while she was still in pigtails. Her father, the millionaire industrialist, doted on the awkward, big-eyed little girl. He would bring her curtsying into the library for his cronies to admire. 'By God, she'll be the first woman president of Standard Oil!' he exclaimed one night. He had a stroke when he discovered that she proposed to become a writer. 'By God!' he roared. 'I would sooner see you operate an unsuccessful house of ill repute!' At fourteen, a dreadful thing occurred. The small son of one of her father's gardeners sold two poems to the *Atlantic Monthly*, entitled 'Ruffian Dusk' and 'The Strangler of Light.' Chanda offered him fifty dollars a week to write poems that she should sign and publish. The little boy coldly rejected the proposition, and his father, a stern Presbyterian, informed Chanda's father of the deal and how it had fallen through. 'By God!' the old man roared. 'At least she's not guilty of integrity, and that's more than I can say for any Bell in four generations except my grandfather and myself.' "

Miss Bell let her reminiscence trail off here, and she watched me from her divan with her penetrating eyes. "Ah," I said hopefully, "but she learned that day the high and holy importance of integrity, I trust." Chanda Bell gave me her sign of dismissal, a languid lift of her left hand. "You are the critic," she said. "I am but the chronicler. Leave me now. You perceive she is not coming." I rose and bowed. "Perhaps," I blurted out, "there is no Chanda Bell." But she had closed her eyes and turned away.

The next day, they took her to the hospital. "I have a panther near my hearth," she said, the first time they let me call on her. I went to see her twice again, the last time with Charles Vayne, who carried, with polished hopelessness, two bulging briefcases, which the nurse would not permit him to open. Chanda Bell was wandering in a far land, but she contrived a faint smile for each of her visitors. "Dear Rudgate," she whispered to Vayne, "what will become of meaning, thank God, when you are dead?" He tried in silence to make her grip a fountain pen, but she shook her head and turned to me. "Pretension has no plinth, Dennis," she said. "Ah, what a dusty answer . . ." Her voice and her heart failed, and the most remarkable woman I have ever known was dead.

THAT night, I called at her house, in the East Sixties. Hadley let me in. I had suspected him for a long time of being joined in dark conspiracy with Chanda Bell to make an end of me. I wondered, as I glared at the cold eye and then at the warm one, whether he might not be a frustrated writer, a bankrupt publisher, or an editor who had suffered a nervous breakdown. I jumped over the amenities of sorrow. "Her dying request," I said, "was that I should examine her papers."

The eyebrow over his twinkling eye lifted. "This evening, sir?" he asked.

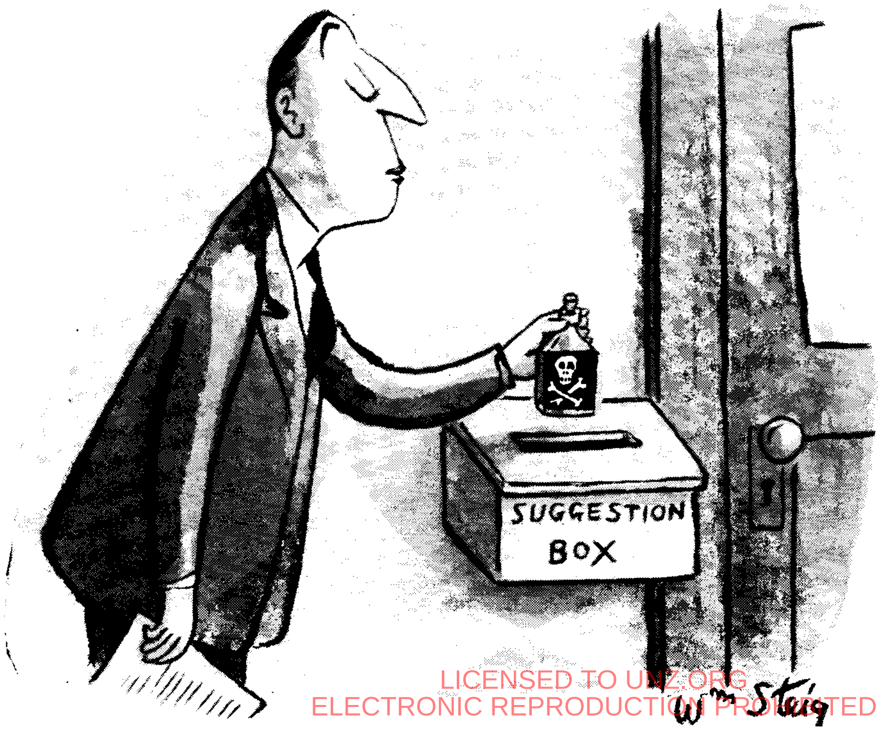
"Take me to her desk and open it," I demanded.

There was a full second's pause, then "Certainly, sir," he said, and led the way into the Gray Room. "If I knew what you seek . . ." he began.

I turned on him. "I think you do!" I snapped. "I am looking for proof of whether I am an egregious ass or a uniquely perceptive individual. The line is sometimes thinly drawn between a tranquil old age in this city and exile, say, in Nassau." He seemed genuinely bewildered.

There was nothing in the desk except a large manila envelope, which bore my name on the cover. I tore it open with shaking hands. Inside was a single sheet of white typewriter paper on which there were three carefully drawn squares, one inside another. "What does it mean?" I asked. "What is it?"

"If you will permit me, sir," said Hadley, and he took the paper and stud-



what I should describe as a drawing of a plinth."

I seized him by the shoulder. "You *are* in on this!" I cried. "What does it mean? What's behind it? Who are you? What have you two devils been up to all these years? Why should you want to destroy *me*?"

He took a backward step and gaped. He was honestly frightened, or else he was a superb actor. There was no twinkle in his eye. "I do not understand, sir," he stammered, or seemed to stammer.

I let go of his shoulder. "My critical reputation is at stake," I said. "Has she ever written an explanation of her writing—perhaps to be sent to some journal or periodical after her death?"

Hadley appeared to frown. "That, sir, I could not say," he brought out.

I turned away from him and then whirled back. "What is the carpet?" I shouted.

He put several feet of the shiny floor between us. "I do not know what you mean," he said nervously.

"Would there be papers anywhere else?" I demanded.

He looked about the room. "Nowhere," he said hollowly.

I walked over and looked out a window for a long time.

Suddenly, Hadley began to speak. "She had promised to put me in one of her books," he said in a tone of sadness, or what came to my ears as a tone of sadness. Then his voice brightened. "I was to have been the uncharacter of the nonbutler," he said.

I came back from the window and glared at him.

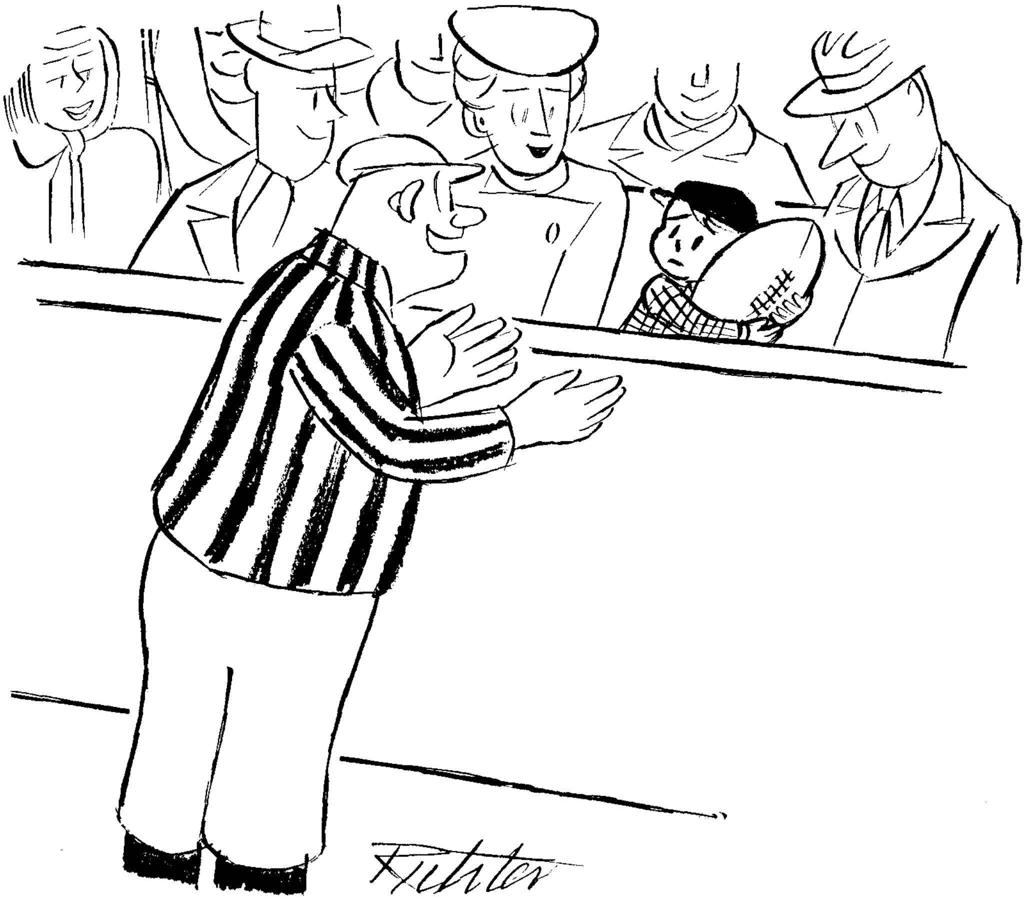
"Her phrase, sir," he added hastily.

I lighted a cigarette, inhaled the smoke, and blew it out slowly. "Didn't you appear in any of her novels?" I asked.

"Oh, but no, sir," he corrected me proudly. "I did not appear in *all* of them!"

It was as if Chanda Bell were in the room, her bright, dark eyes taking us both in with a look of veiled amusement. "It must have made you very happy indeed," I snarled. "Not to appear in any of her books was wonderful enough, but not to appear in *all* of them—the final accolade, Hadley, the final accolade." He acknowledged it with a grave bow. "What has become of her manuscripts and her letters?" I demanded.

Hadley put on a sad expression. "She burned them, sir," he said. "It was her last act in this house."



"In football, sonny, you're supposed to throw it back."

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I looked for the last time at the Gray Room—the gray desk, the gray chair, the gray Hadley.

"Perhaps a glass of Madeira, Mr. Thurber?" asked the butler. I declined ungraciously and said that I must leave. At the door, with the welcome street so near and desirable, he coughed discreetly. "Do you wish to take this with you, sir?" It was the drawing of the plinth. I took it without a word. "If I may say so, sir," Hadley went on, "you were the closest of all of them."

I glared at him, but there was no twinkle. "How close?" I growled.

"Oh, very close, sir," he said. "Very close indeed." This time, I thought I detected the ghost of the twinkle, but I could not be sure. I could not be sure of anything.

IT has been eight months since I found the plinth in Chanda Bell's desk. Nothing has happened, but I expect an editor to ring me up any day. "We've got a remarkable letter or manuscript here, apparently written by Chanda Bell," he will say. "Sent to us by her lawyer, in accordance with a request in her will. It isn't signed, but he says she wrote it all right. Seems she never signed anything. Sort of laughter from beyond the grave, you might say. The old girl exposes her stuff as the merest junk. Proves her point, too. She takes a hell of a crack at your 'Note on Chanda Bell.' Thought you might want to read the thing and reply to it—we'll print you and her in the same issue. She calls the piece 'The Carpet,' for some reason. I'll shoot it along."

No such call has come as yet, but I keep a bag packed, ready at a moment's notice to fly to Zanzibar, or Mozambique, or East Liverpool, Ohio. Meanwhile, I have hit on a new approach to the works of Chanda Bell. I am trying to read them sidewise.

—JAMES THURBER

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CHORUSES WE DOUBT EVER GOT CHORUSED

[*From the News*]

"We aren't the least bit interested in boys," said Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, Emilie and Marie in chorus.

"We certainly are not thinking about romance or marriage—not yet.

"We are too young for that. Besides, we are starting our second year of high school studies at our convent, the Villa Notre Dame of Corbeil, and we'll have our work

FIFE'S HOUSE

NOW summer was over, and the children would not be coming into the house any more; school had begun again. But in whatever community classrooms of the Zone the American children sat now, the sound of their voices lingered in this house, which had been built for people of another nationality. All summer, the children had come in from the other back yards, come down the hedge-lined pathway, where garbage cans marked "U.S. Property" stood at each gate, and in through the door that opened into the living room, where some petty official of the I. G. Farben works had sat in righteousness with his family once. Or if this door was closed, the children had climbed in across the window sills, some in child-size M.P. outfits bought at the Post Exchange, with handcuffs jangling at their belts, and others with strings or ribbons tied across their brows and a feather or two stuck upright at the back, warbling their Indian war cries as they came. They would mount the stairs looking for Fife, who was six that summer, sometimes half a dozen of them at a time and sometimes more—little girls in sun suits bought at Macy's or Bloomingdale's (or the Midwestern or Southern equivalent of these), or else picked from a Sears, Roebuck catalogue page, and little boys in faded corduroys and striped T shirts, coming barefoot or with soiled canvas sneakers on their feet, invading every corner of the Army-requisitioned house in their incurable sociability.

None of them had any last names, these children who crowded into the small, square rooms all summer. They were merely Linda, and Peggy, and Rosemary, and Joan, or else Douglas, and Michael, and Edwin, and Bill. And there were those who did not stay long enough in the block to be identified by any name—strangers in blue jeans or seersucker who came once or twice, in curiosity, to see Fife's crane work or to listen to his phonograph records before they moved away. But whoever they were or however long they stayed, they would come into the room typing on her bed, and they would talk of the Stateside places that had been their homes once, and of the bikes and roller skates and the Flexible Flyers that had been theirs before they had had to come and live in Germany.

"Bluebells, cockleshells, evie, ivy, over," the children's voices would begin in the morning on the path, which ran the length of the block in back. These were the skipping-rope jumpers, and "Your mother, my mother, live across the way!" they would sing, skipping out the rhythm of it as they came. They and the M.P.s and the Indians would pass through the I. G. Farben official's living room and mount the stairs to where Fife's mother sat, and they would lean their tanned arms and place their skipping ropes and their handcuffs on the papers scattered on the table by the bed, and her fingers would come to a halt on the typewriter keys. "Why is half of the ribbon black and the other half red?" Rosemary, or Linda, or Joan, might ask, and Fife would know the answer.

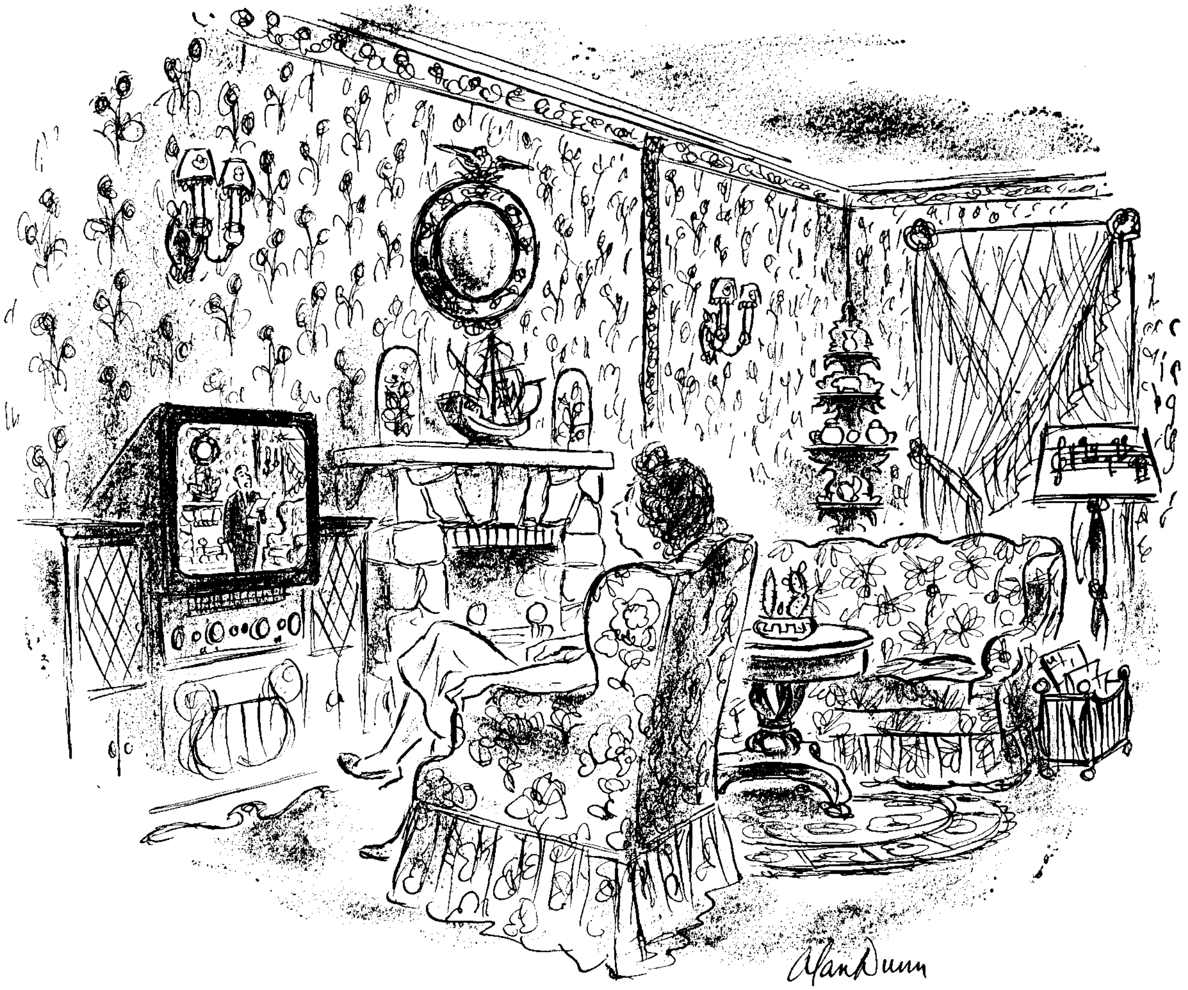
"The red is to write the exciting things with," he would say, "and the black is to write the ordinary things, like—you know, 'Once upon a time' or 'So the next day.'"

"Go to the end of the line, so we can hear the bell ring," the M.P.s or the Indians might plead, or they might ask for the carbon paper that was too worn to use any more.

The back yard of Fife's house was the same as every other back yard in the double block of identical two-story, attached houses, except that the lilac bushes by the cement steps, and the sour-cherry tree in the middle of it, had grown taller than those in the other yards. It was perhaps that the official who had lived there once had been allocated a greater share of sunshine than the others, because of particular services he had rendered the chemical industry. But, however it was, only the sour-cherry tree in Fife's yard was strong enough to hold a rope swing on one of its branches, and right after breakfast the children would come to it, as noisy as starlings in the spring. They would fight for a turn on its plank seat and twist its rope into a spiral as they sat on it, for the pleasure of unwinding again in furious rapidity. These were the rope-swing swingers, and there were other groups that came. There were the doll-coach pushers, and the tricyclists, and those who drove their soapbox cars as far as the steps and parked them there before entering the house, calling out Fife's name as they came.

"Can Fife come out?" the voices would ask, and, loud and shrill in half a dozen voices, the "ack-ack-ack-ack" of anti-aircraft fire would begin as Fife slid down the banisters, or down the rain pipe to the yard below.

FIFE was small and slender and quick, and the back of his neck was burned dark by the sun. His eyes were blue, and in spite of the visions of Superman and Captain Marvel Jr. and the Man with the Automatic Brain that dwelled within them, they were as gentle and long-lashed as a poet's eyes. There were a few things that Fife owned with pride: a toy garage filled with partially or totally disabled trucks, trailers, and cars, and a Flit spray gun and an egg beater, both of which functioned imperfectly. But in a different class from these was a wristwatch his father had bought him in Switzerland, which was kept in a silk-lined box in his mother's bureau drawer. It had a delicate, copper-colored face, and a stopwatch gadget on its bevelled rim, and besides



"*The scene is a typical stodgy suburban living room. The wallpaper would leave no impression on you because you've seen the pattern a thousand times. There is the inevitable wing-back chair, covered, as you might know, in flowered chintz, with a shirred flounce; a ship on the mantel; a whatnot in the corner; and a lamp with a parchment shade. . . .*"

hours and minutes and seconds, the days of the month unfolded on it, and the mutations of the moon were marked on its disc, in accordance with the rising and waxing and waning and setting of the true moon in the sky. On the occasions when Fife had worn it for a little while—on Sundays, and on his birthday once—it had hung cumbersome as a clock on his wrist, for it was made for a man, and only when he became twelve would it be his to keep and wear.

Fife could wail like a fire engine for unbroken periods of time, and he could imitate with distressing accuracy the whirring of the motor of a car that will not start. He could reproduce the whine of a dive-bomber as it dived, and the sound of airplane wings ripping, in full flight, from a fuselage. And he would reproduce these sounds, and others like them, over and over, as if they were music in his ears. So when the fish game was inaugurated, sometime in August, it brought a curious quiet to the yard and house. It began when Rosemary's father was transferred to Heidelberg, and Rosemary gave her goldfish to Fife before she moved away. This respite came in the hottest part of summer, and Fife and the other children drifted in nearly perfect silence through the living room and up the stairs toward the steady ticking of the mother's typing, their tanned arms in their T shirts weaving through the currents of this mutual vision while their mouths opened and closed, opened and closed, emitting no sound.

HOW many hours, or days, or weeks, the children might have continued to swim cannot be said, for hardly had this begun when, one afternoon, Fife found the German boy called Horst, and then everything was altered, and nobody came into the garden, and no one played the fish game any more. It happened because the pathway that ran the length of the block behind the houses stopped short at the broken asphalt of a pavement, in a little clearing of parched, worn grass. And twice in the week the housemen rolled the garbage cans down the path to this clearing for collection, and twice in the week German children came in from the outer avenues and lifted the lids marked "U.S. Property," and went through the refuse that lay inside. Whenever this took place, Fife and the others gathered to watch the German children in envy as they sorted and selected, and carried away the things they wanted. And one afternoon a tall, strong boy in leather shorts was there for the first time among the others, salvaging the best from the stack of garbage cans. His name was Horst, and he was ten, Fife told his mother, having brought him in pride and awe, with a rucksack hanging on his shoulders, into her room, where she sat on the bed with the typewriter on her knees.

"He's got real deerhorn buttons on his pants," Fife said. There he stood before her, small, almost puny, beside the German boy, with his thin chest rising and falling fast. Horst's hair was flaxen, and it grew gracefully on his head. His cheeks were downy as peach skin in the summer light, and his long, bare arms and thighs were muscular and brown. "He says he'll be my friend," Fife said, and with these words the lineaments of the others—their blue jeans, their sun suits, and their familiar faces—were erased as drawings on a blackboard are erased. The voices of the skipping-rope jumpers droning "Evie, ivy, over" and the war cries of the Indians were heard only faintly and far away, through the window that stood open on the yard below. "His father shot the deer himself, and Horst helped him cut the horns off," Fife said, and the German boy's light eyes were fixed without emotion on him. "His father's a hunter," Fife said.

"What your father do?" Horst asked, saying it in a stubborn, untroubled English to him, and the mother, with her typewriter, might not have been in the room with them, for he did not look her way.

"Oh, he works in Military Government," Fife said, but this was of no importance and he went on quickly, "I'd like to go hunting," and he looked in shy, bleak hope now at the other boy.

"You get bullets, my father take you hunting," Horst said. He ran his thumbs inside the rucksack straps and jerked the full bag higher on his back. "My father need bullets. You get him bullets," he said, and Fife stood nodding his head in acquiescence before this figure of strength and comeliness that had taken shape before his eyes.

"Maybe Fife's a little too young to go hunting yet," Fife's mother said, but the words sounded frail and feminine in her own ears as she said them, the protest irrational and impotent.

Horst turned his head on his strong, sunburned neck, and he looked for the first time, and without any sign of interest, at her. "First time I go hunting, I'm four," he said.

THIS was the way it began, and in the days that followed the swingers no longer gathered at the swing behind the house, and the doll-coach pushers moved, two by two or in single file, in other directions. The Indian war cries sounded in the distance now, and the skipping-rope jumpers' voices said faintly, as if in sorrow, "Daisy, Daisy, touch the ground. Daisy, Daisy, turn around," but they did not come near. Fife's room was at the end of the hall, and Fife and Horst stayed there together, not playing on the floor with cars that wound up with a key, and not listening to the phonograph records, but talking in lowered voices, with circumspect pauses between their sentences, as older people talk. And on the second or third morning Fife came down the hall to his mother's room, coming quietly through the half-open door, and halted beside the bed.

"Look," he said, and he drew one finger along the painted metal of her typewriter. "That wristwatch you're keeping for me—it's my wristwatch, isn't it?"

"It's going to be yours," said his mother, and she went on typing, so that she need not see the tight white mark of pain around his mouth.

SONG FOR THE LAST ACT

Now that I have your face by heart, I look
Less at its features than its darkening frame
Where quince and melon, yellow as young flame,
Lie with quilled dahlias and the shepherd's crook.
Beyond, a garden. There, in insolent ease
The lead and marble figures watch the show
Of yet another summer loath to go
Although the scythes hang in the apple trees.

Now that I have your face by heart, I look.

Now that I have your voice by heart, I read
In the black chords upon a dulling page
Music that is not meant for music's cage,
Whose emblems mix with words that shake and bleed.
The staves are shuttled over with a stark
Unprinted silence. In a double dream
I must spell out the storm, the running stream.
The beat's too swift. The notes shift in the dark.

Now that I have your voice by heart, I read.

Now that I have your heart by heart, I see
The wharves with their great ships and architraves;
The rigging and the cargo and the slaves
On a strange beach under a broken sky.
O not departure, but a voyage done!
The bales stand on the stone; the anchor weeps
Its red rust downward, and the long vine creeps
Beside the salt herb, in the lengthening sun.

Now that I have your heart by heart, I see.

—Louise Bogan

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want with it, can't I?" Fife said, but he still did not look into her face. "I told Horst about my wristwatch, and that's the kind of wristwatch he wants. If I give it to him, his father's going to take me hunting," he said.

"But you can't give something away that isn't yours yet," his mother said, and her fingers halted now on the typewriter keys. "You can't just skip five or six years like that. It's like trying to make Christmas come in the middle of summer."

"You told me Christmas comes in the middle of summer in Australia," Fife said.

That wasn't the end of it; it was nowhere near the end of it. In the afternoon, it was Horst himself who stood, bronzed and tall and handsome, on the threshold of the room, looking Fife's mother in the eye. This time he wore black leather shorts, with edelweiss embroidered on the suède-like braces of them, and his blond hair gleamed as clear as light on the edge of the dim, shuttered room.

"I come for the vatch," Horst said. Behind him, small as one of the gnomes on his bibbed blue jeans, Fife lingered in the shadows of the hall.

"It doesn't belong to Fife yet," said the mother, and she slowly "X"ed out the last words she had written, for they were not the words she had wanted to set down. "He has to wait until he's older, and then he can do what he wants with it."

"O.K. I vait *bis* five o'clock," Horst said.

DURING this week in the summer when the children came no longer to the house, there was no language to speak to Fife in, for the substance of his being had seemed to change. He had entered an errant male world from which neither mother nor fellow-countrymen could recall him, and in the early morning there was the sound of only

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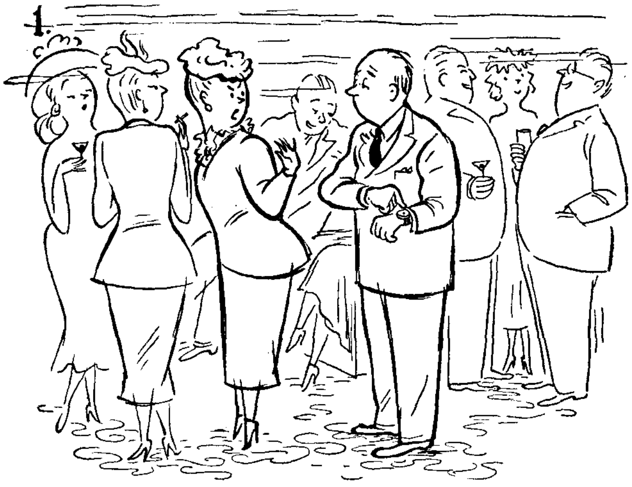

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Day after day, the two boys' voices murmured in Fife's room at the end of the hall, but it was only when the mother paused in her typing that she could hear the words they said. The argument may always have been the same one, for the bits and pieces of it were concerned with interchange and barter, and the mother heard Fife offer his Flit gun to Horst, and heard the gasp and wheeze of it as the German boy tried it, before the air pump jammed.

"It only jams every other time, not every time," Fife said in a low voice.

"I take the vatch instead," Horst said, and she heard him put the sprayer down.

Horst did not want the toy garage, or the cars that were in it, but it may have been that he considered for a moment the egg beater, which Fife kept under his pillow when he went to sleep, for the mother could hear the whirring of its flections. And then the sound of rotating ceased abruptly and there was silence in Fife's room and in the hall.

"When it sticks like that, all you have to do is turn the handle a little bit the other way. Like this," Fife said, and he seemed to be working with it. "It's a pretty good egg beater except for that one thing," he said.

"I don't vant it," said Horst, and the mother did not hear what he went on saying, for she had begun her typewriting again.

And then, at the end of the week, they made a final bid for the watch. They came to the mother's room, one bronze-limbed and flaxen-haired and tall, and the other almost dwarfed beside him in his shabby overalls.

"I wanted to show him my wristwatch," Fife said. "Just to show it to him."

"All right," said his mother, and she kept her eyes on the last line she had written. "Look at it quickly and then go away."

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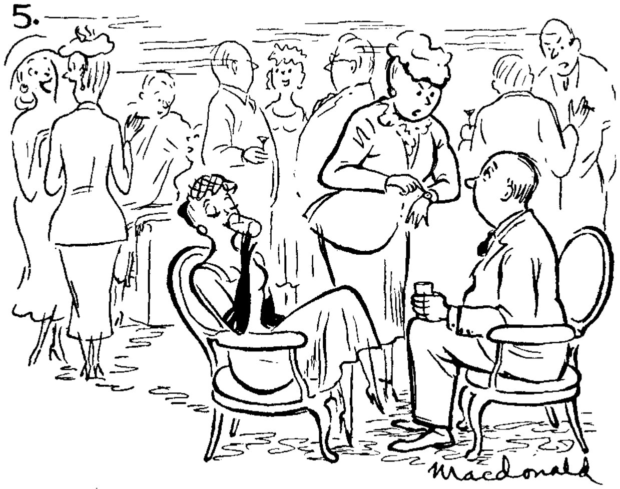

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She did not have to turn her head to know how Fife would lift it from the silk-lined box. She could feel the delicacy and caution in his fingers as palpably as if he touched, not a cold gold shell in which the instants of life ticked brightly, mechanically, away, but the swift, impatient pulsing of her heart. She did not look up from the page b her until they had started toward the door.

"I vear it home tonight. I show my father," Horst said, and she saw that he had strapped it on his own brown wrist. "I bring it back O.K. tomorrow," he said.

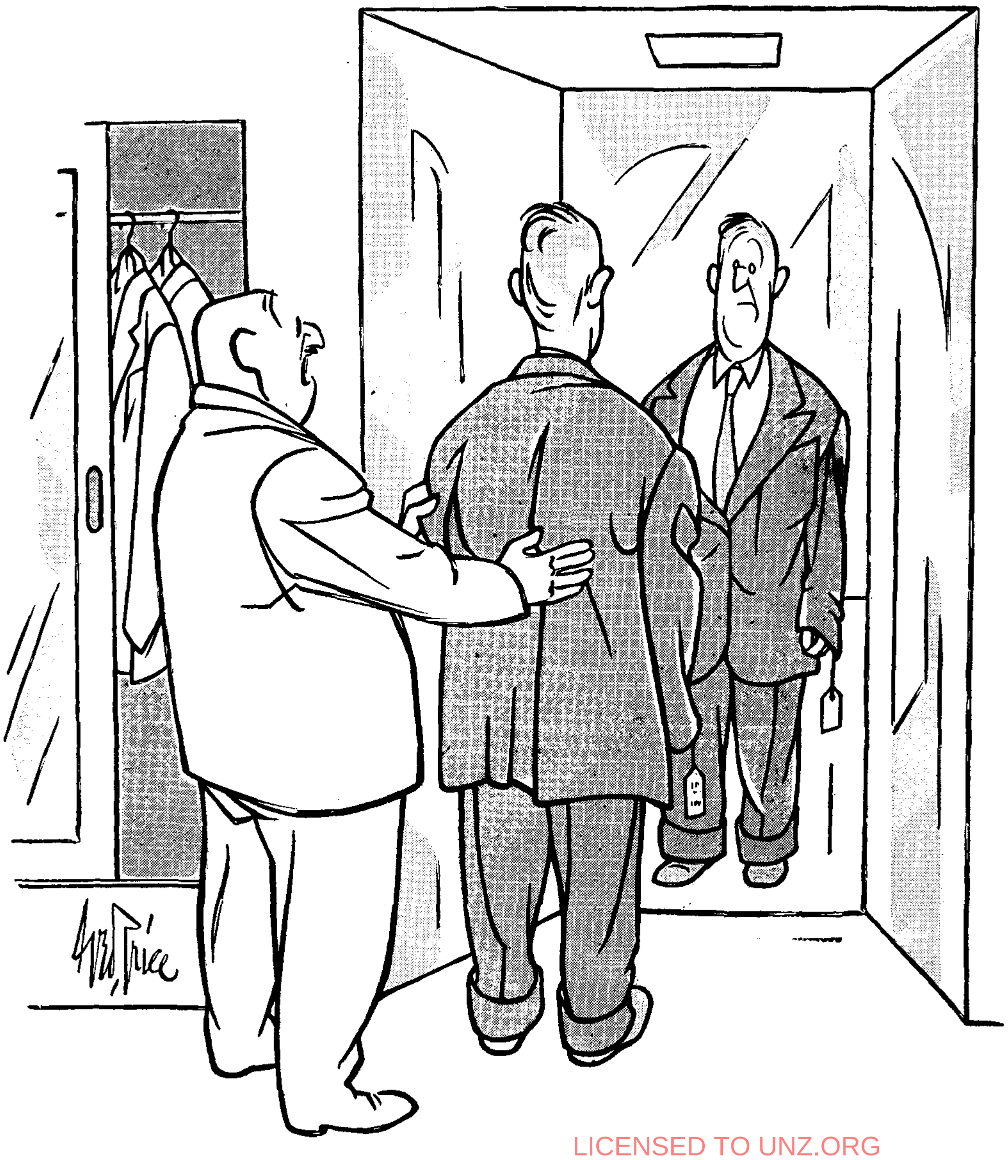
"Look, Horst," said the mother, and now she set the typewriter aside, and she swung her legs in the blue silk house-coat down from the I. G. Farben official's varnished bed.

"He'll bring it back tomorrow. He just said he would," Fife said, but his dusty sandals wavered in pain and indecision on the shade-and-sun-striped floor.

"Horst, I'm sorry. His father wouldn't like it," Fife's mother said.

"My father—" Horst began, but he did not go on with it. Instead, a look of fury came into his cold, light eyes. "That vatch not gold. I don't take it. I don't vant something phony," he said. He jerked the strap of it free of the buckle, and he tossed the wristwatch from him, toward where the mother sat upon the bed. It struck hard against the metal of the typewriter and fell upon the flowered cover with its coppery-colored gold face down. Once this was done, nobody moved, nobody seemed to draw breath in the room, and then Fife whirled on his dusty sandals, and he drove his fierce, small, unaccustomed fists into Horst's impervious flesh and bone.

THAT was the last time they saw Horst. He may have come back sometime in the evening of that same day, but that they never knew. It was known only that after dusk spirals of smoke began to rise in the hot, still air, each helix of it rising from each gate cut in the double hedgerow, and, standing at the open window, Fife's mother saw that the lids had been lifted and that flames were fanning, indolent and loose and golden, in the open garbage cans. There had been no outcry, no sound of footsteps rushing down the pathway, and yet these fires of rubbish burning had served as signals for assemblage. For now the children came out of their houses into the summer evening, came with watering cans and saucepans filled and splashing over as they ran across the grass. The skipping-rope jumpers and the rope-swing swingers and the soap-box drivers and the Indians crowded in ecstasy and disorder onto the common pathway, and, shouting and screaming, they fled from garbage can to garbage can, flinging the water they carried in upon the flames. The child-size M.P.s had fixed a garden hose to the faucet of one kitchen sink, and they played the jet that sprang from it onto the fires, while the others ran back through the yards, their voices piercing the evening air, to fill their receptacles again.



No bell had sounded out in summons, but after a moment Fife opened the door of his own silent room, and he came down the hall and crossed the threshold to where his mother stood.

"I can smell smoke, can't you?" he said, and he and his mother did not look into each other's faces yet but out across the lilac trees.

"Someone set fire to the garbage cans," his mother said, and Fife swung himself by his thin, braced arms onto the window sill.

"Golly, the whole row's burning!" he said, kneeling in wonder on the broad stone ledge.

Now the doll-coach pushers came hastening out, one behind another, the doll coaches careening crazily before them as they ran. The cushions, the covers, the dolls themselves—all the paraphernalia of motherhood—were gone, and the coaches carried tins of water. And with each slap of it cast on the flames it seemed to the mother that the hot, sore memory of Horst, and the features of his face, and the words he had said were extinguished. He was nowhere among the wildly leaping others as Fife stood up, holding with his hands to the iron ribs of the lifted blind, and moved on his rubber-soled sandals to the edge, and slid, calling their names out hoarsely as he went, down the rain pipe to the yard below. —KAY BOYLE

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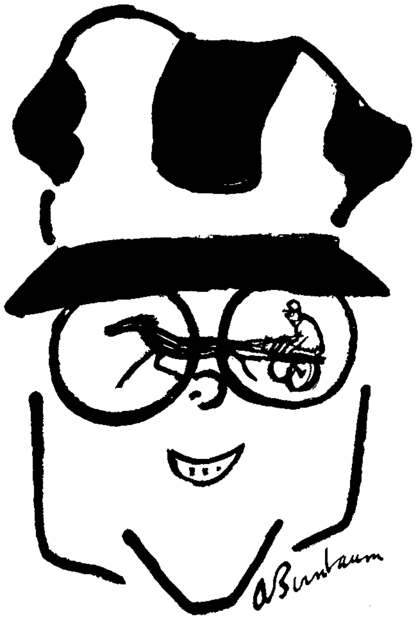
Marion said she lived at 470 Park ave., and Hsueh gave his address as 300 Central Park W. He gave his business as: "business."—*The Journal-American.*

PROFILES

HYMNS ON THE HARNESS TRACK



Frank Safford

FRANK SAFFORD, a big, growling, impatient man of forty with a great red moon of a face that dwarfs his small, upturned nose, is one of the most successful of the country's trainers and drivers of harness horses. Since the opening, in 1940, of the Roosevelt Raceway, near Westbury, Long Island, he has been spending the greater part of the harness-racing season there and in three of the intervening years, he won more races than any other driver at the track. Last year, at Roosevelt and elsewhere, he won seventy-six races and purses amounting to $145,811 for the owners whose horses he was handling, and, while he was at it, set a world's record with the pacer Knight Dream. (He also drove the mile in one minute and fifty-nine seconds on a mile track, something comparatively few other harness horsemen have ever done.) In 1947, he set three other world's records with Knight Dream, and still another with the trotter Sidney Hanover, and won $114,064. As of last week, Safford had set no world's records this year, but the ten owners of the nineteen horses he has been driving were unconcerned, for his winnings had already amounted to $125,000, indicating that by the time the six-month Roosevelt season ends, a fortnight hence, the total of the purses he has picked up since last May will equal, if not surpass, his 1948 figure. Among Safford's associates it is believed that, what with his various sources of income—his training and driving fees, his betting, his profits from breeding and training horses of his own and from occasionally racing one of them, and his substantial share of the purses he wins for his clients—he manages to clear in the vicinity of a hundred thousand dollars a year.

Almost any morning during the local season, Safford can be seen and heard out on the track at Roosevelt Raceway, his six-foot, two-hundred-and-forty-pound body hunched forward in a jog cart—the same thing as a sulky, really, only heavier—as he works out a pacer or a trotter while dolefully howling hymns in an off-key voice. He has asthma as well as a pair of powerful lungs, making his tones at once loud and indistinct. He will stand for no nonsense from either a horse or its owner. If a horse with a bad tooth shows an unwillingness to submit to dentistry, Safford, who, though not a licensed veterinarian, is thoroughly competent to doctor his animals in an emergency, may grab it by the neck and a foreleg and wrestle it to the ground, then lie athwart its neck while he performs the necessary operation. He has yet to wrestle an owner to the ground, but not long ago he did almost forcibly eject one from his stables. Despite repeated rebukes, the owner of a mare Safford was handling had persisted in feeding the animal candy. Finally, Safford lost patience and turned on the owner with an angry, whispery roar. "Get that mare out of here!" he said. "And you get out of here, too!"

Safford walks with an engagingly rustic swagger. His green-brown eyes glint shrewdly in his ruddy, usually unshaven expanse of face. Sometimes he is moderately jovial, but he never entirely loses the wary air of a man who knows that what he doesn't say can't be held against him. "He has such a sweet smile for such a suspicious fellow," a horsy lady at the Raceway remarked the other evening. When Safford is not clad in the green-and-white racing silks of his stable, he ordinarily wears a gray fedora, now nine years old, with its brim turned up in front, giving him a wind-swept, go-to-hell, buccaneerish look, and a red woollen shirt, one tail of which sometimes dangles outside his khaki trousers. It is against his principles to talk about a horse with its owner. He has learned that if he says a horse is fast, its owner will be put out if it doesn't win, and that if he says it's slow, its owner will complain that Safford should have trained it better. This aversion to discussing his charges at times confines his vocal expression to what one of his clients has described as "a vocabulary of three words—two grunts and 'goodbye.'" Furthermore, Safford considers it bad luck to allow a horse he is training to be photographed. In 1947, at Roosevelt Raceway, just before the start of the forty-thousand-dollar Roosevelt Two-Mile Trot, a photographer, over Safford's objections, took a picture of him and his horse. In the course of the race, a horse named Kaola fell, and most of the horses behind, and their drivers and sulkies, piled up in a frightful tangle. The casualties included Safford, whose head was wedged under the inside rail. The blow knocked him unconscious, and he could not be extricated until the rail had been sawed away. When he regained his senses, he staggered around the grounds until he found the offending photographer. "Don't you know better than that?" he said. "Why, you damn near killed me!"

In similar accidents, not all of them caused by photographers, Safford suffered three fractured ribs in 1940, a broken left hand in 1942, a dislocated right shoulder in 1943, and last year internal injuries that necessitated an operation. Except for the time he had the operation, he has never been in a hospital for more than six hours and has always been back in his sulky the next day. Sometimes, after a spill that would have incapacitated a man less durable and less stubborn, he has driven in a later race on the same program. He is a practical man, who frankly says he races for money rather than glory and is entirely aware that any race may end in a costly accident. A few seasons ago, a friend urged him to enter a race that had little money in it, pointing out that if he came in first, he would be the winner of more races than anyone else that year. "Can't eat titles when snow's on the ground," Safford growled, and stayed out of the race.

THE season at Roosevelt Raceway is a long and wearing one. Every weekday night, from early May to late October, eight races, most of them with eight entries each, are run off. Safford almost always drives in at least one race a session and sometimes in as many as seven. His working day starts shortly before six in the morning, when he arrives at the stable that is provided

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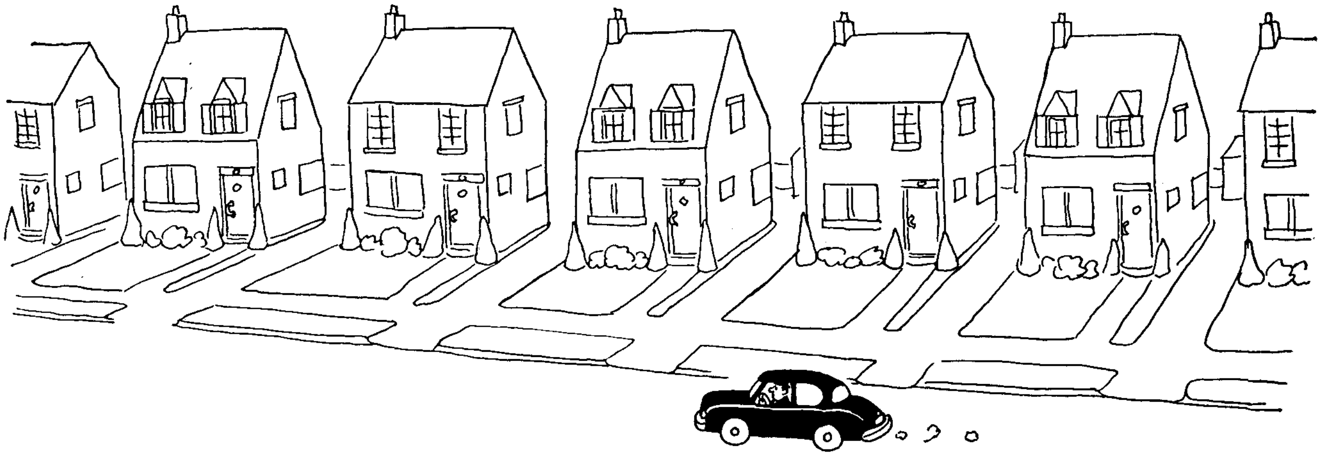

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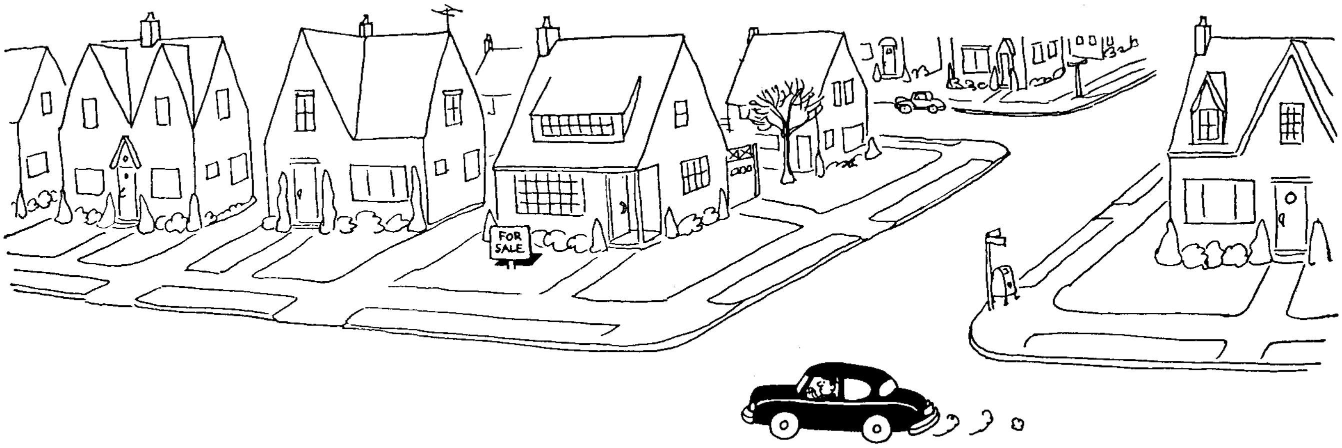


for him by the Raceway management. During the season, he and his wife and two daughters live in an apartment in Garden City, a couple of miles from the track, and he travels back and forth in a gray Cadillac convertible, which he handles in the petulant, contemptuous manner of one who hates machinery. Climbing out of the car, Safford heads for one of the four tack rooms in his stable, his bulging torso determinedly tilted forward from the hips as if he were prepared to trample down anything in his way. If another early riser happens to greet him, he is likely to pause impatiently, as a distant, unhearing look comes into his eyes, and then resume his undeviating course without replying. Often, some of the grooms and stableboys are still asleep in the tack room, and in that case Safford, roaring incoherent indignation at their sloth, yanks off their blankets and drags them from their cots by their feet. He treats his horses with similar firmness. Either they will work and win or he won't have them in his stable. "Turn her out! Turn the nag out! She won't try!" he shouted the other day when a mare that had been losing consistently lost again. Safford himself is commonly said to be the hardest worker in harness racing, and he demands the same sort of performance from the most dissolute of his stablehands and the giddiest of his colts.

One early morning last month, Safford, holding a gelding by the upper lip to prevent its squirming while he stuck into its chest a hypodermic needle containing a hormone solution that he hoped would give it vigor, unexpectedly said to an old man cleaning out the animal's stall, "You know what you need? You need a little watching. You like to drink, don't you?"

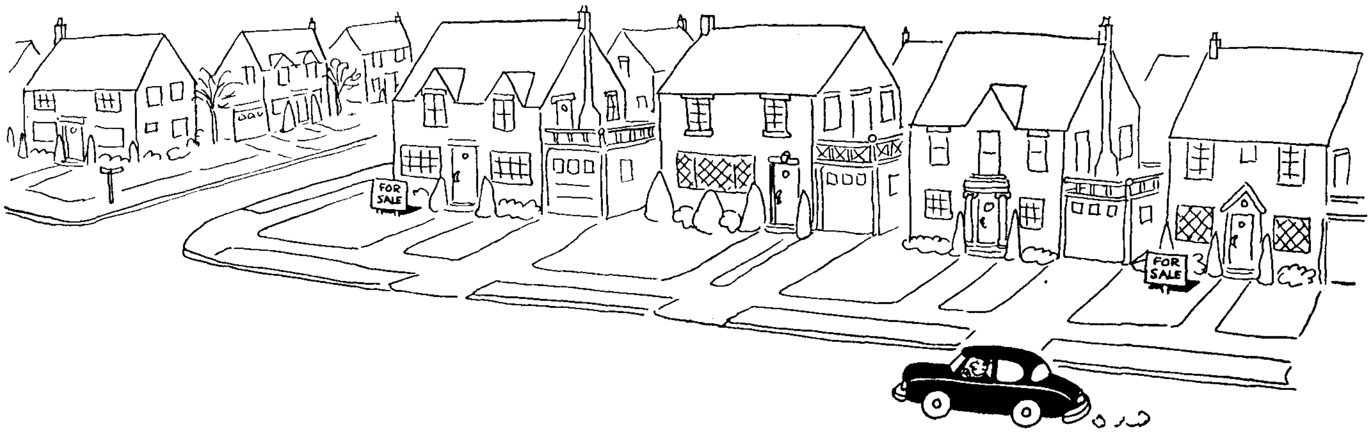
"I don't need no watching," the old man replied testily.

"Yes, you do," Safford said. "We all need a little watching. I even need a little watching myself. The human race is prone to sin."

Perhaps it is this conviction that impels Safford to temper the full-fledged appetites of a rough-and-tumble horse-racing man with frequent applications of religion. In addition to his matutinal hymn-sings as he works out his horses, he makes a point of attending the Congregational church in Garden City every Sunday. Pious though he tries to be, however, he does not feel exalted enough for actual hymns as he gets set to take out his first horse, at about six-thirty, and for the first few times around the track his singing amounts to no more than a mournful, wordless chant. Before long, however, as the sun grows warmer and the track becomes crowded with other trainers and with horses, his wordless dirge changes into a throaty paean, usually of thanksgiving that he, a sinner, has been saved. He and his horse present a peculiar combination of sounds, made up of the furious, cadenced thud of the animal's hoofs on the dirt, its loud, stertorous breathing, and Safford's louder dissonance, often upraised in:

"I was sinking deep in sin,
Far from the peaceful shore,
Very deeply stained within,
Sinking to rise no more . . ."

"Safford sure is scaring his horse this morning," one of the stableboys sitting on the outside rail is likely to say, as horse, Safford, and hymn flash by, all three for a moment loud in the ear. They fade into the distance of the backstretch and then slowly get nearer, 3



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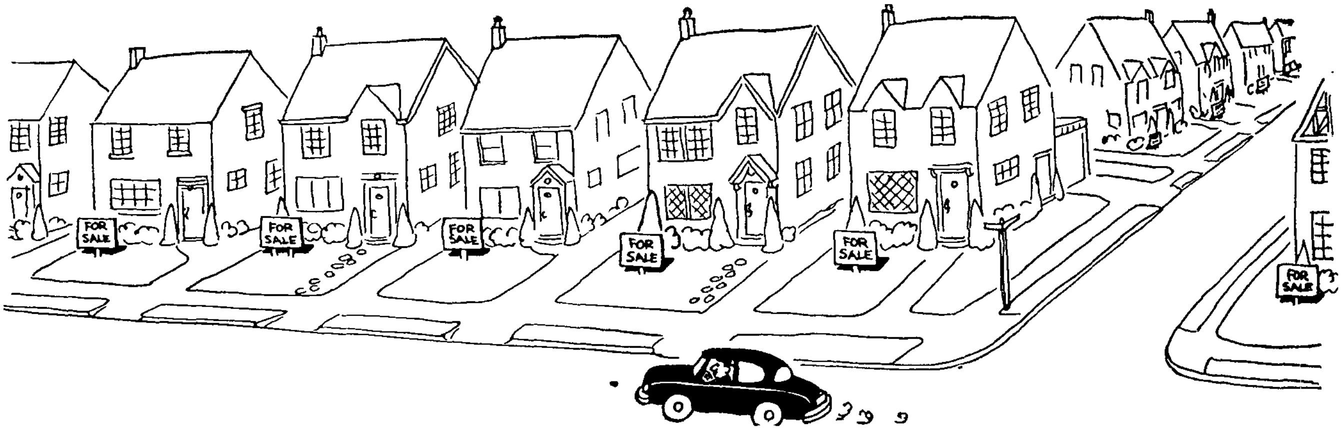

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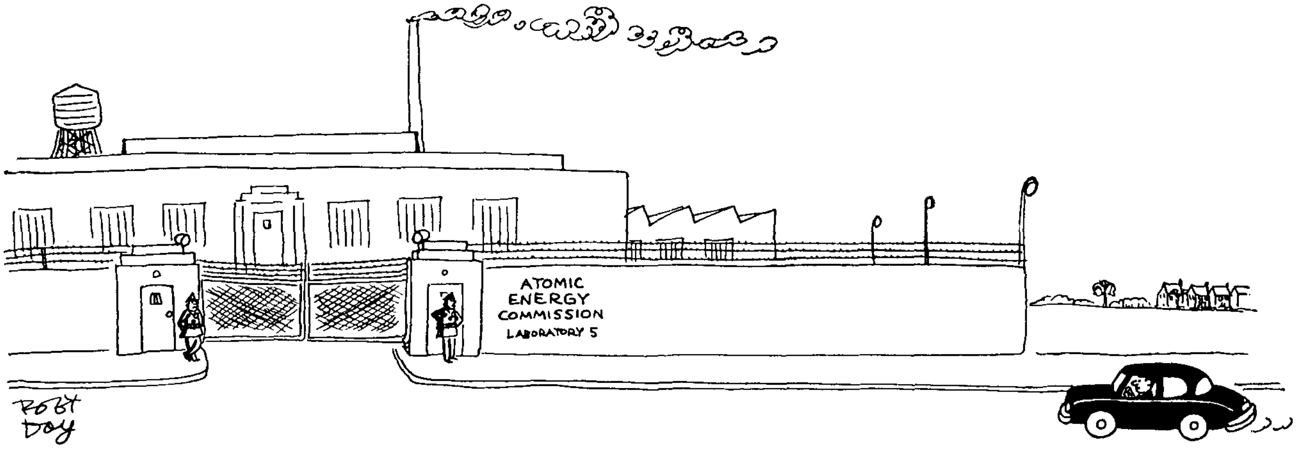

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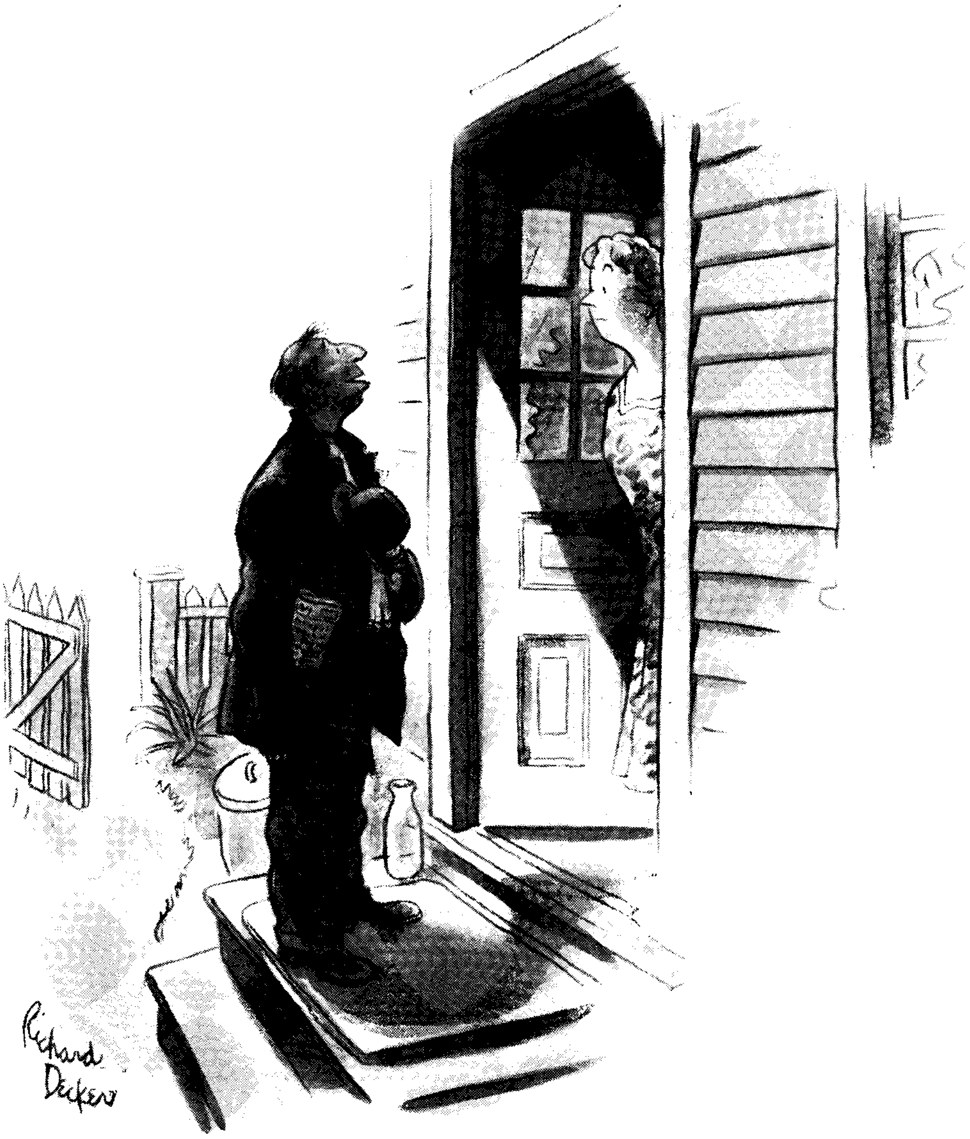
larger, and louder, until they suddenly streak past again, the same noisy blend of pounding hoofs, furious breathing, and moral sentiment. Occasionally, Safford slows his horse and stops his hymn-singing to have a word or two with a colleague in another jog cart. "That colt of yours sure looks growthy," he may say, or "Troop Carrier was really racy last night." Then his horse will surge forward once more, and his voice and form will diminish in volume as he sweeps around the first turn, exultantly bawling:

"Love lifted me!
Love lifted me!
When no-oth-ing else could help,
Love lifted me!"

IT is almost inconceivable to Safford that there are people who know nothing about harness racing. His attitude is that if there are such people, he wants nothing to do with them. "I'd just as leave talk to folks who don't know food's to eat," he says. He is embarrassed when asked some such simple question as what the difference is between a trotter and a pacer, and he grows suspicious, too, as if a joker had asked him what the difference is between ham and eggs. It does not seem confusing to Safford, as it does to many laymen, that a harness horse can hold almost as many different world's records as an amateur fisherman. Just as in fishing there is a world's record for the largest spotted weakfish caught on an eighty-pound line and for the largest barracuda caught by a woman with a twenty-pound line, so in harness racing there is a world's record for the fastest nine-sixteenths of a mile by a trotter in a race on a mile track and for the fastest dead heat, or tie, by trotters on a half-mile track. All this is as it should be, in Safford's opinion. He finds it impossible to explain the obvious—that a pacer's right legs move forward simultaneously, then its left legs, while a trotter's right front leg moves forward simultaneously with its left hind leg, and its left front leg with its right hind one; to Safford, it is like telling someone that the earth is round, or, for that matter, that good time for a mile on a mile track is a little more than two minutes. He can hardly bring himself to recall some of the questions he has been asked by neophytes. "Right in front of my own stables here at Roosevelt," he related the other day, "a fellow comes along with a woman—had some of that sweet-smelling perfume on her—and they were standing by while I was talking, and I said something about 'She's a dead-honest little mare and can make two-ten even when her legs are gimpy.' And the fellow says, 'What's two-ten?,' and I said, 'It's her pay per day.' I never been to school much, but looks like I know things you can't find in no book."

Safford knows, for example, how to break, train, and condition as many as twenty colts a winter, but he feels that boasting about this would be like boasting that he knows how to breathe. He knows, as surely as he knows his own name, how to cut a hole in the windpipe of a horse strangling from pneumonia, how to sew up a cut on a horse's hock, and how to fire a horse, which is a way of treating lameness with an electric needle; he knows when to "turn a horse back to Dr. Green," which is his expression for putting a horse out to pasture; he knows that shoeing is a vital element in determining a horse's gait, stride, and balance, and that shoes an ounce too heavy or an ounce too light, or improperly fitted, can make a fast horse slow; he knows that a horse that is faster than the average but not fast enough to be a champion is not necessarily much of an asset, because harness racers are partly classified by their speed, and an animal that is better than average but still not sensationally fleet may end up in a bracket in which there is little opportunity to race or money to win; he knows when it is wise to pretend that a fast horse is slow, even to the extent of holding it in if it gets way out in front in a race, so that its classification will not be raised; he knows how to "sit in the stretch," veering slightly to one side or the other and thus preventing a horse that is coming up behind from passing; he knows how to convert a so-so trotter into a winning pacer; and he knows how to rattle rival drivers in a race by pretending that he has dropped a rein and that a collision is imminent. Better than most men, Safford knows all these things and many, many more, but he doesn't seem aware of his knowledge. If he is asked how he manages to win so many races and so much prize money, he looks exasperated and rasps, "Hell, there's nothing to it. All you got to do is get up to the front and stay there."

FOR a person accustomed to modern sports and means of transportation, there is much that is anachronistic about the stables at Roosevelt Raceway, or most other tracks, for that matter. Many of the sounds one hears there, especially during the daytime, are the pleasant sounds of a gentler era—the clang of the blacksmith's hammer, the soprano neighing of horses, the crowing of roosters (many of the drivers raise and fight gamecocks), the flippy noise of horses blowing their lips and the clump, clump of their stomping as they shift position in their stalls, and the barking of long-eared hounds, whose sensitive, kindly faces, with their worried, wrinkled brows, are to be seen everywhere around the stables. Cats, too, have the run of the establishment. The stable smell is likely to remind a



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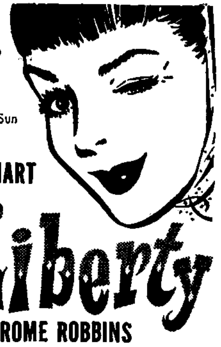

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visitor of his grandfather's barn—a mixture of hay, straw, sweat, manure, oats, liniment, leather, and axle grease. And continuously, behind the stables, between the stables, in front of the stables, horses with bright-colored blankets on their backs are being slowly walked up and down, back and forth, to cool them out after their workouts. The grooms, the majority of them old men, irascible and impatient with everything but their horses, spend their working hours oiling harness, mending halters, mixing oats and bran, washing horse blankets, currying and rubbing down horses, packing horses' feet with clay to keep them from cracking, and performing a score of other chores that were once accepted as commonplace. The grooms, known by such nicknames as Hard Suit Harry, Tin Can Joe, Hayrack Charlie, and Dirty Shirt Frank, are a fiercely independent bunch, used to sleeping in the tack rooms, which are adjacent to and about the same size as the stalls, and on many tracks not as weatherproof. Most of the grooms are indifferent to leaks in the roof above their cots, but if the stall of one of their horses leaks, they grow wrathful.

Sniggering and cackling softly as they work, the grooms, a few of whom were once drivers themselves, talk mostly about the idiosyncrasies of their horses and their colleagues. "My horse sure is making an African dodger of me," one old man said to nobody in particular the other morning as he puttered about with a pitchfork in the sunshine. "He makes me make some awful quick moves. He's kicking at me out of pure meanness."

"Hear what we did to Hard Suit Harry?" asked another, sprinkling water from a bucket to settle the dust. "Can't run into Hard Suit, you know, for fear of cracking that suit of his. Been wearing it, night and day, for two years. Well, last Friday, me and Dirty Shirt Frank threw him down and cracked it open. Then we threw him into a trough and scrubbed him down with saddle soap. Hard Suit's dirty but refined. Talks like a real Englishman."

"I been thinking all morning about a little mare I worked with in '97," said a third, who was washing out a set of brace bandages. "Mare named Betsy Girl. She was really honest. Dreamed about her last night. Why, I could see her face as plain as I see yours this minute. Godalmighty, how she could make it! Do two-twelve every time out. Once, at a county fair up in Massachusetts, I was trying to help Jimmy, here, get second money. I was laying in fourth fifth and couldn't get out. I held one line behind me and the other high and shouted, 'Look out, boys! I only got one line!' Godalmighty, didn't they get out of my way! Remember, Jimmy? Remember?" The voices died away. The only sound left was the thin, metallic, far-off clink of a blacksmith's hammer.

SAFFORD, with the help of Mark Teague, his assistant trainer, works out from twelve to fifteen horses every day, exercising only those of his animals that are not entered in that evening's races. Each horse to be worked out is harnessed and hitched to a jog cart by a groom, and turned over to Safford or Teague, who drives it out to the track. A Safford horse is driven about seven miles during an average workout, beginning with a two-mile, four-lap jog "the wrong way of the track," or clockwise, because a harness racer can't readily be made to keep to a jog if going in the direction in which it's accustomed to race. Then comes a doubleheader—two miles the right way of the track at race speed—after which the horse is taken back to the stable to cool out for twenty minutes while its trainer takes another to the track. Then the trainer returns to the first and gives it a fast "single," or one-mile, the right way around, brushing the animal a little with the whip now and then to feel it out for speed. Safford doesn't believe in too much speed during workouts. "I once had a filly I trained in two-eight," he says. "In a race, she couldn't even do two-fifteen. Learned me a lesson. Got to leave some speed in them." After the single, the horse is taken back to the stable for a more thorough cooling-out by a groom, who, working tenderly over the creature, unharnesses it, gives it a small drink of water, scrapes the white streaks of sweat from its sides, washes and dries it, and covers it with a blanket. Twenty minutes later, the horse is hitched up again, and the trainer puts it through another single the right way around. Once more the horse is unhitched, unharnessed, and thoroughly cooled out, after which it is put through a final brisk single.

While Safford and Teague are working out their horses, their rivals in the seventy-five other stables at the Raceway are similarly engaged. The track is thronged with sorrels, bays, roans, grays, blacks, and chestnuts whisking along, clockwise and counterclockwise. The drivers sit rigid and straight-backed in their carts, often with pipes or cigars clenched in their teeth, their legs horizontal to the ground and stretched apart

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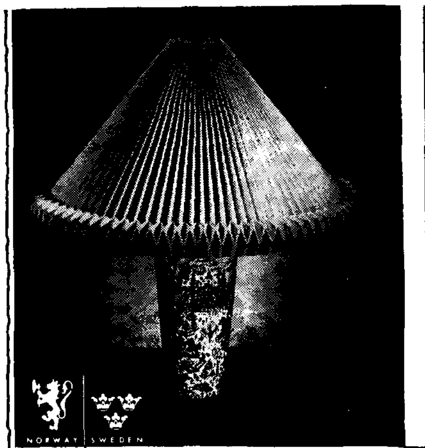
in a wide V, their whips over their right shoulders, and their horses' tails nearly in their faces. The horses are done up in trappings almost as weird as those in which medieval knights rigged their mounts. Sawed-off billiard cues, called head poles, are strapped along one side of the necks of some of them to keep them from turning their heads and spoiling their gaits; some wear bands of fluffy wool across their faces just below the eyes to prevent them from looking down at the ground, where they might see shadows that would make them jump or shy; many of the pacers wear hobbles—leather bands that help synchronize the movement of the fore and hind legs on either side—to discourage them from breaking their special stride; the trotters wear leather guards on their ankles, so that they won't cut themselves if their fore and hind legs graze each other. All morning long, the horses flash by, panting and pounding.

The workout period at the Raceway generally ends around noon. Before going to lunch, Safford stops in at the office of Walter Gibbons, the track's racing secretary, who makes up the races three days in advance, selecting the sixty-four horses that are to compete. Gibbons tries to eliminate those that have raced most recently and he also tries to see to it that all the stables are fairly represented, but he suspects that his efforts are not always appreciated. In fact, he feels that he is the most maligned man at Roosevelt Raceway. "The drivers claim they're in too deep," says Gibbons, a martyr recounting his woes. "They claim their horse is too slow for the race I've put it in. They claim there's a standout horse in their race. They claim that Mighty Medium has been timed in two-three and I've put him in a race with two-six horses. They beef about this, they beef about that." But Safford doesn't beef. He calls at the secretary's office for the sole purpose of learning what horses he is going to be up against, and what are to be their relative post positions, so that he can begin figuring out a strategy on the basis of the animals' past performances and what he knows about their drivers. Post positions, determined by lot after Gibbons has chosen the entries, are vastly important, since the nearer a horse is to the inside rail at the start of a race, the shorter that horse is likely to find the distance around the track. Starting on the rim, or farthest from the rail, is often fatal.

Safford studies the set of entries and post positions as he walks back to his



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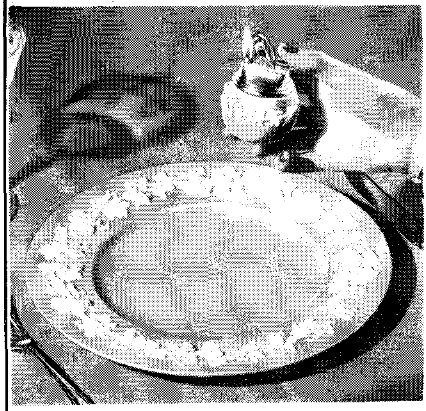

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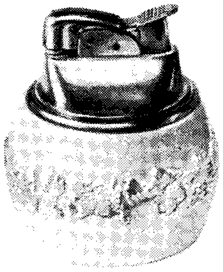

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stables. Then, usually in the company of two other trainers and drivers, Del Miller and James Jordan, he drives his car to a restaurant in Westbury for his main meal of the day. This is invariably a spectacular event. Safford either calls for a double order of everything he wants—telling the waiter, perhaps, "Two orders sirloin steak, two orders French-fries, two orders tomatoes on the side, and two orders blueberry pie à la mode"—or, to be absolutely certain of getting enough to eat, he goes shopping first and enters the restaurant with a great armful of brown-paper bags containing quantities of meat and vegetables, which he turns over to the chef with appropriate instructions. "Only thing better than a steak is two steaks," he sometimes says, although for a midnight snack he occasionally orders two four-pound lobsters and ale.

Horse talk dominates the meal, as it dominates everything else in Safford's life. "This colt I was working with the other morning is only three weeks in training," Miller said as the three sat down to dine one day not long ago. "Hardly bigger than a kitten, and he struck out a two-thirty."

"Did he go down the road straight or did he shake?" Safford asked.

"Straight as a die," said Miller.

"Well," said Jordan, "he can't turn out worse than that black pacer that the guy up in Providence I was talking about wouldn't take twenty-five hundred for. By God, he *wouldn't* sell! Said his wife loved her. You know that mare, Frank. Think she's any good?"

"She ain't bad and she ain't good," Safford said.

"She can do two-ten, can't she?" Miller asked.

"Yeah, but she's a bad-trained horse," said Safford. "She's been raced out."

"What would you give for her?" asked Jordan.

"I wouldn't give this cigarette for her," Safford said. "She knocks hell out of her knees."

There was a pause, and then Miller said to Safford, "You had a lot of horse around that last turn last night."

"I just shook the lines and gave her the old yeah-yeah," Safford replied as he sugared his salad. "But she sure eats a lot of hay."

Frequently, Safford stays on at the track after the races until two or three in the morning, supervising the cooling-out of his horses, so he tries to get home for a few hours' sleep every afternoon. He rarely manages to make it before four, though, because of the many distractions at his place of business. Chief among these are visits from owners and other trainers, who, just as he is on the point of leaving, show up at his stable leading a horse they want to ask his opinion about. Safford once studied under a veterinarian, and his judgment is respected. He had one foot in his car the other afternoon when a man led up a colt by the halter. He was a tall, thin, pale man, one of a group of hand-to-mouth owners at the Raceway who generally have all their money and all their hopes tied up in one horse. The man said the colt wasn't living up to expectations. Safford knelt and felt the animal's legs with gentle, exploratory fingers. "Looks to me like this colt ought not to race at all," he said. "He won't stay together. He's soft, punky. Let me see how he handles himself."

The owner, obviously distressed by the diagnosis, seized the halter, and man and beast began loping up and down in front of Safford, who studied the colt long and thoughtfully. Not once did the owner take his anxious eyes off Safford's face.

"He's got bad knees," Safford said at last, and the expression of the owner became distraught, but he kept on loping up and down, leading the colt. "He don't fold his knees right," Safford continued. "He picks them up instead of folding them. He's sore in his knees. If you race him, he'll sure enough fall down."

The owner and his colt stopped before Safford. "He raced all right in Indiana," the man said. "Maybe I worked him too hard?"

"Not necessarily," Safford said. "I claim a lot of this stuff is from diet. Hard work just brings it out. His bones are porous. Either he's bred that way or it's diet."

"I always gave him lots of corn and alfalfa and hay," the owner said. "Maybe it'll help his knees if I fire them?"

"I wouldn't fire them," Safford said. "I'd blister his hocks. Blister him and turn him out to good grass."

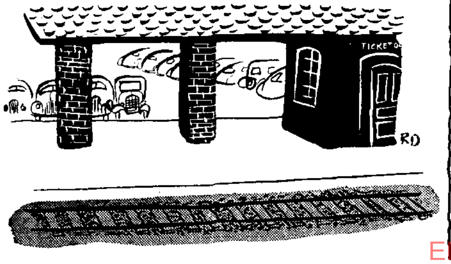
"He was a good colt all last fall and winter," the man said. "He was a real good colt."

"Blister him and turn him over to Dr. Green," Safford said firmly.

BEFORE Safford leaves home for the races a couple of hours before first post time, he gives his wife a bank roll and instructions on how to bet it. His own placing of bets is curtailed by the fact that if he leaves the paddock to place a bet he can't reënter it for the rest of the evening. Mrs. Safford, a pleasant, handsome woman he married fifteen years ago, goes over to the track later in the family's second car, accompanied by their twelve-year-old daughter Jean, who sits with her mother in the grandstand, through whom she places an occasional bet of anything up to five dollars, almost always on her father. Sylvia, Jean's sister, who is seven, seldom attends the races. When Safford brings a horse in first, Jean dashes to her mother's side and pipes, "How much did you have on Daddy, Mumsey?," to which Mrs. Safford usually replies, "I played him across the board, darling."

Safford arrives at the track shortly after six and sets about warming up his horses, giving them a two-mile jog, a doubleheader, a single, and a final single, or a total of six miles. By seven-thirty the grandstand has begun to fill, and within an hour, on a good night, twenty-five thousand people are on hand, ready to bet nearly a million dollars. The lights have been turned on, making the track brighter and the grass in the infield greener than they ever were under the sun's rays. Golden incandescent bulbs gleam in the tote board, forming the figures that show the odds on the eight entries in the first race. As post time approaches, the horses grow restless in their paddock stalls; they paw and nicker, excited, perhaps, by the harsh music grinding out of the public-address system, by the cries of hawkers selling tip sheets and programs, and by the swelling murmur of the crowd and the increasing tramp of feet. The drivers are flamboyant in their racing silks—Norfolk jackets in such bold contrasts of color as red and yellow and blue and orange—and caps that flare like a chef's hat, with little bows at their tops. There are warning cries of "Heads up!" as first one horse and then another, drawing a sulky and driver, threads its way out onto the track through swarming stableboys and trainers.

Safford is generally in excellent humor at race time. It is one of the few occasions when he is. He seems bigger than ever in his green-and-white racing silks, and his face seems redder



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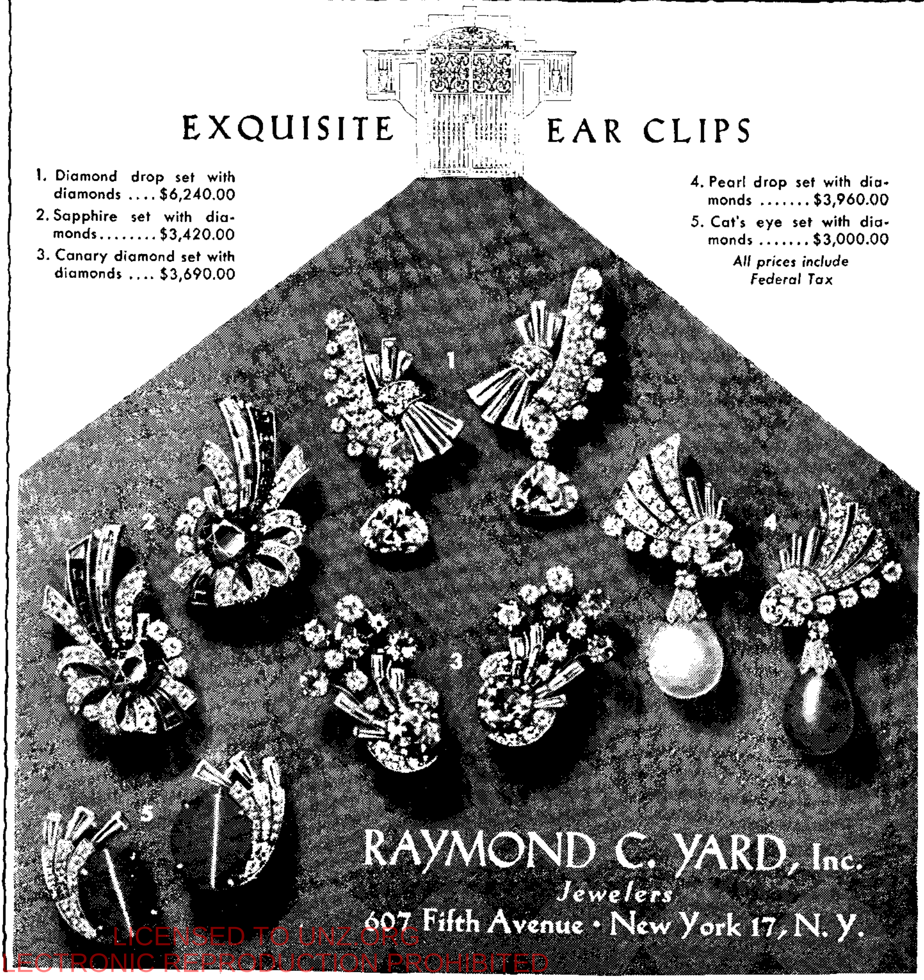
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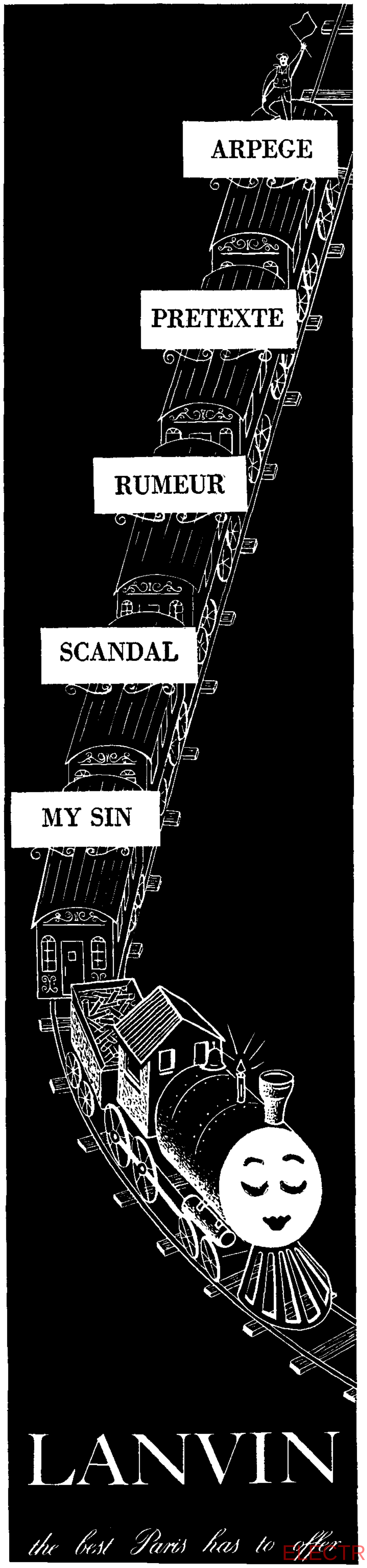

and rounder. One Thursday evening not long ago, his position was seventh from the rail in his first race of the night, but even this grievous handicap did not dampen his spirits. Driving a three-year-old brown filly, a pacer named Mischief Clare, he was seventh, as called for by his post position, in the parade of horses and drivers to the post, and he remained seventh from the rail for a while after the eight entries had pounded past the starting line, the beat of their hoofs making a dull, thudding counterpoint to the sudden shriek of the crowd. The early part of a harness race can be even more exciting than its finish, for the seven outside drivers often try to get out ahead and over to the rail by the first turn, with the result that all eight horses in the race are heading for the same place. If Safford happens to be driving a "rank" horse, one that insists on getting away fast, he goes along with the rest, but otherwise, given a poor post position, he prefers not to run the risk of being left out on the rim, and, instead, pulls up and makes for the rail, though this may mean temporarily taking last place. Generally, he is against early speed; he would rather race "covered up," with a horse in front of him serving as a windbreaker while he saves his sprint for the final quarter. He is adept at this, and sometimes forces a faster pace by driving his horse so close behind the leading sulky that the head of his animal all but hangs over the shoulder of the driver in front.

In this particular race, Safford fell back to eighth place at the first turn and got on the rail. Conserving his horse's speed, using it only when he saw that he could pass a rival without moving far from the shortest route home, he was in third place at the half mile. He passed the leader at the three-quarters pole and was one and a quarter lengths ahead at the finish, having done the mile in 2:10⅕. It was a typical Safford race. As he was getting out of his sulky, one of the owners he drives for approached, accompanied by his son, a boy of fifteen. "Frank, you never go the long way around, do you?" the owner said admiringly, and then told him that the boy's primary ambition was to become a harness horseman. "Wish you'd tell him how you do it, Frank," the father said. Safford, whose round red face up to that moment had held a pleased and youthful smile, suddenly looked harassed and nettled. "Nothing to winning a race," he said. "Get home first, that's all." He made a brave stab at expanding this statement, getting bogged sentences and becoming momentarily more annoyed. "Maybe you're in fifth or sixth position from the rail, so . . ." He stopped. "You know there's a horse faster'n you, you stay in behind and, well . . . Then snap him out on the stretch, like . . . You got to have a lot of zip going home. The faster the horses go in front of you early, well, the more chance you got of winning late. But if they're going to pocket you—why, damn it all, you got to go to the top." He paused, and then said in an irritated growl, "Nothing to winning a race but coming in first."

SOME of the earliest harness racing in this country took place in New England, and ever since it got under way there, in 1840 or thereabouts, Saffords have been urging horses around the tracks at county fairs, at which the sport has long been one of the principal attractions. Both Safford's father and grandfather raced harness horses. The contemporary Safford—Franklin S. Safford, as he is practically never called—was born in Swanzey, near Keene, New Hampshire, a village that had been the family home for generations. His father was a rural entrepreneur who, his son says, "had a finger in everything—horses, garage, selling Fords, herd of cattle, real estate, insurance." By the time Frank was fourteen, he had twice run away from military school. At this point, his father decided to try different tactics, gave him a barn full of hay and twenty head of cattle, and told him he could do what he wanted with them. The first thing the boy did was trade a cow for a pacer. "I been racing ever since," Safford says. "Pretty much the same, day by day, all in all, since I was fourteen. I took my pacer up to a county fair in Vermont and gratified the hell out of my old man by beating him out of a purse of two hundred and fifty dollars." When Safford was fifteen, his father gave him a half interest in a three-year-old brown mare named Signilda. "I went away to the county fairs with her," Safford says. "I got me a new sulky and went through Vermont and Maine. That winter, I calked up my mare, put spikes on her, and raced her on the ice. Won five hundred in side bets. Pretty tough in those days, though. Didn't see much money. Slept in the stalls with the horses. Sometimes we were racing for oats and blankets. Big purse then was two hundred and fifty dollars, made up of our entry fees. Racing for our own money, we were. Now, here at Roosevelt we have three or four twenty-five-thousand-dollar races a season, a couple for

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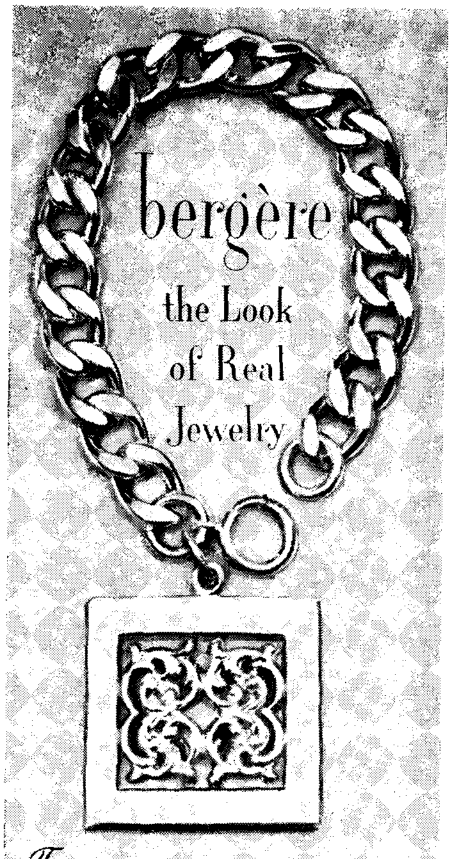

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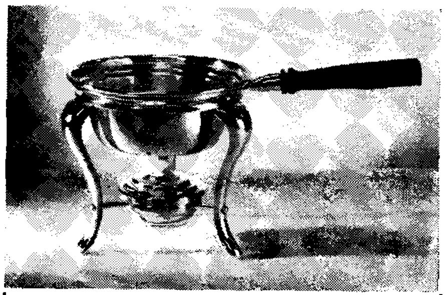
J. Berlé

fifty thousand, and the smallest purse is a thousand. Purses'll total more than two million this season. And we don't have no entry fees. That is, not if we lose—only the winners pay. Racing here at Roosevelt's shot new blood in the whole industry. Horses're selling now for as high as seventy thousand. Before 1940, when they opened here, you couldn't get two hundred and fifty for a good, fast horse. Nowadays, with purses what they are, a good two-tenner might make thirty-five hundred dollars a month during the season, and a real fast horse might make between fifteen and twenty thousand a month if he was lucky about getting enough races."

By the time Safford was sixteen, he owned five horses. Two years later, he bought a distinguished pacer named Napoleon Hal for seven hundred and fifty dollars, trained him himself, and won eighteen straight races with him. Other owners began to ask him to train their horses. The first one he took on was owned by a conductor on the Boston & Maine, who had just that one animal. By the time Safford was nineteen, he was handling and racing a dozen horses for an owner in Bellows Falls, Vermont, and had branched out from the New England tracks to race at Goshen and Saratoga, New York; Lexington, Kentucky; Delaware, Ohio; and Indianapolis, Indiana. (He has never had much luck in the Hambletonian, at Goshen, the most important of all harness races; he has been in it four times and has never finished better than fourth. When people ask him about this, he protests mildly, "I won the Reading Fair Futurity three times. That's pretty good, isn't it?" It is; in fact, winning it only twice would be.) Safford now has clients all up and down the Eastern seaboard. He is especially popular with owners in North Carolina. He and his family spend the winter months at Southern Pines, where he owns a large white house that has been described by a neighbor as being "full of trophies and sirloin steaks," and where, at a local track, he breeds and trains horses. It costs about three hundred and fifty dollars a month to have a horse trained and driven by Safford. Out of this sum come feed for the animal, pay for grooms, and Safford's monthly net, which probably amounts to around fifty dollars. Of considerably more importance is his share of the purses he wins for his clients, which is reputed to average something like forty per cent, four times what most drivers receive.

In addition to handling other men's



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way, done a fair amount of buying and selling and racing of horses on his own. "Any time Safford can make a dollar, he'll buy and sell anything," a friend of his at the Raceway says. "Pigs, cars, dogs, fighting cocks—anything." All sorts of stories about Safford as a shrewd, successful Yankee horse-trader go the rounds out at Roosevelt. A typical one is to the effect that he once bought a colt for seven hundred and fifty dollars, raced it for five years, winning twelve thousand dollars with it, and finally sold it for five thousand. Safford considers such matters his own business and declines to discuss them. "Owners think if you own a horse, you put more attention on it than you do on theirs," he says. "Not that there's anything to it, but that's what they think. Damn, every horse in my stable gets the same attention as any other. And causes headaches that hurt just as much. Most folks think all you got to do in my job is cash checks. I wish it was. Look. You train a colt—your colt, my colt, anybody's colt—and you sweat over him and get him ready. And then, just when he's about to race, maybe he starts coughing and sneezing, or he gets virus or bronchitis, or his feet get stinging and his legs get gimpy. Then you got to turn him out to Dr. Green and pick him up the next fall and begin all over again. Sometimes it gets so bad a man don't even feel like singing hymns."

—RICHARD O. BOYER

•

TO A SEEING-EYE DOG

As the winds of morning wake
Dreaming hare within the brake,
Canine instincts in you yearn—
I remember dawn's return.

When the red fox runs to earth,
You reject the bond of birth—
I recall the now concealed
Autumn glory of the field.

Bound together, beast and man,
Share we must and bear we can—
You the severance from your kind,
I the long night of the blind.

—EDWARD SHENTON

•

Less than 4 indicates that you have made language a valuable and effective tool; you have read extensively in many fields and your dictionary is well worn, *n'est-pas?*—*Wells Carr in the Post Home News.*

Somebody's *French* dictionary is not too well worn, *n'est-ce pas?*

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THE THEATRE

JEEVES, JR.

THOUGH it deals with events surrounding the British General Election of 1945, the mood, manner, and most of the substance of "Yes, M'Lord," by W. Douglas Home, is pure P. G. Wodehouse of the vintage of 1924. To some, who consider Mr. Wodehouse about the most richly endowed humorist ever to operate in the English language, this may suggest that a comic masterpiece has moved into the Booth; to others, who find him a good deal more foolish than funny, it will certainly suggest exactly the opposite. The truth, in my opinion, lies somewhere in the middle. The plot of "Yes, M'Lord," which we'll get to in a minute, is intricate, childlike, and annoying; most of the dialogue might be described in the same terms; and about half the cast acts in a manner perhaps better suited to a revival of "Charley's Aunt" than to a modern comedy. On the other hand, I found Mr. Home entertaining from time to time, on the ground, I guess, that the singular idiom and unearthly detachment of the British upper classes have always seemed reasonably droll to me, at least in moderation, and the performance given by A. E. Matthews struck me as sheer delight from beginning to end. Altogether, while "Yes, M'Lord" is transatlantic fancywork of the flimsiest and most antique design, the chances are that Mr. Matthews is just about enough to make up for it, and I recommend it to you on that basis alone, cautiously.

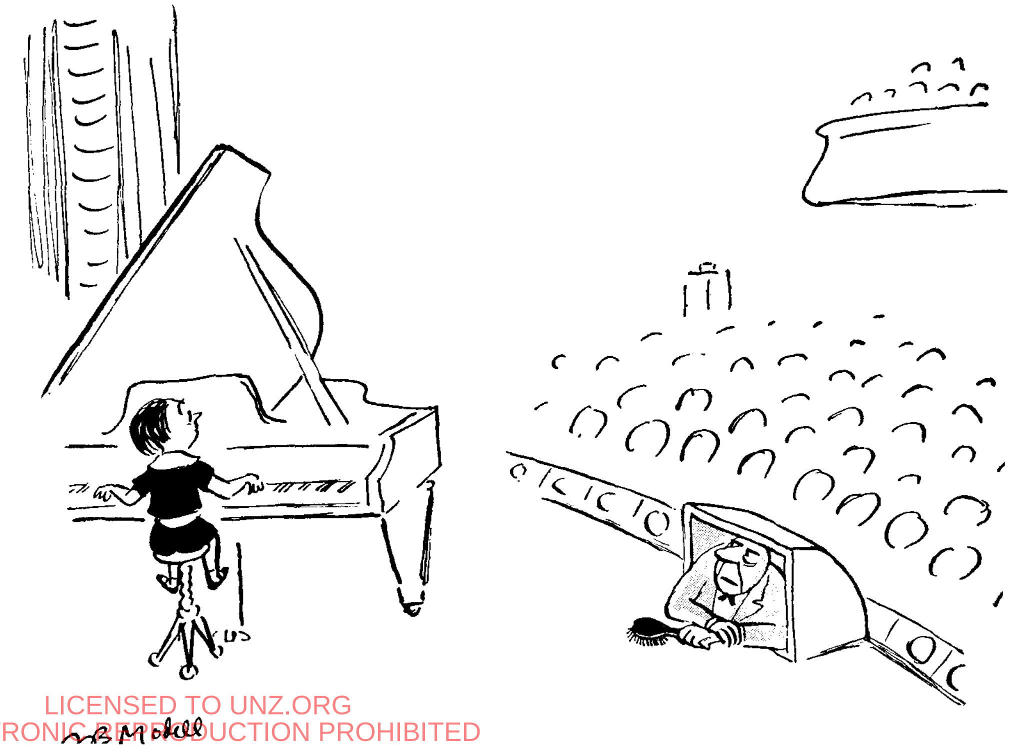
To get back to my remarks about Wodehouse, the cast at the Booth includes a supernaturally vague old peer, who might well be the proprietor of Blandings Castle, though his hobby is shooting rabbits rather than raising prize pigs; a butler, whose name is Beecham rather than Jeeves, but who employs the same chilly and educated prose as the original nuisance; an aristocratic young man, whose alleged interest in girls is approximately as convincing as that attributed to Bertie Wooster; and a Cockney housemaid, an American heiress, and a self-made political leader, all of whom, if not exactly duplicated in the master's works, are at least very closely paralleled. The story that sets these assorted types in motion has to do mainly

tion to social change. In the beginning, the son of the house is defeated for Parliament on the Conservative ticket and then, for reasons that needn't tax us here, decides to run as a Labourite. This time his chances look much better until, at the last minute, it turns out that his girl, who has genteel instincts, though a native of the United States, and so, naturally, disapproves of his conversion to Socialism, has persuaded the butler to run against him as a Tory. As you might expect, since this, after all, is the world of Wodehouse, the butler wins, and the domestic situation gets moderately complicated. Mr. Home, however, is an apt disciple, and in the end everything turns out for the best, both politically and emotionally, for everybody.

This is obviously pretty elementary stuff, but, as noted, it has its moments of mysterious British jocularity, which are likely to have a sort of extra dimension of humor for American audiences, and Mr. Matthews' contribution is perfect in every detail. It is also, unfortunately, quite indescribable, since the secret of it apparently lies in not acting at all, but simply in puttering aimlessly about the stage, peering at his fellow-actors as if their presence were a perpetual mild and not wholly pleasant astonishment to him, and either throwing away his lines completely or else delivering them with every evidence of well-bred disgust. It is probably not a technique that would do for every author's work, but in this case I suspect it is ideal.

Of the others, I liked George Curzon, as the butler, Tom Macaulay, as the practical politician, and Mary Hinton, as an elderly noblewoman, and strongly deplored Elaine Stritch, as the American heroine, and Hugh Kelly, as the defeated candidate and her fiancé. In justice to Mr. Kelly, however, I should say that his role calls on him to say "Ra-*ther*" more often than any other player in my memory and also to deliver the speech beginning "For five years they taught us to kill, and now . . ." that I have listened to so many times these last few years, always with embarrassment.

FOR *the benefit of those happy illiter*ates who occasionally have some trouble telling Shakespeare's two great transvestite comedies apart, "Twelfth Night" is the one in which the heroine passes herself off as a boy so successfully that another woman falls in love with her, as distinguished from "As You Like It," which is the one in which the heroine passes herself off as a boy so successfully that her own suitor can't tell the difference even when she gets him to pretend to make love to her. "Twelfth Night," to make the distinction still easier, is the one containing the three most painful comics in Shakespeare's enormous repertory, in the persons of Malvolio, Sir Toby Belch, and



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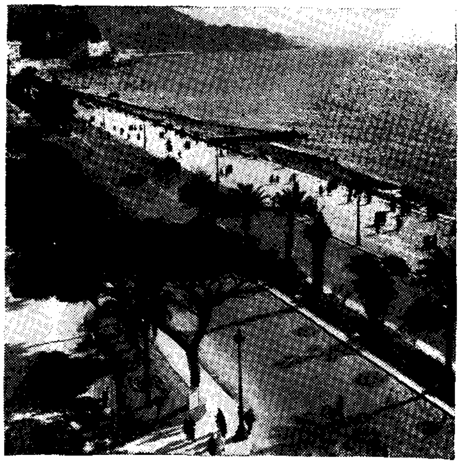

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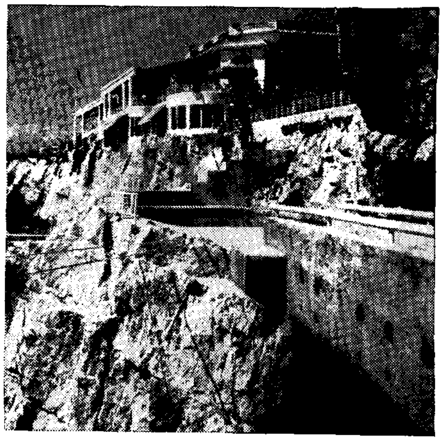

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Sir Andrew Aguecheek, as distinguished from "As You Like It," which contains Touchstone and the melancholy Jaques, who are painful enough but not really in the same league. Finally, just to sew things up, "Twelfth Night" is the one that offers, among many others, of course, that famous speech beginning "If music be the food of love, play on," as distinguished from "As You Like It," which probably reaches its height of classic familiarity in "All the world's a stage." I append this little table of condensed and useful information here because a production of "Twelfth Night" turned up last week at the Empire, and I dislike the idea of any innocent's getting tangled up with Sir Toby when the worst he had been led to expect was Touchstone.

With that out of the way, we might as well proceed to something in the nature of criticism, also in capsule form. This version of "Twelfth Night," then, seems to me a poor one compared with those starring Miss Jane Cowl and Miss Helen Hayes some years ago. To a high degree, the success of the play depends on the performance given by the actress in the role of Viola, and while Frances Reid is a charming and capable young woman, she hasn't as yet quite the style or wit necessary to make her male masquerade seem anything but tiresomely coy. The others—Arnold Moss as Malvolio, Carl Benton Reid as Sir Toby, Nina Foch as Olivia, Philip Tonge as Sir Andrew, Henry Brandon as Orsino, Harry Townes as Feste, and Ruth Enders as Maria—range, I should say, from a good deal more than satisfactory, in the case of Mr. Townes, to a good deal less, in that of Mr. Brandon. Valentine Windt's direction is often more ingenious than seems strictly necessary, especially in the low-comedy scenes, which sometimes have the air of rehearsals for a wrestling match, and Louis Kennel's settings and costumes are rather conventional, at best. The only note of real cheer, in fact, that I found in the whole evening appeared in a program note that reported, in reference to Mr. Moss, "More recently he was Prospero to Vera Zorina's Caliban in Margaret Webster's revival of 'The Tempest.'" This item is the work of Mr. Richard Maney, the prince of press agents, who, I like to dream, intended it as criticism.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

House newly plastered with 40 acres of land.—*Adv. in the Tomahawk (Wis.) Leader.*

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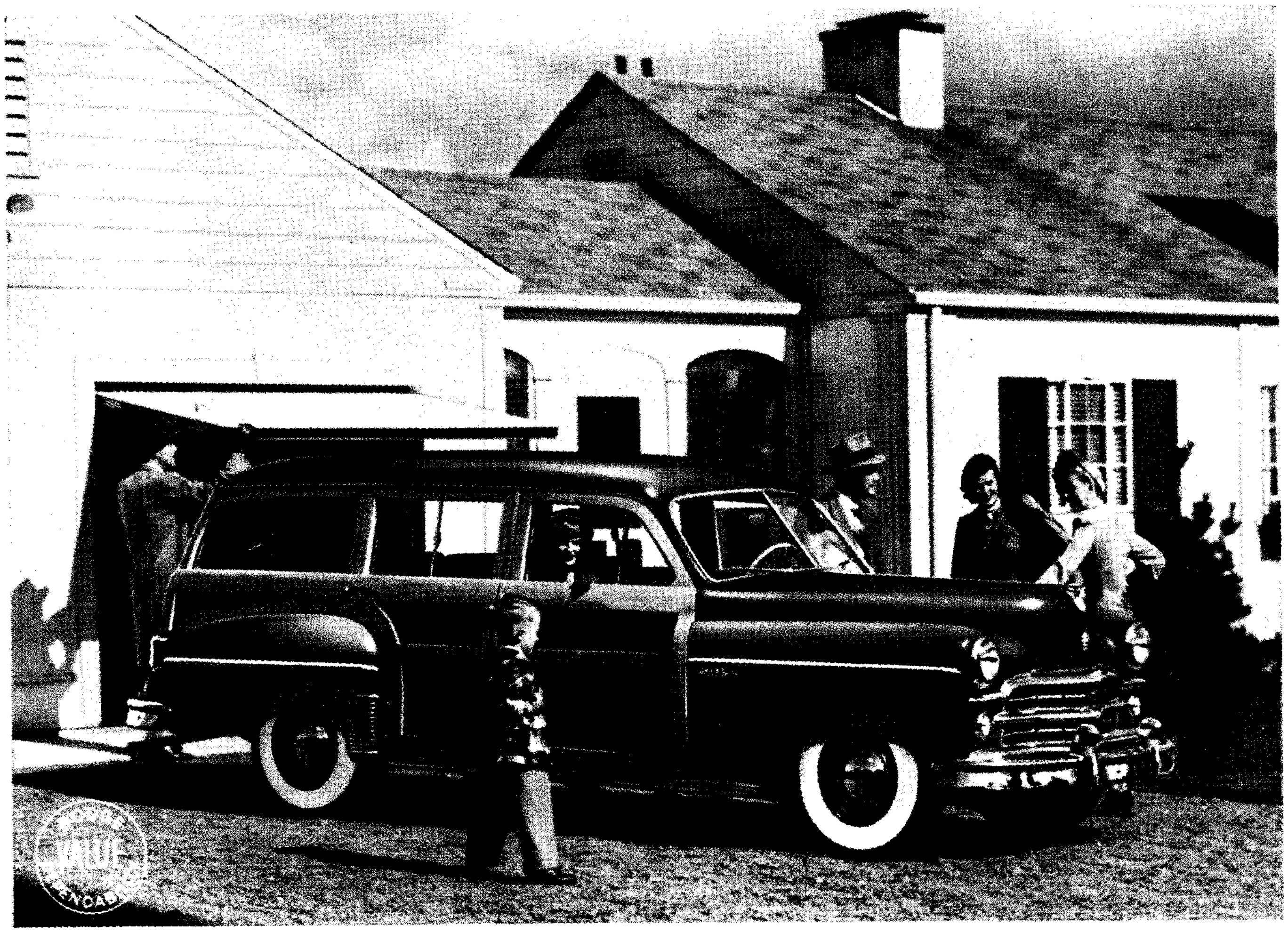

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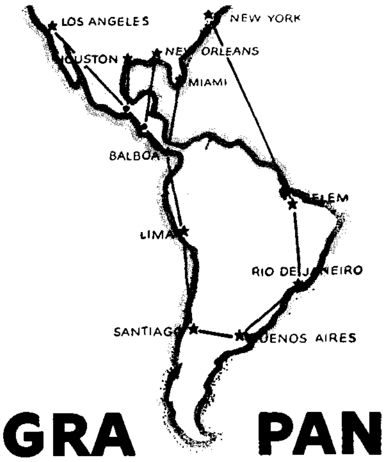

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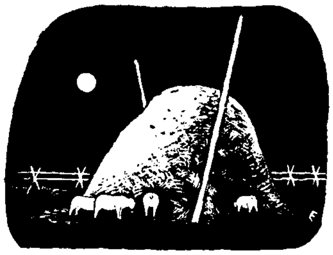
DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION, CORRECTION, AND ABUSE (VICARIOUS)

New York City,
September 12, 1949

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
Sirs:

IT is unusual, I know, to address to you a communication complaining about an article printed in another periodical, but since the article about which I feel impelled to complain appeared in *Soviet Literature*, a journal published in Moscow, and since I might never have run afoul of the Kremlin crowd if it hadn't been for your magazine, I hope that you will understand why I am writing you.

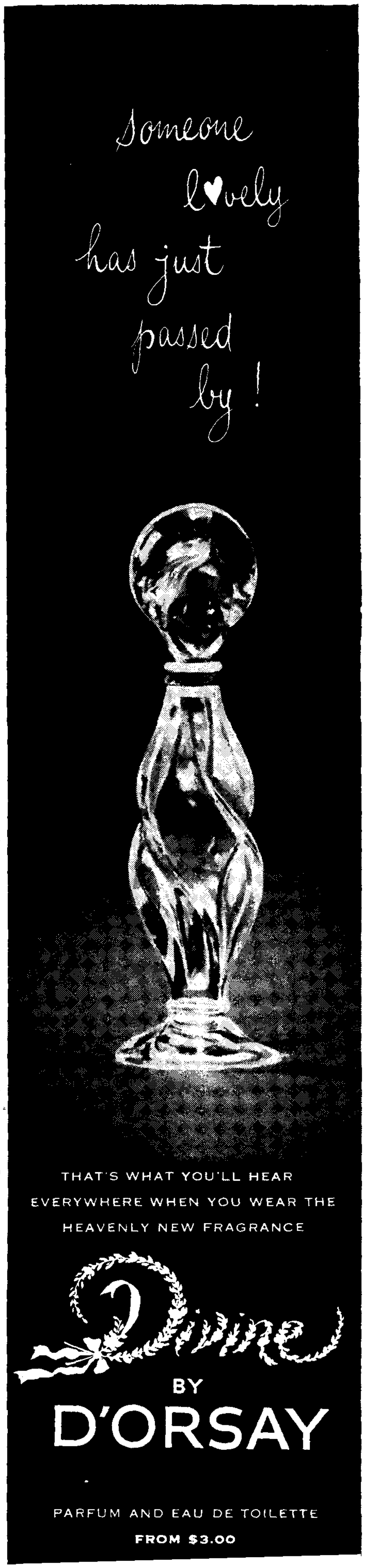
You may recall that early in the war you were kind enough to publish a series of pieces of mine—XXXIX of them, by the exotic numbering system you used to identify them—under the general heading of "The Army Life." Some XIX or XX of these were published in book form by Simon & Schuster late in 1942 with the same title. The book had a relatively small sale—undoubtedly, I told myself consolingly at the time, because its title tended to make potential customers confuse it with the "Basic Field Manual," a useful War Department primer on Army life that was then being distributed free to every selectee inducted into the rapidly expanding Army. My book, though modestly priced, at a dollar seventy-five, and containing no official information whatever, could hardly have been expected to compete with a giveaway bearing the imprimatur of the high brass.



I haven't thought much about "The Army Life" since the war, or hadn't, at least, until a few weeks ago, when a friend of mine who persistently keeps tab on the Russian press sent me a copy of *Soviet Literature*—printed, luckily for me, in English—containing a piece by R. Samarin that deals with the wartime literary accomplishments of several American writers, principal among whom were J. Hersey and B. Mauldin. My friend appended a note saying that *Soviet Literature* is "extensively circulated outside Russia as a means of propagandizing the current work of Soviet writers and also as a means of attacking foreign writers the Soviet Union doesn't like." He directed my regard to the following paragraph:

> Among the most grossly false American books dealing with soldiering on the eve of the war are *The Army Life* (1942), by E. J. Kahn, *See Here, Private Hargrove* (1942), by M. Hargrove. Written, no doubt, with a view to distribution in the army, these books lay special stress on American soldier's devotion to the laws of bourgeois ideology in the U.S.A. The alleged "democracy" of the American army is illustrated with particular cynicism in Kahn's book. The lieutenant who is training the recruits explains the peculiar beauty of the army hierarchy; it starts with the sergeant giving orders to the private, then, the lieutenant to the sergeant, and so on, until it rises to Roosevelt who gives orders to Marshall, Chief of the General Staff—thus coming full circle, the lieutenant adds enthusiastically, with the soldier-citizens giving orders to the President.

I didn't quite get the connection between Samarin's second sentence and his third, but I passed that up, my attention having been diverted by a glance through the rest of his polemic. That brief look made me gratefully aware that Hargrove and I had, on the whole, got off far easier than Hersey, described as an "agent of American militarism," whose "Into the Valley" is called "a striking example of a literature that aims at corrupting the minds of the American soldiers," and Mauldin, who is credited with having believed that "the only constructive element amid the ruin and chaos" of war-torn Europe was "a drunken barbarian with his helmet set at a rakish angle and an idiotic leer on his unshaven face"—a reference to Mauldin's thoroughly lovable cartoon characters Willie and Joe, whom Samarin, in an impressive display of gross falseness, refers to throughout his article as "Billy and Joe." Poor Mauldin! Samarin also says that "Mauldin's blether thus reveals as far back as 1944 the outline of that plan of American-Nazi coöperation which has now in many cases, and despite the protests of progressive circles in the U.S.A., become an established fact." (I have just looked up "blether" in the dictionary, and, by God, there is such a word. It means "blather.") As for American war writing in general, Samarin calls it "bestial and false in substance," "



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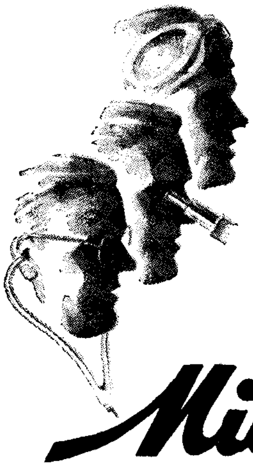

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inartistic," and "a blend of imperialistic propaganda with consistent hypocrisy, seasoned with mendacious ballyhoo about the notorious American democracy." You editors ought to be ashamed of yourselves for having published such blether.

But to get back to me. When I first read the Samarin piece, his paraphrase of the chain-of-command anecdote I had related sounded accurate enough, but later, when I checked it against my text (No. V in your series), I found that my account did not start, as Samarin says, with a sergeant giving orders to a private; it started with a *corporal* giving the orders, after having himself received them from a sergeant. How could Samarin, a writer admittedly concerned with excoriating falseness and presumably concerned also with the sensitive feelings of the proletariat, thus purge from the ranks a grade of soldier traditionally considered the backbone of any respectable people's army?

The most serious charge Samarin levels against Hargrove and me is that our books were written, "no doubt," for Army consumption, the implication being that we were a couple of literary prostitutes seduced by Washington gold. As far as Hargrove, for whom I am not authorized to speak, is concerned, his book was unquestionably distributed widely within the Army. It must have been distributed there, for it was such an enormous best-seller (it outsold my book by something like a thousand to one) that there could hardly have been enough book buyers *not* in the armed forces to account for all the copies of it in circulation. It wasn't distributed *by* the Army, though, as far as I know, and I do know that Hargrove didn't write it with such distribution in mind. He and I were both privates at the same camp in North Carolina when we were composing our respective bits of mendacious ballyhoo. Hargrove wrote his, as I recall, to make money, and so did I—a sordid, bourgeois motive that has long dominated my literary life.

Toward the end of the war, I was permanently assigned to public-relations work and stopped writing the "Army Life" series, there being nothing in the life of an Army public-relations man that could conceivably interest anybody except the unhappy fellow's next of kin. The Army did permit me, however, to write a few magazine pieces, more or less in the line of duty, on military subjects. It wouldn't let me accept any money for these. Its view was that I no more deserved to be paid

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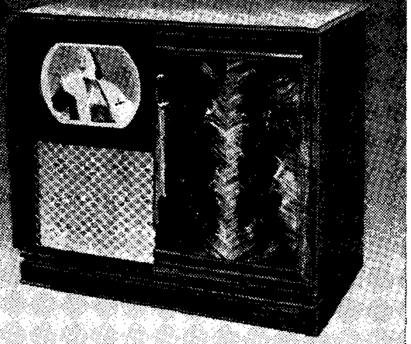

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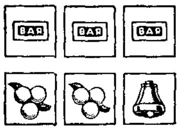

All the thrills of the "one-armed bandits", only no one gets hurt, when you play this exciting game at home. It will make any party hum. There are three dice, and two value and instruction cards. Characters are in full color—red cherries, yellow lemons, blue plums, etc. Any number can play. Play for chips—bobby pins or peanuts. It's fun no matter the stakes. There's action in every roll.

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gunsmith assigned to Ordnance deserved to be paid extra every time he cleared a jammed firing pin. I thought then that the Army's treatment of me was a notable example of the practical application of the old Communistic doctrine that every man should produce according to his abilities and be rewarded according to his needs. It seems to me that Samarin, instead of blethering away like an idiot, should have given the Army and me a pat on the back for having so conscientiously followed the Party line.

Faithfully yours,
E. J. Kahn, II

P.S. There was not a single crack against Russia in "The Army Life," I have just ascertained. Imagine trying to get a book without one in it published today!

•

WHAT'S NEW AT SANTA ANA?
OR
(Life Is Not Tedious)
By Catherine Willert

June is back, and her work's stacked, but
she's acceptin' the burden—
Larry's fillin' in on a job agin, and the
call of the road has lured him.
Warren is busy as he can be and keeps
right on a-workin'
Elynor's duties have increased and these
she's not a-shirkin'.
Ernie continues in the same old stride with
Credits and Collections,
The Billing Desk is tryin' to follow
Hugh's vacation directions.
Gladys' Bookkeeping Machine goes wrong
and she gets aggravated.
Millie's attached and still looks glad as
we have once related.
A new Comp Girl is on the job a helpin'
with extendin'
Her name is Adams and she has found the
work is never endin'.
Doris keeps on with her Comp Work a
poundin' and poundin'
And Lona's "oh's and ah's" of work are
ever and ever resoundin'.
Mr. Manker's behind the wheels that turn
and keeps us on the ball
And this Steno's half way tried to relate
the drama of it all.
Life's not tedious—is it?

—*From Keynotes, house organ for Smart & Final Co., wholesale grocers, Los Angeles.*

We're not a-sayin'.

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!
[*From the Boston Sunday Herald*]

He snaps like a turtle at such prodding. But as long as he doesn't bite, we see no reason why such resentment of extra-curriculum activities should discount his ability to handle the task he's hired to handle so capably that he's brought what appeared to be a dead horse roaring into the stretch. It's the game fish, you know, which swims upstream.

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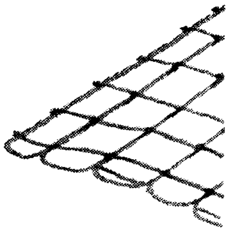
P. S. For a real eye-opener ask the BH&G man about revenue per issue standing.



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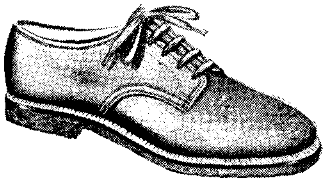

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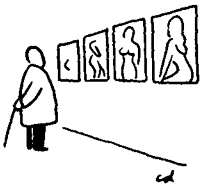
THE ART GALLERIES

Mondrian, Kleenex, and You

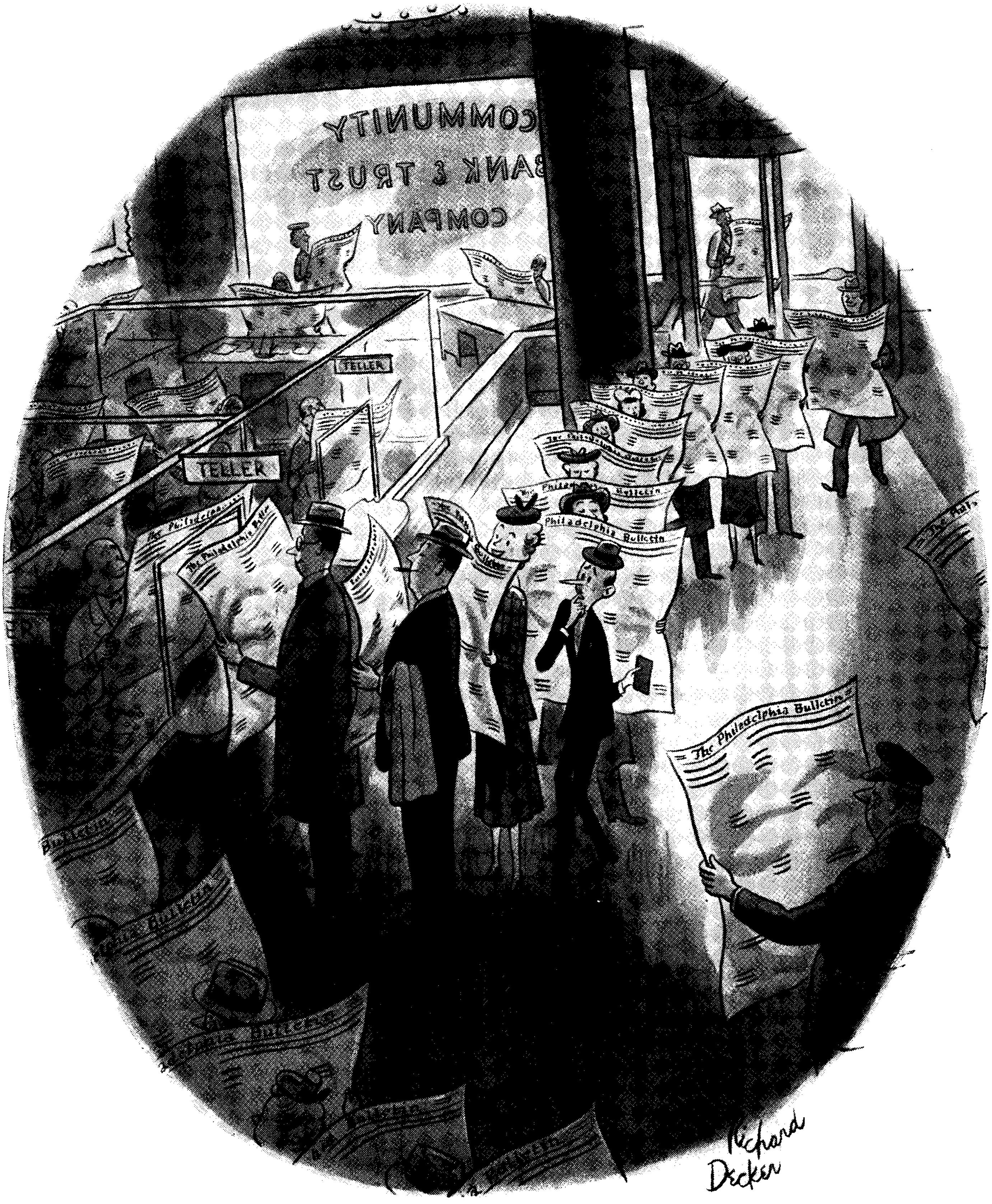


THE Museum of Modern Art, for its season's opener, has put on a large, crowded exhibition called "Modern Art in Your Life," which sets out to illustrate, in some detail, how the theories of modern painting and sculpture have affected contemporary living. Such a showing, it seems to me, was overdue, and if this one doesn't entirely succeed in its effort, it should be given credit for a fairly good try. As I have now and then pointed out myself, one of the oddest paradoxes of our time is that the very people who denounce modern art as purposeless, meaningless, and unattractive, or even in some way immoral, are at the same moment, without realizing it, allowing their tastes to be changed by it and their buying habits influenced by it. I'm not talking just of the penetration of tubular furniture into the home. For that matter, tubular stuff is now old hat, and the best modern designers are using plastics, molded or laminated wood, and other more tractable materials. What I mean to say is that the bold simplicity and clarity of abstract painting and the instant evocativeness of Surrealism have turned out to have practical uses, and there is hardly an industrial designer, whether of fountain pens, kitchen utensils, desk lamps, posters, or window displays (I except only motorcars, and you know what a mess they're in), who doesn't lean heavily on one of these two schools for inspiration. This does not of itself establish Piet Mondrian, Jean Arp, and Salvador Dali as great artists. But it does prove that the formal principles on which their work is based have much more than mere esoteric value, and it makes a little ridiculous the man who grows red-faced at the sight of a Mondrian while placidly accepting a box of Kleenex obviously designed with the work of that artist in mind.

In the exhibition, you'll find two Mondrians and a Kleenex box, as well as a number of other items demonstrating commercial-artistic affinities. There are also a bookcase designed by George Nelson, a house designed by Marcel Breuer, and an interior by Otto Haesler (these last two represented by photographs, of course) that show how far [illegible] many directions the influ-

Shell gasoline ad and a French railway poster that show more than a casual relationship with Léger's "Petit Déjeuner" and Le Corbusier's abstract "Oil on Canvas," which hang nearby. There's an ad for American Overseas Airlines that is pure Dali, even to the distorted watches (his "The Persistence of Memory" is presented to point up the resemblance), and a small occasional table that is as much Calder as is his stabile called "Spiny," which is included. Jean Arp and Joan Miró are represented, respectively, by a painted-wood relief called "Two Heads" and an early but charmingly fanciful "Composition," and they are echoed by an extremely Arpish cover design for a Columbia record album and an equally Miróesque jacket design for an edition of Rimbaud's poems put out by New Directions.

It should be noted that these comparisons are not meant invidiously, nor does the show present them in that fashion; commercial artists, working in their role of popularizers, have drawn on "pure" art for their motivations since the days of the Pre-Raphaelites. In fact, the emphasis of the exhibition is on trends instead of individuals. As if to make sure of this, the fine-arts section of paintings, sculpture, and so on is all grouped in one room and divided into Surrealism and abstraction (the latter subdivided into "geometric" and "organic" schools), while the three main industrial trends deriving from each of these are illustrated in a series of small rooms at the sides. This scheme of things has the advantage of discretion, and it emphasizes the varied fields of design in which these schools of art have had their principal effect. The "pure," or geometric, abstractionists, from van Doesburg and Mondrian on, have been most influential on architecture, as the organic men have influenced furniture and other household design and the Surrealists posters and other forms of advertising. There are overlappings, of course, and it seems to me that by ignoring them the show has become arbitrary and confusing. How explain the presence of Miró among the organic abstractionists when he is supposed to be a Surrealist, and how justify placing Braque's "Oval Still Life" in the organic group when Le Corbusier's very similar "Still Life" is labelled "geometric"? The industrial part of the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wit Teller, Saks Fifth Avenue, and Lord & Taylor windows—a stunt that, though dramatic, overlooks a number of other uses to which Surrealism has been put.

The show has a hasty and helter-skelter air. This, I am sure, derives not from careless planning but from its overemphasis on sheer contemporaneity. The modern-art movement is well over a third of a century old, and so are its commercial uses, and it seems to me that if some light had been thrown on the historical background—say, the early influence of the DeStijl group on typography or of such men as van Doesburg and Gabo on architecture—the exhibit would have had a depth and dignity that are lacking. Even so, it's a lively and interesting event, and it contains a number of pieces that are worth looking at purely as art. In addition to the ones I've mentioned, I would suggest Yves Tanguy's dark "Always Slowly Toward the North," Kurt Seligmann's "Sabbath Phantoms," and Max Ernst's "Napoleon in the Wilderness," all of them in the Surrealist section, as well as the small Archipenko "Standing Woman," Ben Nicholson's "Relief," and Amédée Ozenfant's early "The Vases," among the abstractions.

THE Durlacher Gallery is having an exhibition of paintings and drawings by the English artist Barbara Hepworth, the wife of Ben Nicholson. Miss Hepworth has been known as a sculptor, but her work in the new medium is graceful and extremely perceptive, and particularly in her studies of hospital scenes she gets a devotional quality that suggests strongly the religious pictures of the early Italians. "Surgeon Waiting," for instance, displays all the asceticism of a medieval saint, and "Skiagram," of three doctors bending over a patient in consultation, has the tenderness of an "Adoration" by Fra Angelico.—ROBERT M. COATES

•

Lt. Oscar F. Pankow said the lightning bolt apparently followed a radio serial into the family living room, splitting an air duct and igniting a cloth table top.—*Madison (Wis.) Capital Times.*

Some people have all the luck.

•

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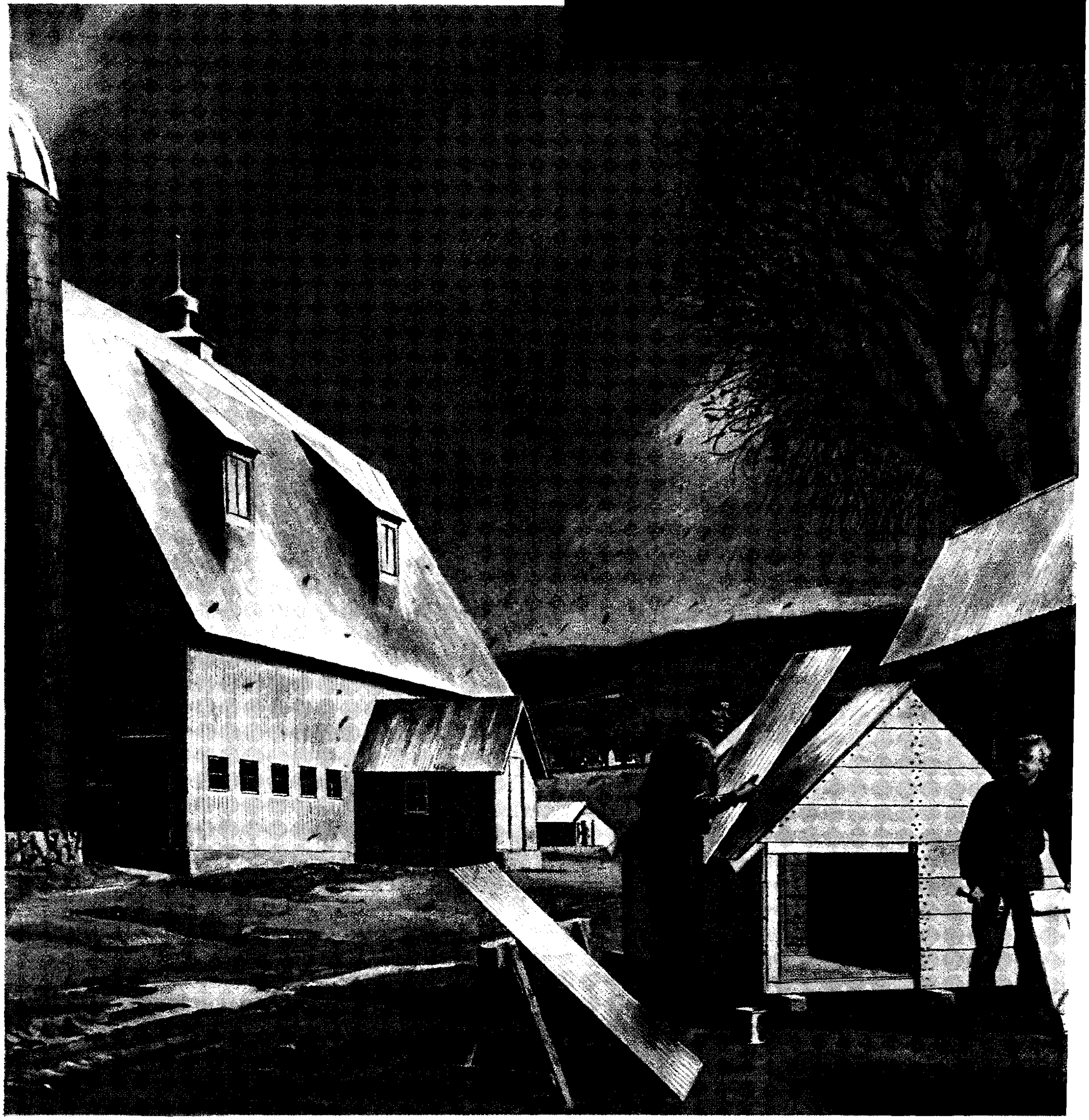
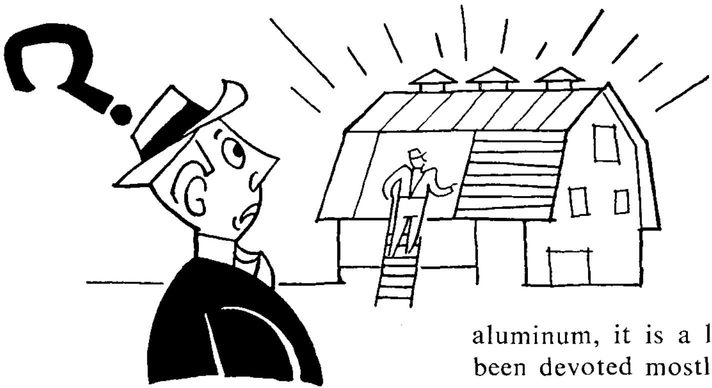


ALCOA ALUMINUM

THE MEN AND WOMEN O

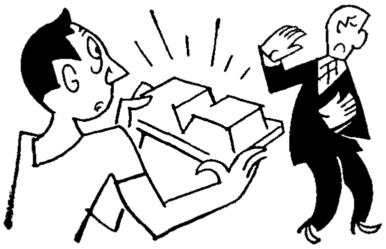
ROOFS OF "PRECIOUS METAL"?



EVEN though it may startle you to see aluminum being slathered over a barn, we think you can feel a little proud every time you see it, which is fairly often, now. You can be proud because, though you may have had nothing to do with it, the whole development is as American as apple pie.

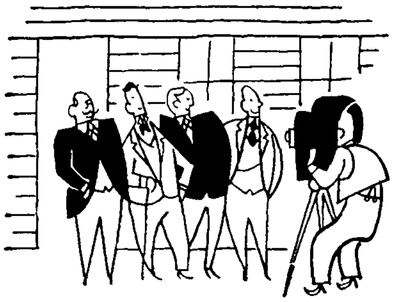
Americans took a metal that had a going price of $12 an ounce in France, in the day of Napoleon II, and, with mass-production and salesmanship and electricity, made aluminum ingot a 17c-a-pound article today... so cheap that farmers can use it for roofing!

That didn't happen in a year, or a decade. It took sixty years, in fact, and those sixty years are the lifetime of Aluminum Company of America. Since, at the outset, nobody wanted aluminum, it is a lifetime that has been devoted mostly to two things: research and development.



Research at Alcoa has always meant finding out exactly how good aluminum is for a given purpose, and how it can be made better and cheaper. Development has meant helping to apply it for that purpose, and solve the myriad of problems that come up when anyone tries something new.

Aluminum Company of America was just a small group of young men at the beginning, and they kept at their research and development, like good Americans, against odds that would have discouraged a Hottentot. Their stockholders, like good Americans, strung along through good times and bad, and their employees, as they began to have some, did too.



Everyone had a sparkle in his eye. No telling where this stuff might go, they told each other.

They're still talking that way. The research boys are just as busy as ever, proving how much cooler aluminum-roofed buildings are inside, how much longer an aluminum roof will last, how much stronger Alcoa Aluminum roofing is than competing brands. In the 50-acre rolling mill at Davenport, we are still working on ways to roll it faster.

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This message is inspired by Alcoa's new Technicolor film, "Curiosity Shop", dedicated to broadening the frontiers of research. The film is available on request for your church, school, or club. Address Aluminum Company of America, 1804K Gulf Building, Pittsburgh 19, Pennsylvania.

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LETTER FROM VENICE

October 3

Venice is the one place I know—with the possible exception of Manhattan, another crowded island in the sea—where everything looks more or less as one expects it to. A single glance at this skyline and the visitor immediately has the feeling that he has been here before. It is a garden where all the flowers grow to the specifications in the catalogue, and nearly all the things the travel agencies tell one about Venice turn out to be entirely true. The pigeons, living up to their advance notices, rise and wheel in panic as the midday gun goes off, and one does indeed feed them by hand (with a photographer standing by) before the great backdrop of St. Mark's. But this Venice of the expectations needs peace and prosperity, which, during the season just now ended, it has fortunately had. Like any other city built and displayed for pleasure, it seems to fold up when the tourists don't come, for it has had no real business life of its own since Napoleon ejected the last doge a hundred and fifty-two years ago; it grows nothing and, except for the output of a few minor crafts such as lacemaking and glass blowing, produces nothing. In winter, which is simply a killing of time until the sunshine and the tourists come back again, the people prowl about with long, sad faces.

Actually, until this season the years since 1939 have been pretty much one long winter for Venice. In 1939, much of Europe was at war, but Italy was not yet quite. The uncertainty had a deadly effect, almost as bad as war itself. One after another, the last tourists crept away and the hotels began to close—for how long, nobody knew. More and more Italian soldiers with black cockerel feathers in their hats appeared in the streets, and increasingly belligerent Fascist posters were pasted up along the canals leading off the Piazza. Everywhere Mussolini's dark jowl jutted out of pictures in restaurants and shopwindows, reminding the people to work, believe, and obey.

Things were scarcely better in the first few years after the war. Miraculously, no bomb had fallen on Venice, but in the winter of 1946-47, when I was here last, most of the hotels were still closed or had been requisitioned by the Allied armies. There was not much lighting in the streets or heat in the houses, and many of the palaces along the Grand Canal had the defeated look of buildings that have been neglected and not lived in for far too long. There is always a certain dankness in Venice, and then it seemed to be creeping up the old walls as though, at last, the sea were going to reclaim the islands for itself. A searchlight played over the Army stores on the mud flats at Mestre to keep the thieves away, but except for that the place was as dark and deserted as a cemetery by eleven o'clock at night. And the gondoliers were on strike. I remember that Field Marshal Kesselring, the German commander, was being tried as a war criminal in the old Assize Court, just beyond the Rialto, that winter, but barely a dozen people were ever in the court. To many Venetians, the trial seemed pointless; they wanted life and carnivals and tourists again, not revenge.

For me, the one bright spot in Venice then was a Dr. Ognibene, a noted professional guide, who came around to my hotel on the Molo one day to take me through the churches, palaces, and galleries. He was a tall, rather distinguished-looking man, about fifty, wearing a raincoat buttoned up to his chin and carrying an umbrella. Everything had gone to ruin in Italy, he remarked gloomily as we walked to the Doge's Palace in the rain. Venice was dying a slow death from stagnation. His wife was ill, and it was almost impossible to get her proper food or medicine—the prices were prohibitive. The Doctor, however, rallied considerably once we were in the palace. His voice cleared, his arms rose in dramatic gestures, and he discoursed on Titian and Tintoretto in the grand manner with which he used to hold the attention of a party of thirty or forty visitors in the old days. "Look!" he cried. "'Bacchus and Ariadne,' the most beautiful and passionate painting in the world, the most complete expression of love. But who bothers to come and see it any more?"

We had an enjoyable few days going around together, and I might have stayed longer if I had not had my pocket picked and developed a mild case of food poisoning.

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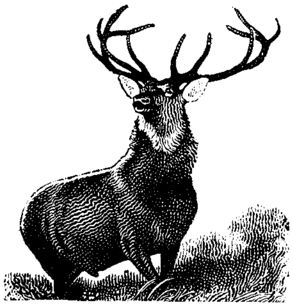

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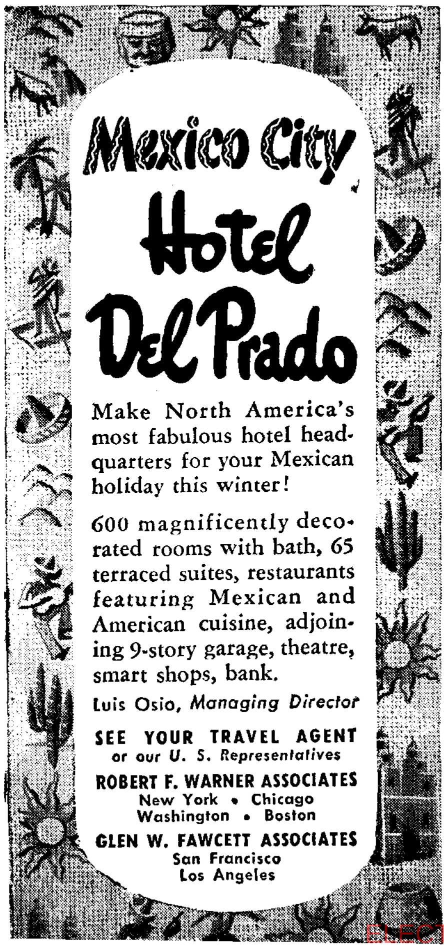

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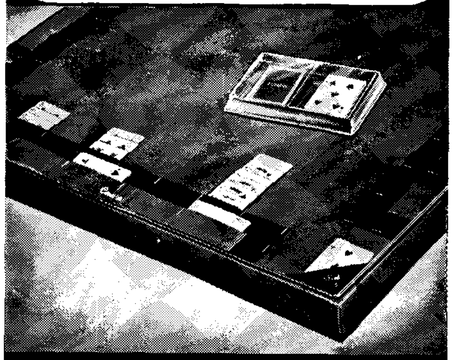
more depressed than ever by the time I left. His wife was worse, the lira had been devaluated again, and refugees were pouring into the town, making it terribly hard for anyone to find work. Up in the Assize Court, the judges had reached their verdict; the penalty was death. (It was commuted to life imprisonment later.)

ALL this makes it gratifying to report that with this past summer a great deal changed in Venice. On my arrival in August, the first person I called was Dr. Ognibene, and we fixed on a rendezvous at Florian's. I was waiting there when he came striding through the crowd. He was dressed in a neat blue suit and looked ten years younger. He glowed like this new Venice itself. In half a dozen crisp sentences, he explained that his wife had recovered and that he himself was so busy as a guide that he could stay for only a few minutes. He was convoying parties of thirty at a time, he said—English-speaking people on one day; Swiss, Belgians, and French on another. At four hundred lire a head, he could count on the equivalent of a hundred and twenty-five dollars a week as long as the season lasted. Venice, he agreed, had returned to her great days of ten years ago and had even eclipsed them.

Indeed, the revival of Venice had been obvious from the moment I arrived at the railroad station from the mainland. The first thing I noticed was that red, yellow, and green traffic lights had been set up on the canals to control the masses of gondolas and motor launches. Then, as I got down toward the lower end of the Grand Canal, I came on a string of rebuilt, remodelled, or reconditioned hotels—all full. The newest of these hotels was said to have seven hundred rooms—each with a radio, an unheard-of thing in Italy. In some of the back streets leading off the Piazza San Marco a number of boarding houses had sprouted up, and every other doorway led into a restaurant. Each week, I soon learned, there was another exhibition, congress, or festival, and both the race track and the airfield out at the Lido had started up again.

Since 1946, Venice has been governed by an extreme Left Wing Council, headed by a Communist mayor who was born in Sicily, and the Communists have shown that they are just as keen to get their hands on the tourists' money as anybody else. They have turned Venice into the most expensive place in



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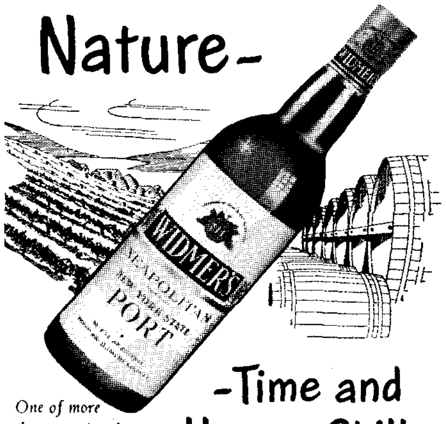

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austerity. If you can pay, you can get anything you want. However, many of the tourists this season were of the serious, sight-seeing kind. They came for just three or four days, and they spent this time, guidebook in hand, plodding faithfully through the churches and the galleries, exclaiming and marvelling at it all and clearly delighted. They were mostly young people—Italians and foreigners, about equally divided. They had no money for gondolas (which charge something around a dollar for any trip), but walked or took the *vaporetti*—little municipal steam launches—and frequently carried their belongings in rucksacks. They were the kind of people to whom all the worst things happen. They waited endlessly in stifling crowds for the cheaper and slower boats; they got the worst rate of exchange on their money; they lost their passports; and they seldom had a hotel room booked. They were the initiators of a curious new traffic in cameras and cigarette cases, for it seems that many of them began their Italian tour in Rome or Florence, and by the time they arrived in Venice, their money had run out. And so they sold their cameras and odd bits of jewelry here in order to get home. Now that they have gone, there is quite a pile of these trinkets in Venice, and many of them, no doubt, will find their way south again to Rome, to be sold to the incoming wave of tourists as Italian bargains next year. The younger and poorer Americans were possibly in the worst spot of all, for it is difficult to shake the conviction of Europeans that all Americans are permanently rich and probably gullible. There is always a *supplemento* for something or other, and after one has paid a fifteen-per-cent service charge on one's hotel bill, the staff still expects to be tipped. Yet despite all this, despite the waiting, the ennui, and the scribbling of anxious little lists of expenses on the backs of envelopes, these earnest travellers probably enjoyed themselves more than the indolent and affluent ones, and for them, perhaps, the visit is even better in retrospect.

It is the rich and the half rich, the people who are a straight recrudescence of the nineteen-twenties, on whom Venice really depends. They came here this summer, as they used to come, for fun with a little culture on the side—three hours on the beach and half an hour among the Tintorettos. They are the descendants of the cosmopolitan families who formerly took a *palazzo* or a hotel suite for the season, together with

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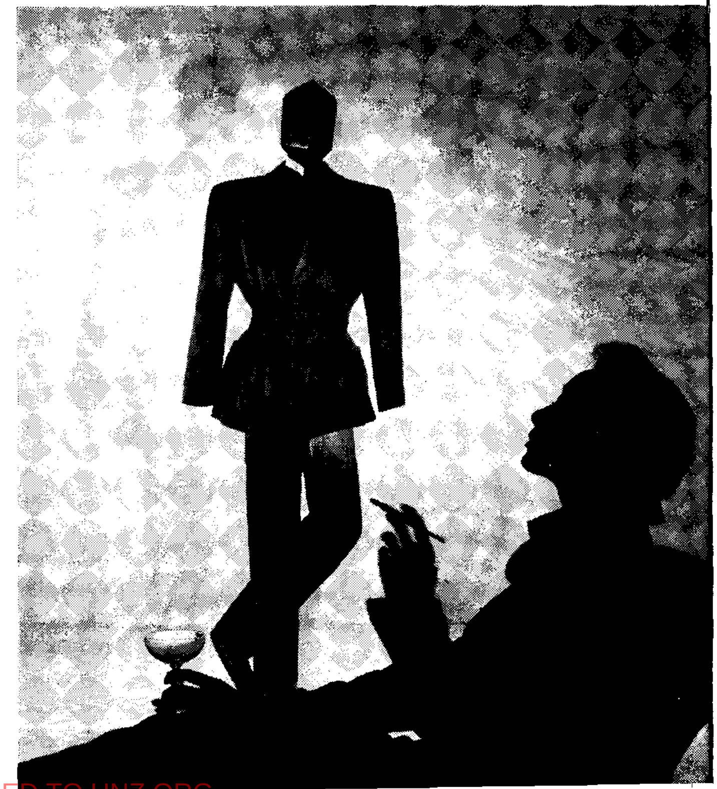

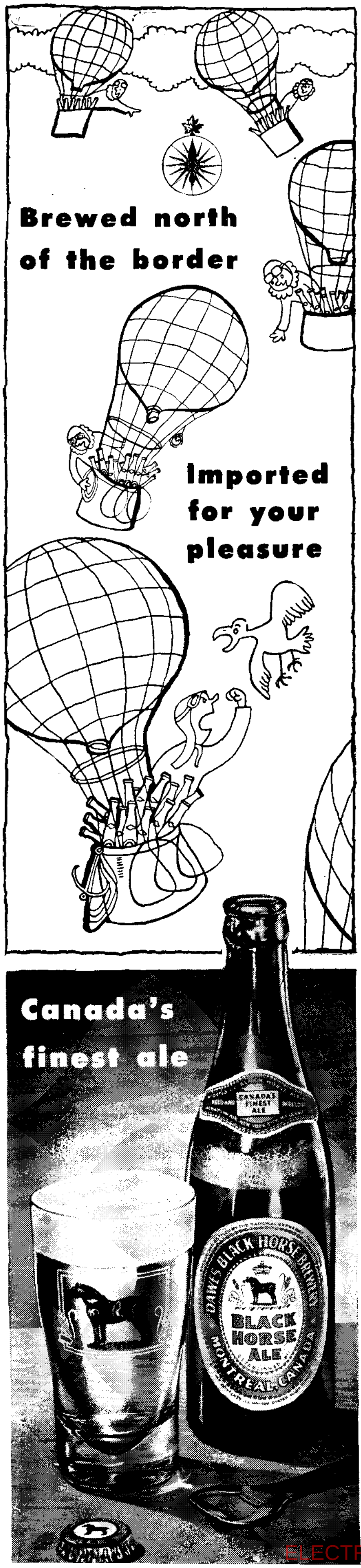
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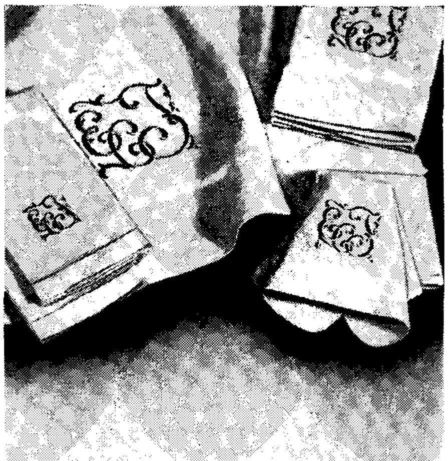
Lido, and the Venetians love them dearly. They spend money with a rich and steady appetite. In August, when the *International Film Exhibition* was raging at the Lido, there were days when a kind of Eastern magnificence reigned. Motion-picture executives swept by in clouds of beautiful women to their couches on the beach. Behind each executive, a sort of tented pavilion rose up on the sand, and the executive himself, as he lay basking, was girt with colored cushions and screens to keep the sun and wind at bay. Here he was pursued by international telephone calls and apéritifs and men selling baskets of peaches and strawberries. Presently, the secretaries, wife, and daughters emerged, wearing bathing suits of the least inhibited design, and a beach inspector, probably a Communist, cast a moody eye over it all and did nothing. The effect was Augustan, Arabic, and Californian, all combined, and undeniably gay.

Apparently, the Italian authorities find it good business to cultivate movie people, for they, in turn, attract large numbers of other visitors. In a country as poor and disenchanted as Italy, the movie star has a double glamour; she (or he) is not only beautiful and famous but also inexpressibly rich. As she (or he) steps into a launch trailing flowers and attendants, the Venetians look down from the cinquecento bridge above without visible envy or resentment. They seem, rather, to be pleased that a human being can reach such heights of luxury and splendor.

There was another opulent but totally dissimilar group here—the old habitués, who avoided both the movie crowd and the tourists as much as they possibly could. These are the people who owned palaces along the Grand Canal before the war and who own them still. They are much diminished in number now, but a little coterie has hung on, unmoved by dictators, wars, business recessions, and the fluctuations of the lira. During the season, they move in elaborate patterns from dinner party to dinner party, exhaling a faint perfume of the Byronic days—the personal gondolier in his scarlet livery, the music in secluded gardens in the moonlight, a box at the opera, champagne picnics at Torcello, and always, somewhere in the thick of it, the dominant young matron surrounded by her *cavalieri serventi*. The language is French, and the wealth is boundless.

There is a certain fragile permanency about these families. Most people believed that the war and the divided loy-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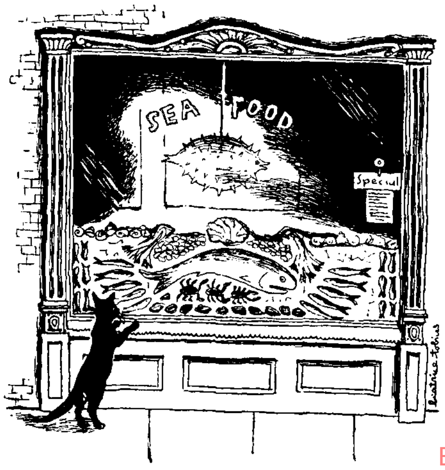
and that their palaces would decay and become uninhabitable during their absence. But they came back, and their palaces remain. Some of the older buildings have developed a dangerous sagging, and the City Council has taken them over and is repairing them to serve as municipal buildings and museums. Others, whose owners are gone for good, are being converted into hotels. But they have not fallen down. In general, the façade along the Grand Canal is much as it was in the last century. The buildings are reported to be sinking at the rate of a yard every five hundred years, and at many of them one no longer steps from a gondola onto a marble landing stage but directly into the house. Most of Venice, of course, is built upon wooden piles driven into the mud, and the piles slowly rot, especially at the point where they are exposed to the air and the action of waves set up by motorboats. But there is a method of encasing them in concrete, and anyway the buildings seem to support themselves by leaning against one another. The canals have been gradually silting up, and there has been much dredging since the war. It is said to take ten years for the dredgers to cover the city's hundred and sixty waterways, some of which are now so shallow that one can wade across them.

In the old days, the residents of the Grand Canal's palaces used to maintain their own fleets of gondolas, but today, although a gondola costs only six hundred dollars, there are far fewer privately owned ones in use—chiefly because of the expense of the gondoliers, who have a very tough union indeed. They still man the public gondolas, a sort of super-taxi service; the *traghetti*, which ferry one across the Grand Canal for ten lire; the tradesmen's gondolas, very squat and heavy; and the hearse gondolas, in black and gold, which carry Venetians out to San



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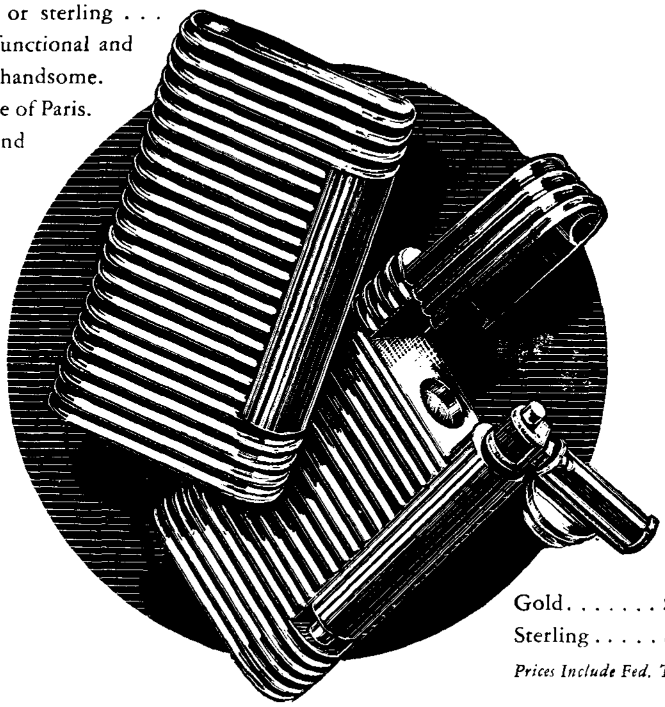

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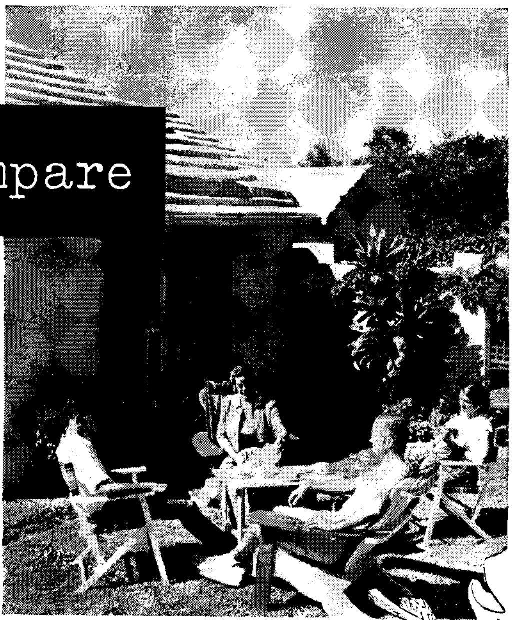

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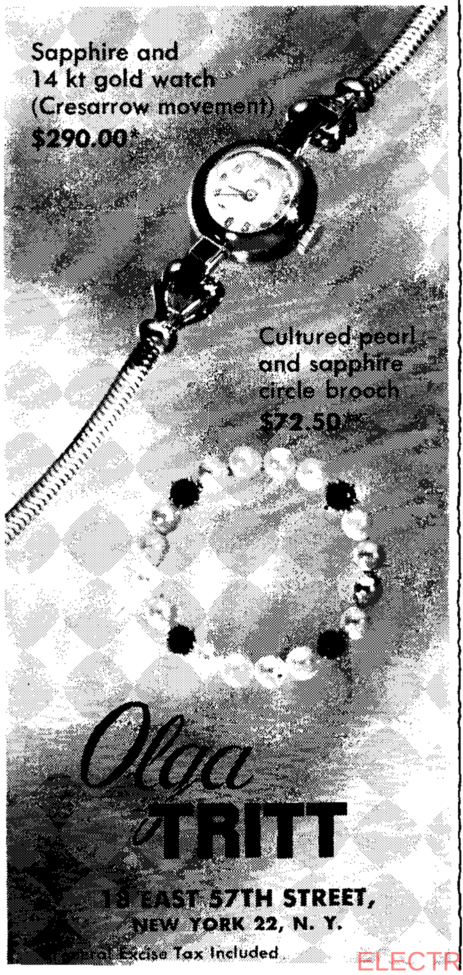

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Michele, the island cemetery, to be buried among gardens of flowers of multicolored glass. But nearly all the other craft are motorboats: the red ones of the fire brigade, with brass horses mounted in their prows; the small and noisy ones; the large and silent ones; the *vaporetti* and the motorized canoes; and, lately, a Coca-Cola launch, with a crew dressed in the company's uniforms.

Naturally, there has been an outcry about this last. There is a strong and fierce group of the old regime which deplores the Coca-Cola launch and the new advertisements on the bridges and the landing stages, and is maddened by the modern annex to the Royal Danieli Hotel, which has been put up alongside the Doge's Palace, on the most famous part of the waterfront. The Communist Council seems to be stepping cautiously through this controversy, with one eye on the cash register and the other on the municipal elections that are coming up in the spring. Even its enemies admit that, all in all, the Council has done pretty well at keeping the twentieth century at arm's length—or, at any rate, under control. It is sponsoring a move to make a winter Casino of the Vendramin Calergi Palace on the Grand Canal, where Wagner died. At the same time, it has resisted an attempt to abolish the gondolas.

A good deal of the Council's policy is attributable to Professor Carlo Izzo, the *Assessore alle Belle Arti* and the Member for Tourism on the Council. The Professor is a deft and able little man, one of Italy's best English-literature scholars, a Neapolitan, and a Socialist of the far Left. When I mentioned the Danieli Hotel annex to him, he argued that at least the new building was something in its own right and not a cheap imitation of the lovely Gothic and Byzantine palaces farther up the canal. "Anyway," he added, "taste changes. There was a violent public protest against Longhena's Santa Maria della Salute when it was erected in the seventeenth century, and now we regard it as one of the most beautiful churches in Venice." About the future of Communist Venice the Professor was not so sure. "We were elected in 1946, when everyone hated the Fascists, and the Communists were their chief opponents," he said. "Now Fascism doesn't seem to be hated nearly so much, and we may not get in again."

Professor Izzo has just finished an anthology, in Italian, of contemporary

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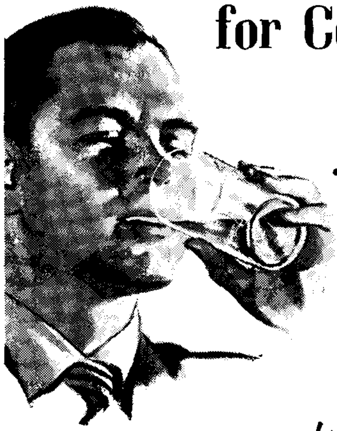
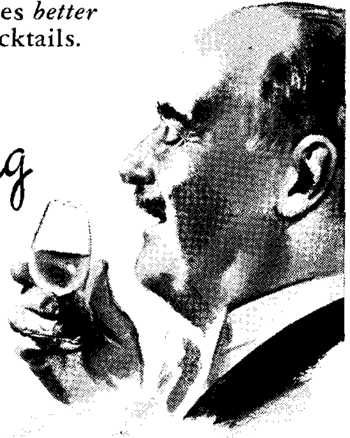
on a similar volume of British poets. (He puts Eliot among the Americans and Auden among the British, despite their change of nationalities.) He is the man who presided over the twenty big exhibitions and festivals that Venice held this year. They were nicely timed to rope in every class of tourist. If one was not moved by the Film Exhibition, or by ancient Sardinian bronzes, or even by the pigeon-shooting competition or the regatta for young men in skiffs with one oar, there was always the Giovanni Bellini exhibition in the Doge's Palace.

The Bellini show was something of a venture for the City Council. After many months of correspondence, it got together a hundred and forty-one of the Master's works, many of them flown from America, England, or France. What with the heavy insurance, the framing, and the fact that Bellini painted on wood, which greatly increased the cost of transport, the Council was about forty thousand dollars out of pocket by the time the exhibition was set up. Of this it had no hope of getting back more than thirty thousand, even though it charged almost two dollars for a catalogue. (As it turned out, two dollars was much too much for most visitors.) It was an austere and lovely show. Altarpieces that had been secluded in dark churches, relatively unknown works, like "The Presentation at the Temple," from the Stampalia Foundation here, and other pieces from such private collections as Count Bonacossi's at Florence, were cleaned and displayed together for the first time in memory. The University of Birmingham gallery's gentle and beautiful head of a boy had not been seen on the Continent before this for many years.

BUT the real moments of Venice this year were undoubtedly the evening festivals, when the people poured out onto the Piazza San Marco and the canals to listen to their own music and singing. There was one night—which was called simply "a cool night on the Canal," and had no object but to allow people to be cool and enjoy themselves—when all the great palaces were floodlit and the bridges hung with lamps. Motorboat traffic was stopped, and gondolas, each trimmed with colored lights and bunting, streamed into the Grand Canal in such numbers that they were locked together from bank to bank, making a bridge across which one might have walked. Toward midnight, a large barge bearing a full concert orchestra under a cupola of scarlet lights came





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floating down from the Rialto. The gondolas clustered round the barge, and for the next few hours the crowds lay back in their boats watching the palaces glide by and listening to the music. A curious soft echo came off the water in the narrow space between the buildings until, at last, the whole mass of gondolas drifted out into the open lagoon in the early morning.

On another midsummer evening, there was an open-air concert in the Piazza San Marco, and the crowds came to lean from the balconies or spread themselves among the café tables. Late in the dusk, the moon came up behind St. Mark's, making the gold in the façade turn green. All the surrounding buildings were linked by a chain of lights, and the piazza took on the appearance of a ballroom of fantastic size and beauty. This was the Venice of the romantic tradition, and it had a quite overwhelming charm. One might have thought that something new would have been added by the war—that the visitors might, for example, have found some sort of morbid attraction in the villa on the mainland, just out of town, where Mussolini and Hitler had their first meeting. But nothing like that has happened. Instead, one wanders about, recognizing the Rialto, the Campanile, the Bridge of Sighs, and the other familiar things that are part of some obscure fund of one's memory, perhaps dating back to the schoolroom and Shakespeare's "The Merchant of Venice." It is all so untouched, so concentrated, so exactly what one wants Venice to be.

And after three days of it, some people just can't stand it any more. They become afflicted with an attack of claustrophobia; the walls appear to be folding in, and they have but one idea—to escape from all this beauty and get their feet back on the ugly, solid mainland again. For these people, Venice is just plain unlucky, too. Nothing very dramatic happens—a series of small incidents: one misses a train, one develops an irritating minor illness, a suitcase disappears, a distressing letter arrives. In steady sequence, these misadventures occur, quietly, mysteriously. In the end, the embattled traveller is left with an uneasy feeling that the city is bewitched and that unseen things, like the demons in the trecento primitives, are striking at him from the darkness somewhere. It is all a bit eerie, reminding one of Thomas Mann's "Death in Venice." There is a cycle of love and death, so the superstition here runs;

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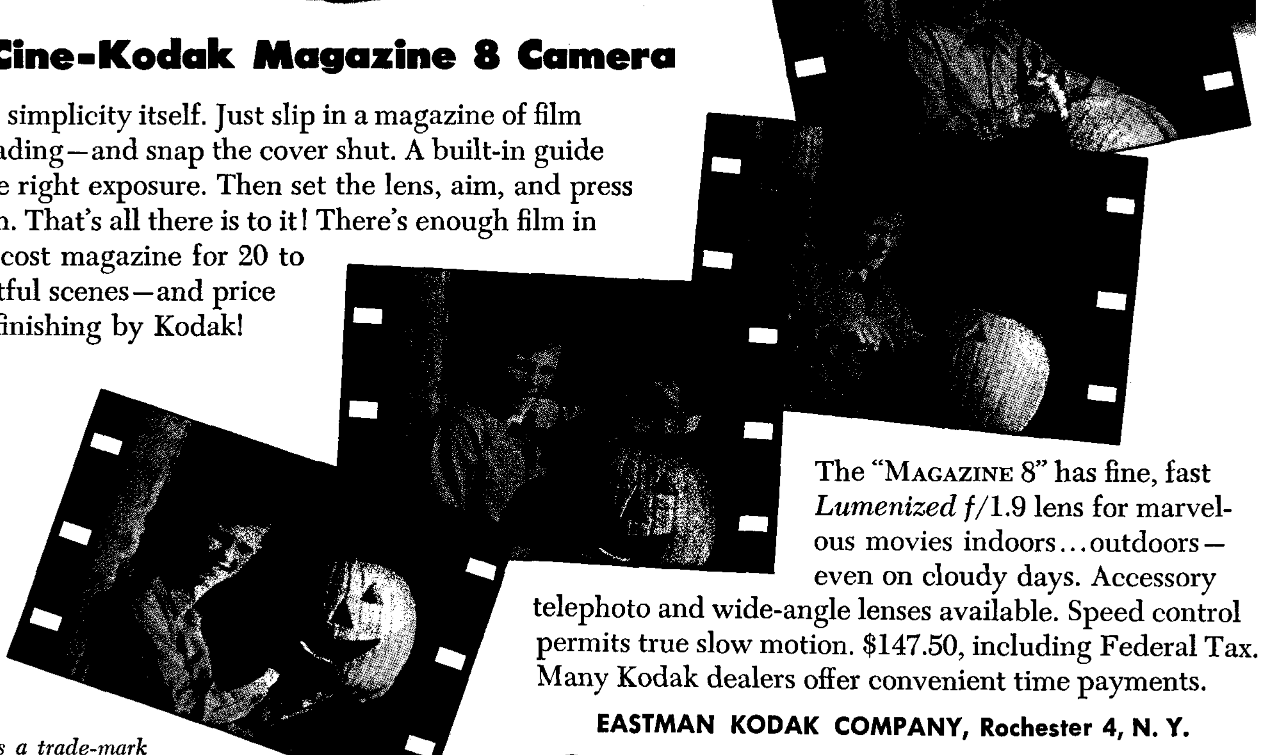

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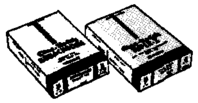

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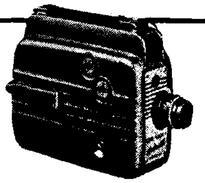

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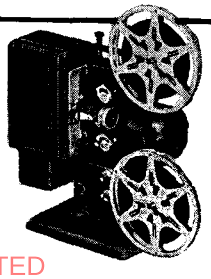

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to descend upon you in Venice if you stay long enough.

Urged on by this mystery, I took a gondola out to the island of San Michele and discovered that the way the Venetians bury their dead is in sharp contrast with the rest of Italy. No lavish mausoleums or marble sculptures rise up there, as they do in most other Italian cemeteries. Instead, the dead lie in long, neat rows, marked with small, undemonstrative tombstones, as though the survivors wanted to make as little parade of death as possible. In one place, you come on several rows of crosses that are even more severe than the rest. This is where the German soldiers who died in Venice during the war are lying, most of them boys of nineteen, and some still younger. They could hardly have been killed in action, since there was no action to speak of near Venice. Instead, they must have died in accidents and from plague and in ways that have never been understood. And some, who are buried without a name, were simply found washed up on the edge of the lagoon.

Eventually, I approached Professor Izzo on this matter of death in Venice, and he nodded understandingly. "Venice is a slow, sweet poison," he said. There are many ways of trying to explain it, he thought. On the whole, Venice has a pretty beastly climate, full of rain and cold, except for the tourist season, and this must have a lowering effect on some natures. Then, too, there is an unreality about a place where the streets are filled with water, where there are so many strangers and so few trees and animals and children. (Offhand, I can't remember ever seeing a child in the Piazza, except for one reckless boy, mounted on a bicycle, who was trying to mow down the pigeons beneath the Campanile. He was arrested.) Everything is a persistent looking back to the architecture, the painting, and the power of the Renaissance, when Venice controlled an empire reaching to Turkey and had the largest fleet on the seas. During the last century or so, nothing very much has happened here—nothing very great in the way of philosophy, music, painting, sculpture, poetry, or writing. The Venetians themselves have the air of being custodians of an institution rather than the residents of a city. They have only this one industry of the tourists, who in peacetime come and go like the Adriatic tides. For the rest, they say, it is not the individual that counts but the city itself and the life that keeps turning over and over

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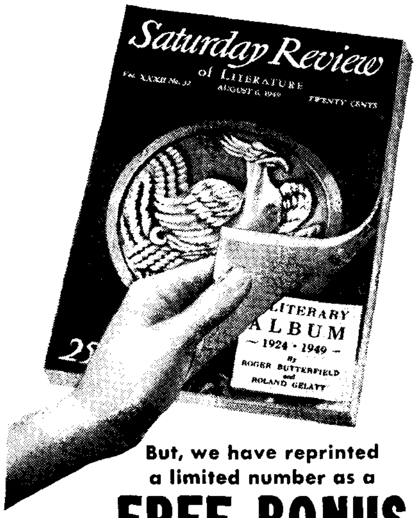

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in it year after year in much the same way, creating, one supposes, a certain slow fascination. One festival follows another, and always on the identical date in each year. Even crime does not alter, and drunken men still fall into the canals late at night and drown. Collisions still occur on the waterways—a Swiss family seated in a gondola was sliced in two by a passing motor launch the other day. If, after being enticed from one exquisite back street to another, the visitor becomes lost in Venice, there is one unfailing thing for him to do, the traditional thing: get into the main current of the passersby. Inevitably, it will carry him back to the Rialto. All life goes along according to a fixed and definite rhythm. And most of the people who live here declare that they love the place and will never leave it. Bewitched or not, they intend to stay here until they die.

—ALAN MOOREHEAD

•

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPARTMENT

(NOAH WEBSTER, ROBERT HERRICK, AND HENRY LEVIN DIVISION)

[*From the Knoxville* (*Tenn.*) *News Sentinel*]

ANCIENT POET'S WORD
RECALLED BY DIRECTOR

A word from an old poem learned at school suddenly returned to director Henry Levin on the set of Columbia's "And Baby Makes Three."

At the behest of the sound man, he had asked actress Barbara Hale to change the taffeta dress she was wearing in a scene in which the mike had to follow her across a large room.

Asked what was the matter with the dress, the director replied, "Too much liquefaction." Others on the set couldn't find the word in the dictionary, and accused Levin of inventing words. But after a little thought, and with the aid of the research department, he was able to show them the word in a phrase by John Donne, ancient English poet, who spoke of "the liquefaction of her dress," meaning the noise it made.

•

WHAT TO DO WHEN ASKED FOR A KISS

By ELIZABETH WOODWARD

DEAR MISS WOODWARD: "My boy friend asked me if I'd mind being kissed. I just couldn't say 'no,' because I wouldn't mind if he kissed me, but still I couldn't say 'yes' *either*. So I was on the spot. What should I say the next time he asks?"

You could be dead serious with: "Generally speaking, I do mind being kissed. I wouldn't want to get that close to people in general. But . . . there are exceptions . . . perhaps . . . you . . . maybe." (You may not have time to finish that sentence.)

—*Chicago Daily News.*

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MUSICAL EVENTS

More Petit Than Petipa

HAVING learned from the playbill literature that M. Roland Petit, whose Ballets de Paris opened at the Winter Garden last week, is "an inspired rebel, incredibly handsome, bold and edgy as a race horse," and that he mirrors "all the versatility and vitality of postwar France," one was naturally braced for something out of the ordinary. What took place on the stage was, however, more a collection of cabaret acts than an essay in the art of the ballet, and its traditions stemmed from the Folies-Bergère and the Bal Tabarin rather than from Marius Petipa. When M. Petit left his dancers alone, as he did in the pleasing little pas de deux called "Le Combat," of which William Dollar was the choreographer, one could see that some of them possess real technique and style. The rest of the bill consisted of M. Petit's own choreography, which leans heavily on the idea that the split, the cartwheel, the bump, and the grind are among the more novel subtleties of the art.

Considered by Radio City Music Hall standards, M. Petit's ballets make up a fairly scintillating show. The scenery and costumes are full of the Gallic wit and charm one looks for in the dancing. The girls are built along shapely, archetypal *gamine* lines—the kind of girls one expects to find weeping tears and mascara into their Pernod at some enchanted *bistro* table. There is a good deal of youthful gusto, expressed mainly in flaring nostrils, heavy breathing, and muscular tension of one sort or another. There is also a good deal of sex, some of it lighthearted and some of it relentlessly earnest. The earnest sex occurs principally in the company's chef-d'oeuvre, a five-act ballet called "Carmen," in which it is grimly referred to by the term "*l'amour*," declaimed rhythmically in chorus. "Carmen," with particularly lovely scenic sets by Antoine Clavé and a medley of stirring tunes from the opera, provides M. Petit with a chance for the full display of his talents, which may not be those of a great dancer or choreographer but which do include a flamboyant feeling for the pantomimic side of show business. Some of its most effective moments are in a bedroom

inal story, wherein M. Petit, as Don José, and Renée Jeanmaire, as Carmen, leave only a shred of choreographic formality between themselves and absolute realism.

POPULAR-PRICED opera is usually a pretty slipshod affair, in which sooner or later somebody will sing flat or the chorus and orchestra will get hopelessly out of step. But at several recent performances of the City Center Opera Company, I did not encounter a single role that was inadequately sung or acted. And in every performance I found an atmosphere of spirited teamwork that appears only at intervals in the offerings of many larger and more famous opera houses. The City Center's enthusiasm naturally affects the audience, which always contains a sprinkling of fellow-professionals and which has the refreshing habit of getting a lot of fun out of its opera. The City Center's chief attraction at the moment is "The Tales of Hoffmann," which, as the result of various ingenuities of stagecraft, has been made into the most tasteful production of this fruity old opera I have seen anywhere—and that includes a good many productions at the Metropolitan. Last week's "Rosenkavalier," the first given at the City Center, did not seem to me as extraordinary, but that was because "Rosenkavalier" has been for years one of the most consistently well performed of the Metropolitan's productions. The new "Rosenkavalier" was, nevertheless, an integrated and completely enjoyable artistic performance, involving a considerable amount of deft workmanship onstage, backstage, and in the orchestra pit. Its Marschallin was Maria Reining, new to the company, who is a singer of obvious experience, fastidious style, and decent enough acting ability. Lorenzo Alvary, on loan from the Metropolitan, played and sang Baron Ochs somewhat less broadly than New York operagoers are used to hearing the role done, and was excellent. Frances Bible, a young mezzo-soprano frequently in City Center casts, was a remarkably appealing Octavian.

THE Carnegie Hall recital last week by the British pianist who is known simply as Solomon made one wonder what it takes nowadays for an artist to get accepted as one of the big, successful names of the concert world,

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and on his two or three earlier appearances here he was extravagantly admired by the critics. However, Solomon's audience was as sparse as that attending the average tyro's début. Perhaps the trouble lies in Solomon's plain, stocky, bald-headed appearance, which suggests nothing more exotic than a kindly English butler. From the moment he sat down to play his opening numbers by Bach and Scarlatti, it was evident that he was a technician of nearly faultless precision and an artist with an exquisite sense of classical phrasing. When he passed on to an early Beethoven sonata, he showed the magnificent dramatic sweep and the immense variety of tone that is found only in a true virtuoso. Midway through the program, I stopped analyzing Solomon and forgot both him and his piano in the magical spell of the music itself. This is something that rarely happens to me, and when it does I feel that I am in the presence of a superlative artist.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

Pierre stared at him . . . he could think of nothing but . . . a warm bath. Shame filled him as water fills the drowning. —*Page 145.*

Pierre's soul and body filled with the pressure of bursting as if he were drowning. —*Page 219.*

Pierre, unable to gasp for breath, felt his lungs fill with pain as if he were drowning. —*Page 278.*

He would grip with drowning hands the peace he had earned even if it was a deceptive peace. —*Page 296.*

He was filled with a sense of drowning, of pressure from without and within. —*Page 379.*

Their sprawling filled him anew with a sense of drowning, of conclusion. —*Page 380.*

He was drowning and she was drowning, and tonight it seemed good that they drown together. —*Page 381.*

"Banisters . . . drowning! Well, no wonder. The rain's beginning to make me feel too as if I were going down for the third time." —*Page 416.*

—*From "Asylum for the Queen," by Mildred Jordan.*

You've lost count, baby. It's all over.

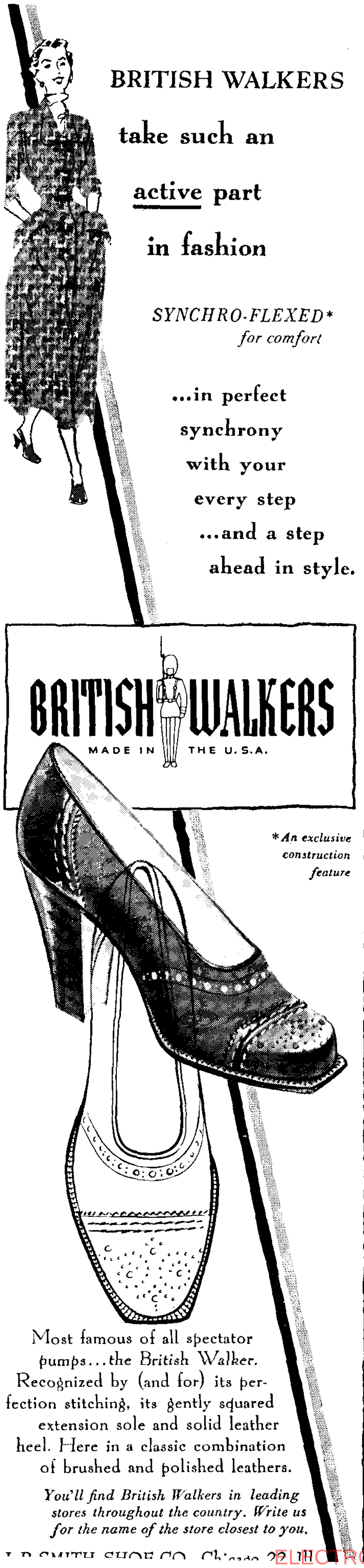
•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Cleveland Press*]

ST. LOUIS—(UP)—Engaging her husband in a discussion of army strategy and methods of attack, Mrs. Louis Garaviglia displayed a 12-inch knife and declared she was an expert with it.

Her skeptical spouse pointed to a spot two feet above his head and shouted, "Heigh ho, Silver," while his wife took



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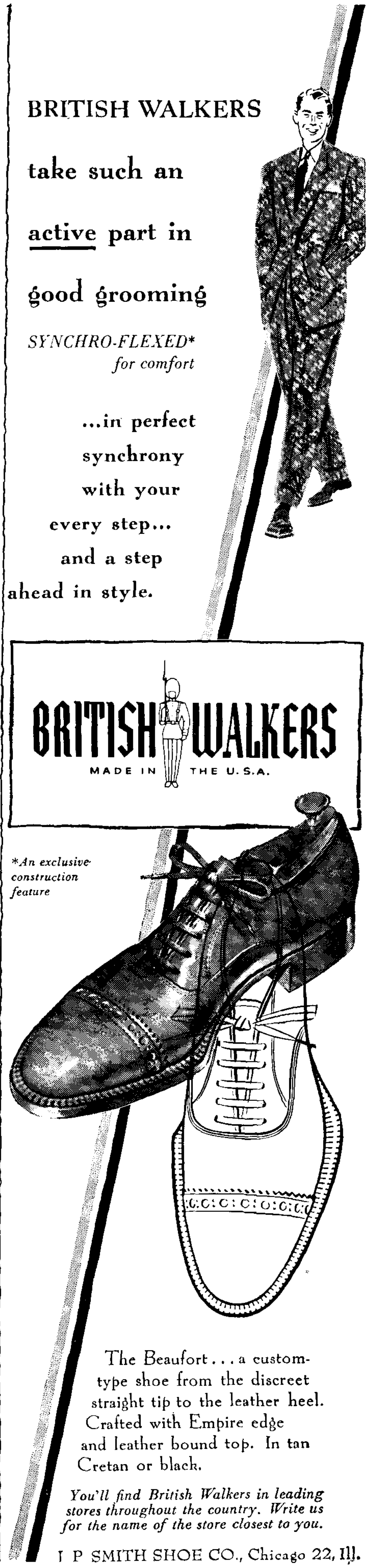

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FOOTBALL

Early Form

IT was not easy to concentrate on the football played in these parts last Saturday. For one thing, the weather was again dispirited and filled with implications of sinusitis. For another, one couldn't help wondering what mighty Michigan, out at Ann Arbor, was going to do to Army, probably the best team in the East, or (as it turned out) vice versa. Army's victory, 21–7, which broke Michigan's twenty-five-game winning streak, is likely to be the climax of Army's season; there is no one left on its schedule who can possibly be as troublesome.

At the moment, Cornell looks like Army's major rival in this neighborhood, and it is too bad the teams don't meet this year. Cornell plays Army football—taut, integrated, quick-moving, and quick-thinking—and seems never to be upset when an opponent happens to score first, or to score often. A fortnight ago, Colgate picked up four touchdowns off Cornell, enough to win almost any ball game, but Cornell picked up six off Colgate. Last week, at Soldiers Field, in Boston, Harvard unleashed a collection of bright and well-executed subterfuges and had a touchdown against Cornell in almost no time. Harvard, having flown to the Coast to be thoroughly dismantled by Stanford and hurried back to New York to be beaten by a sophomore Columbia team, presumably had no business scoring that easily on Cornell. Hastily reminding itself of this circumstance, Cornell countered with five touchdowns and breezed home the winner, 33–14.

Like Army, Cornell is already playing mid-November football. The ballhandling is deft and sure; almost always the ballcarrier finds that someone has punched a hole for him in the opposing line, or is waiting to help him around a difficult corner if he is making an end run; almost always the receiver of a pass finds at least one friendly face in the crowd heading for him. There are, as the scores of this fall's games indicate, certain flaws in the Cornell defense, but Harvard had to work for the two touchdowns it got. Cornell, which is fond of staggering the opposition with long scoring runs, permits very few to be made against it. Dean and several other geniuses are missing this year, but Dorset is still around doing a job

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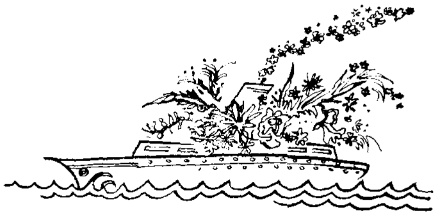

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quarterback that must make old Cornellians think back to the days when the unforgettable Matuszczak was in those shoes. Chollet, too, perhaps the most fragile man ever to represent Cornell on the football field, is carrying the ball and knocking down enemy passes with all his customary vigor. Fleischmann, supposedly too battered to be allowed to play this season, made some telling contributions to the offense against Harvard, and Miller and Babula ran around the Harvard ends with the greatest of ease.

The Harvard offense is a pretty thing to watch. It is still in the making (this is only the second year of the Art Valpey coaching régime at Harvard), so now is the time to see it, because later on, when it is moving faster, watching it won't be such a simple matter. Last season, there were two schools of thought on the question of whether Harvard had an offense or not. Saturday, Henry ran the team beautifully, and Roche, White, and Noonan carried and passed the ball with, on the whole, much skill. Noonan broke out the afternoon's boldest bit of fakery. Shuffling about, pretending that he was going to pass, he let the whole right side of the Cornell team descend upon him, then ducked unprotected around the flank of his tormentors and struck for the Cornell goal. This department is conscientiously impartial, but it felt a twinge of sorrow when someone nabbed him en route.

THIS, it can be happily reported, looks like a season of merry surprises and of lethal blows by underdogs. Navy, which had just about forgotten how it feels to win a game, made it two in a row on Saturday by jumping all over an old jinx, Duke, 28–14. Princeton, which beat Penn three years ago, 17–14, an event that is still the surprise of the twentieth century, gave Penn a lot of trouble again last week, finally losing, 14–13. Of course, Ken Keuffel, whose celebrated field goal beat Penn in that celebrated upset, wasn't in there to kick on Saturday; had he been, there most likely would have been a 14–14 tie. And Columbia, which had just spilled a promising Harvard team, lost, 33–7, to a Yale team that had looked like less than an even match for it. —J. W. L.

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OF ALL THINGS

DESPITE some opposition, the confirmation of Judge Sherman Minton for the Supreme Court went through successfully. The solons always have tender places in their hearts for a senator once removed.

•

Admiral A. W. Radford is one of those Navy officers who believe that the B-36 is nothing but a costly error. This high-flying bomber, to his way of thinking, probably can't hit anything but taxpayers.

•

Our defense chiefs might get some valuable pointers out of the civil war that has been raging in New York. It has been proved here that Bronx Bombers are an effective weapon against Brooklyn Bums.

•

Great Britain and the United States are confronted with a ticklish question about China. Should we admit that the Communists have a government there or pretend not to notice them and hope they will go away?

•

The New York Senatorial campaign is getting warm, but thus far the G.O.P. prophets have failed in their duty. At last accounts, the Democrats were outclaiming the Republicans three to one.

•

The New York City campaign is being conducted along strictly orthodox lines. Mayor O'Dwyer boasts about the lovely things he has bought us, and his opponents complain bitterly about the size of the bill.

•

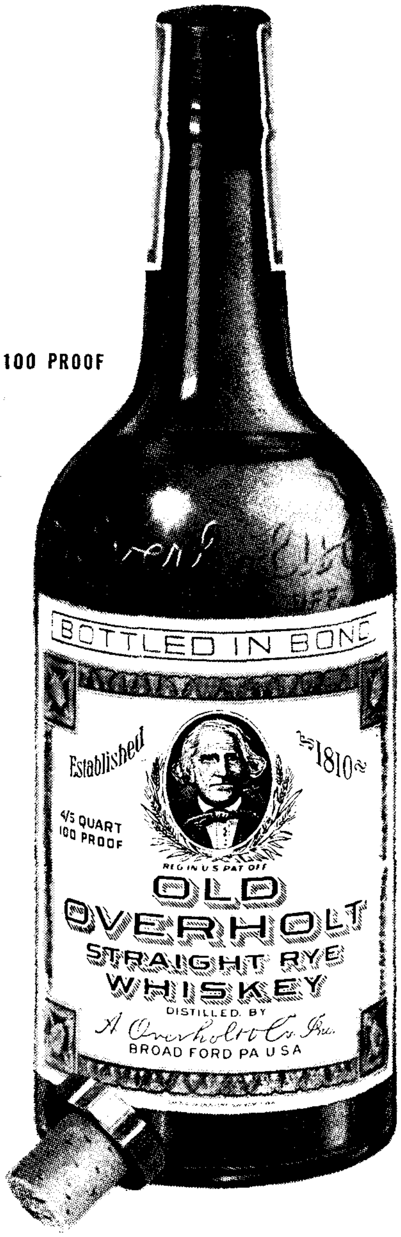
Last week, the Senate changed its mind a couple of times and finally rejected rigid price supports on farm products. At this writing, the Upper House stands committed to the principle of flexible supports and flexible senators.

•

With Congress speeding toward adjournment, it appears that the President will get more of his heart's desires than was generally expected. For the second time, Mr. Truman has proved to be a slow beginner but a fast finisher.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

Do you like heartiness in a whiskey?



If the answer is "yes," you'll like Old Overholt.

For here is a whiskey whose popularity is based on its rich, robust taste; its warm, real rye flavor.

Next time, order Old Overholt. One sip will tell you. If it's your whiskey, you have made a discovery!

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Always Stands Out

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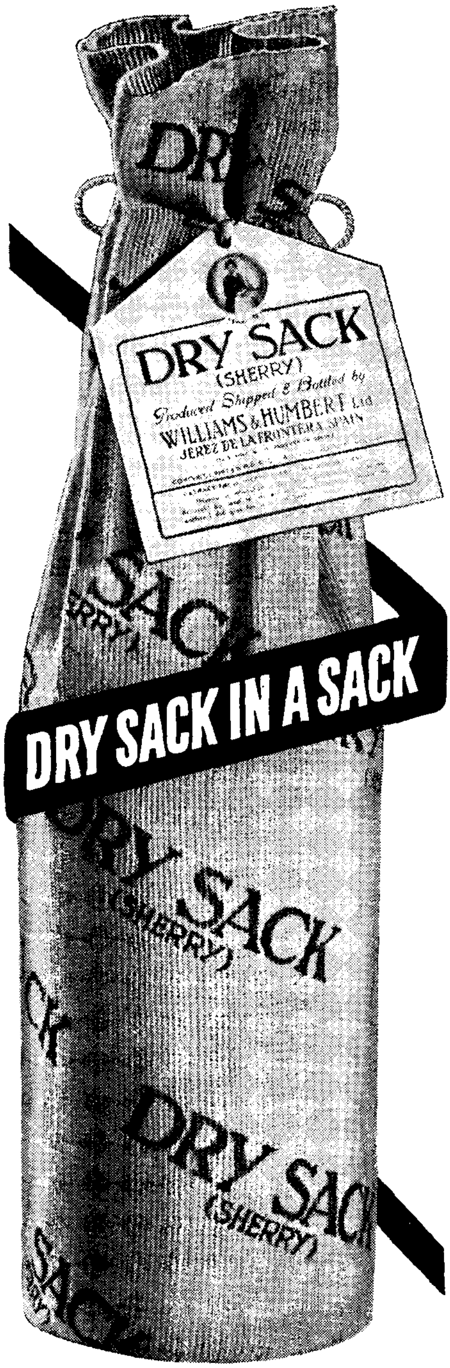
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DRY SACK

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SHERRY

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Julius WILE

PROTECT THE PROTESTANTS

It was still daylight when the two women came out of the neighborhood movie theatre on the upper East Side. Millie Potter paused to fasten her nutria cape at her throat. The veil of her hat caught in the hook and jerked her feather cloche down over her forehead. Her friend Madge Ferris watched her with stony impatience. Millie glanced quickly at her and then looked up at the sky. "Goodness!" she said in a voice bright with discovery. "It's still *light!*"

"What did you expect it to be?" Madge asked. "It was two when we went in to that thing, and it's about four now."

"I always sort of expect it to be dark when I come out of a movie or theatre," Millie said. She struggled to free her veil, but Madge made no move to help her. She gave it a final tug, tore it, and hoped that Madge wouldn't notice.

"You've ruined it," Madge said coldly, "and I happen to know how much you paid to have it put on."

"*It* doesn't matter," Millie told her. "It's just a little thing—just a veil."

Madge turned and started walking toward Park Avenue as Millie hurried to keep up with her. "A little thing!" Madge said indignantly. "It's little things that are ruining this country! Hidden taxes and two cents extra to ride on the Fifth Avenue buses."

"I don't mind," Millie said. "It gets rid of those pennies. Besides, let's not take the bus. I really promised myself to walk ten blocks every day."

For a while, they walked without speaking, then Madge, looking straight ahead, asked, "Well, what did you think of it?"

"What did I think of what?"

"That thing we saw," Madge said.

"Oh, the *picture!*" Millie frowned as she made up her mind. "Well, parts of it I liked and parts of it I didn't. The Jewish cantor was nice with all those children. And I thought it was sweet when he rehearsed 'Eili, Eili' with them and then sang 'The Whiffenpoof Song.' The Irish Catholic policeman was nice, too, helping people across the street and being so human when he wasn't in church."

"*And,*" Madge asked acidly, "what did you think of the Protestant?"

"He was nice, too," Millie said. "What there was of him."

Madge laughed a trifle bitterly. "But he wasn't as nice as the other two men, was he?"

"To tell you the truth, dear, I was sitting on my back garter until I got a chance to unfasten it, and I missed a great deal," Millie said.

"Well, I didn't miss a thing," Madge said. "And I can tell you that while the cantor was singing and being nice to his mother, and the Irishman was playing baseball with the tenement children, all that Protestant did was to chase after that girl."

"Did he finally get her?" Millie asked. "I was looking for my gloves, and—"

"Whether or not he got her is not the point," Madge said firmly. "The fact remains that of the three men he was the worst. And do you know why? Because nobody *cares* how a Protestant comes out!"

"*I* certainly do," Millie said. "And I'm sure you do, too."

"Then we stand alone," Madge said. "Whether or not you've noticed it, a Protestant is always the villain nowadays. Even a Protestant minister isn't safe ever since Sinclair Lewis started everything off with 'Elmer Gantry.' "

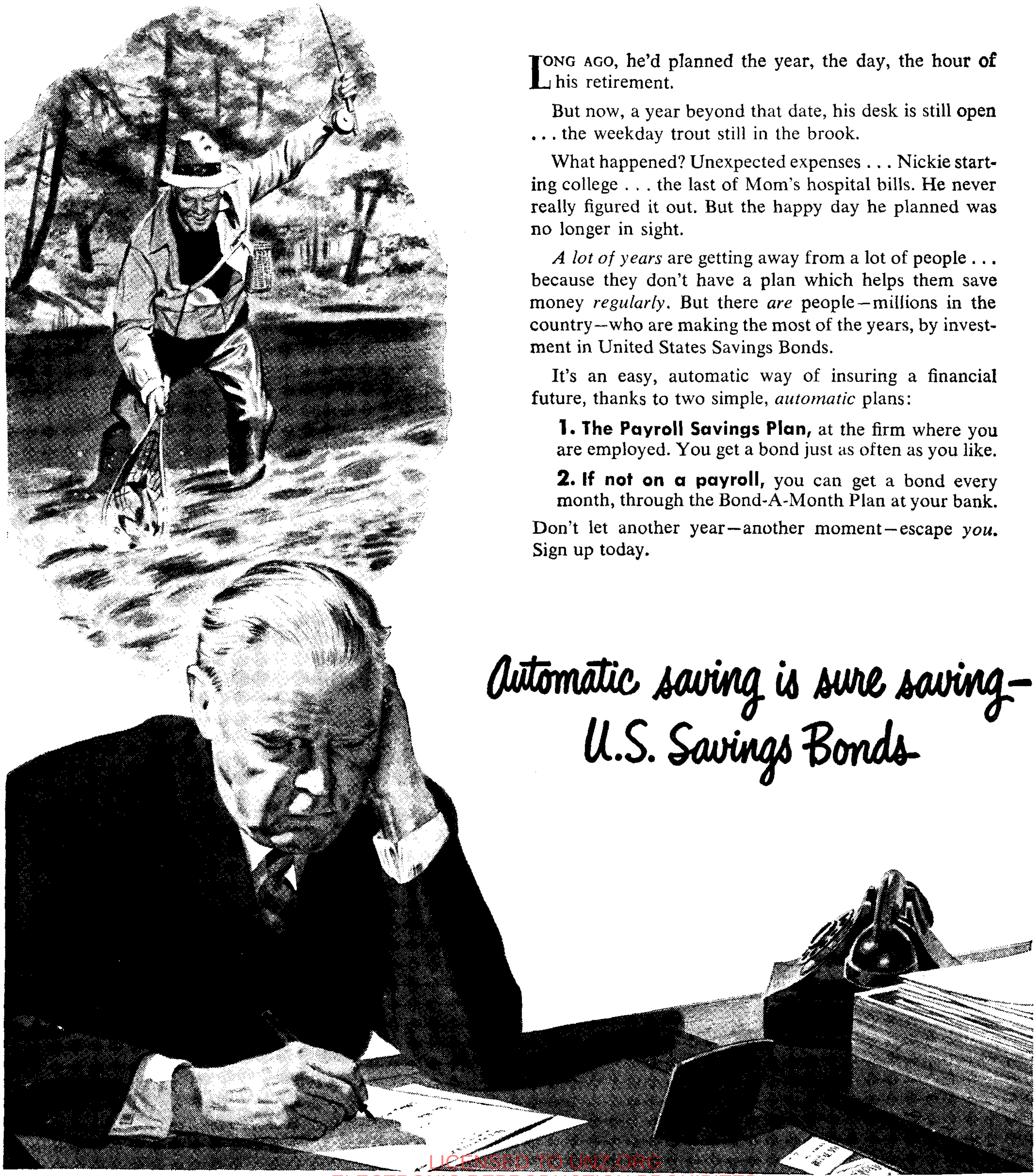
"I didn't read it," Millie said.

"Then look what Theodore Dreiser did with that boy who was the son of Protestant evangelists! He turned that boy right into a murderer!"

"That was a long time ago," Millie said. She put her hand out and touched Madge's arm. "Wait for the red light, dear."

When the light changed, the two women crossed the street hurriedly and in silence. "Of course, during the war the Germans could be villains, and now I suppose the Russians can, simply because they have no religion that really counts," Madge went on. "But you can't make anyone else bad. And it's getting worse. There are whole groups you can't say anything mean about at all, like Red Cross workers, nurses, poor people, the Chinese, the Poles, the Irish,

The year that got away—



LONG AGO, he'd planned the year, the day, the hour of his retirement.

But now, a year beyond that date, his desk is still open . . . the weekday trout still in the brook.

What happened? Unexpected expenses . . . Nickie starting college . . . the last of Mom's hospital bills. He never really figured it out. But the happy day he planned was no longer in sight.

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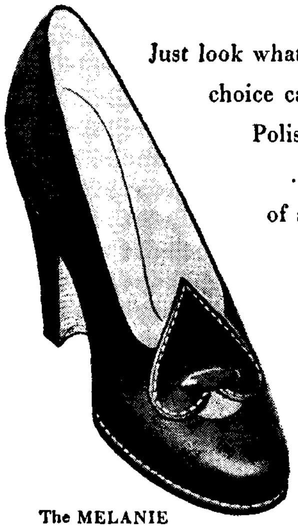

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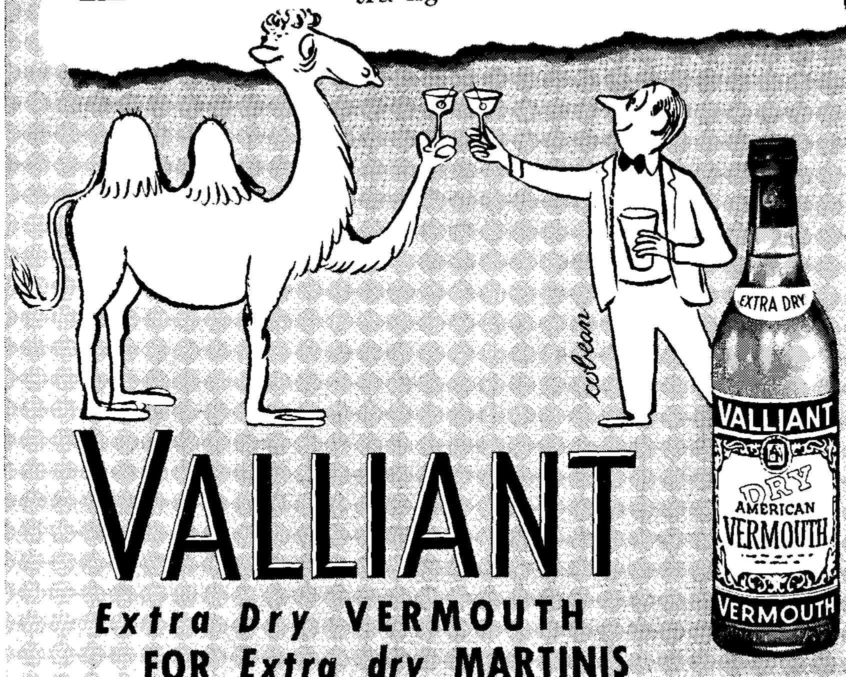

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FOR Extra dry MARTINIS

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and goodness knows who else. Even doctors!"

Millie clutched her bag nervously, trying to think. "There was 'Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,'" she said.

"And who was the monster?" Madge demanded. "Mr. Hyde! Just plain Mr. Hyde. Dr. Jekyll was perfectly charming."

"Was Mr. Hyde a Protestant?" Millie asked.

"I don't remember as it *said*," Madge answered. "But with a name like Mr. Hyde how could he have been anything else?"

"I think you're being unreasonable, Madge," Millie said. "There are a lot of heroes and heroines on the stage and in the movies, and I'm quite sure they are all Protestants."

"Perhaps," Madge said. "But Protestants are also the villains, and I want to know *why!* I'm sure I pay my taxes and am a perfectly law-abiding citizen, and I want to know *why!* I can tell you one thing, no one stands up and defends *me*."

"That's because you don't do anything," Millie said. "If you shot Sam tomorrow, I'd most certainly stand up for you. I would go on the stand and swear you were out of your head."

"It's not likely that I'd shoot my husband," Madge said. "I haven't a gun and wouldn't know where to get one. Besides, I'm used to him, and I could have done a lot worse."

"I didn't mean you were going to shoot him," Millie said. "But *if* you did, I would take the stand—"

"I'd rather you didn't take the stand for me, darling," Madge told her. "There is absolutely no conviction in your manner. It would be far better if *I* took the stand for *you*."

Millie shuddered. "I would simply *die* if I shot anyone! Even by accident!"

"You would indeed," Madge said. "You'd go straight to the chair, because you're not in any underprivileged group. Look at Dillinger."

"Didn't he get killed?" Millie asked.

"I'm sure I don't remember," Madge answered. "I can't be bothered keeping track of gangsters. All I know is that he's dead, and that he was more than likely a Protestant."

Millie stopped short and turned to face Madge. "Madge!" she exclaimed. "Until this very minute, I've never thought to ask what *you* were!"

"My people came here and started this whole country," Madge said. "Thanksgiving and everything. They were always Protestants, and I happen to be a Congregationalist."

Millie looked at her, her eyes wide in pleased surprise. "Why, so am I! Isn't that the funniest thing! I've known you all these years and never thought to ask. Do you go to church?"

"When I think I need it, I do," Madge said. "Generally, I don't need it."

Millie looked at her closely and then spoke timidly. "Look, dear, if it will make you feel any better, I'll go to church with you Sunday."

Madge's eyes grew softer. "That's sweet of you, darling," she said. "We can go to the eleven-o'clock service and not have to wake up at dawn. I'm going to pray for the Protestants. What are you going to pray for?"

"Well," Millie said slowly, "I'll pray partly for them if you want me to, but I'm going to pray partly for some other things *I'm* worried about. Because, no matter what you say, I don't think the Protestants need protection."

Madge took her arm as they walked on. "Well, it's a beginning," she said cheerfully. "And I'll pay for some tea and pastry right now, the first place we come to."

"But I've just been walking to get thin," Millie said.

"A small chocolate éclair will spoil your appetite, darling," Madge said. She looked at Millie and laughed. "And then you won't eat so much for dinner." —ESTHER EVARTS

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HT530P

—*From a teletype wire report of the United Press.*

What *did* he visit—Mauch Chunk, Pa.? (That's not junk.)

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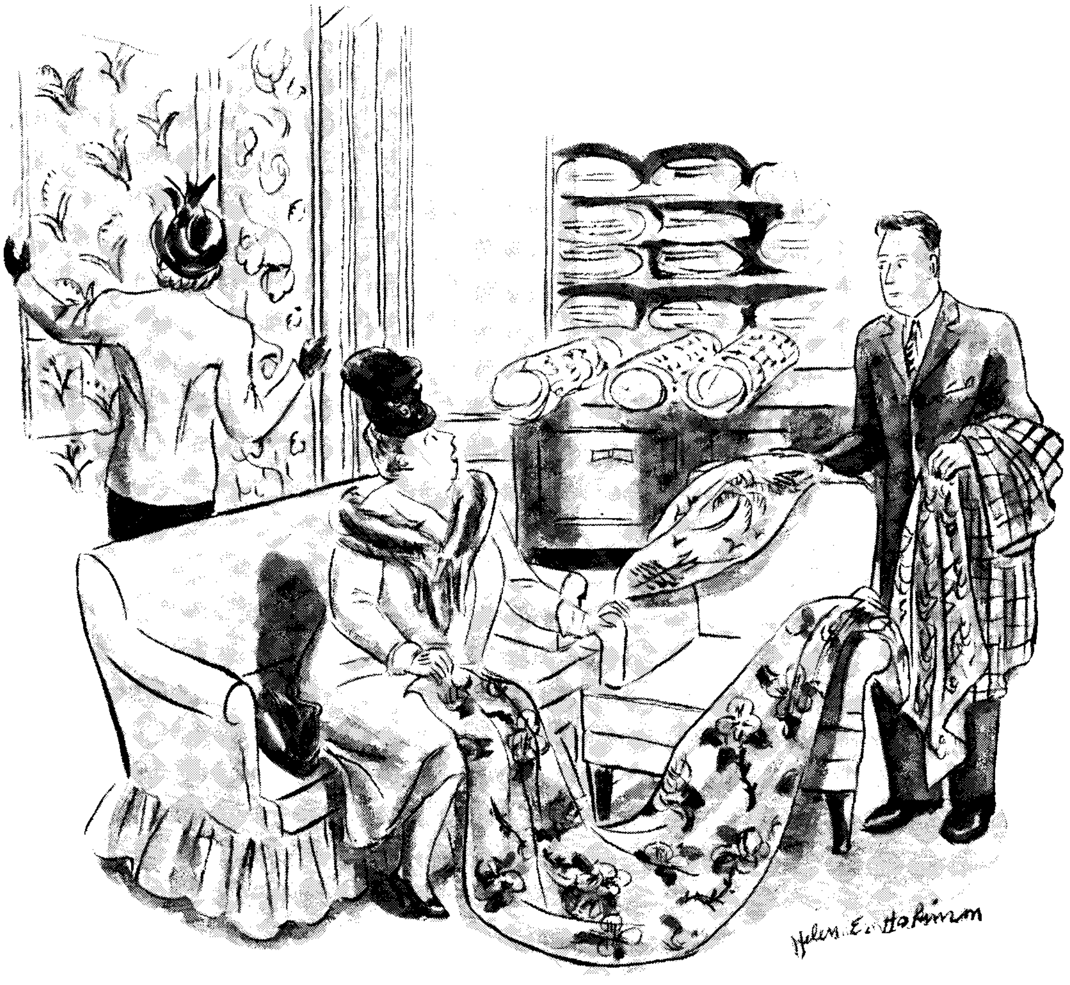
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

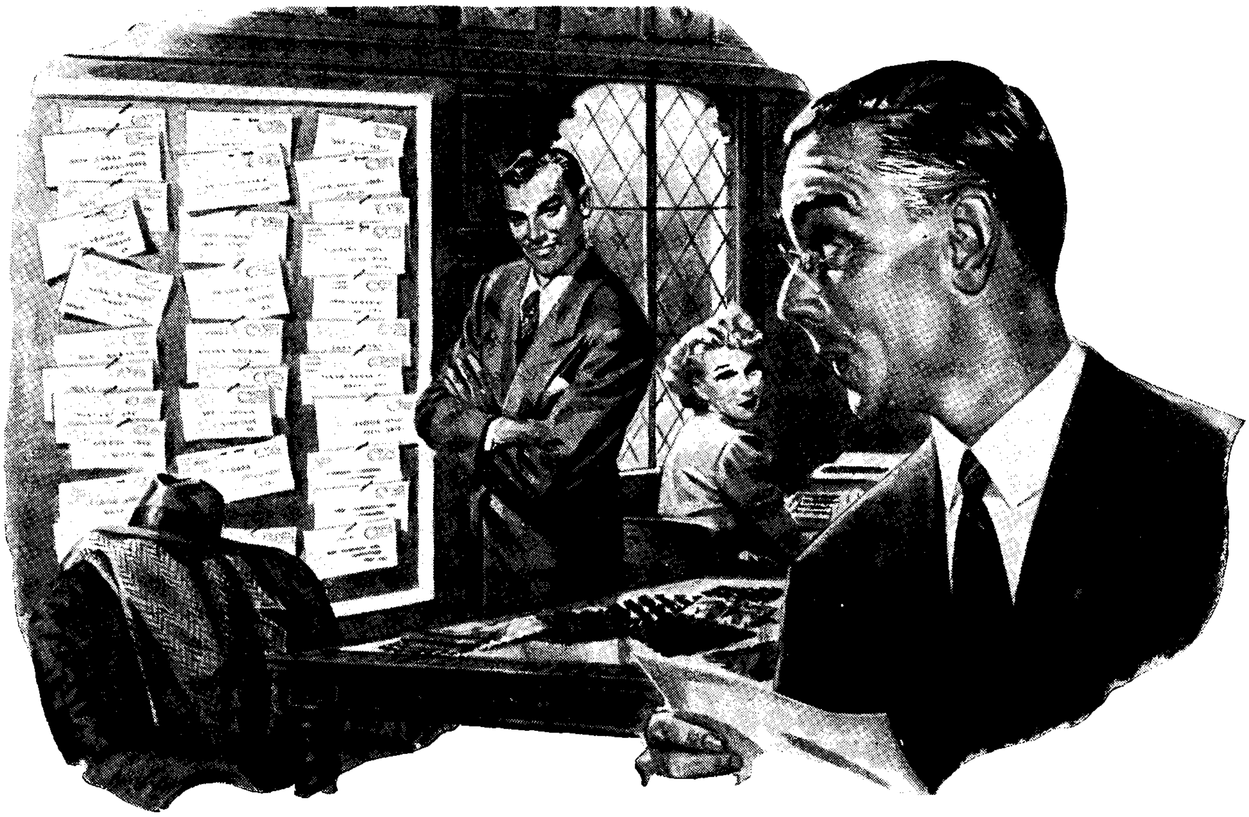
RECALLING the grandeur of this fall's custom collections, you might think that a tour of the ready-to-wear showings would be a letdown, but miracles have been accomplished in translating the best of American and French designing talent into a somewhat more basic language. In other words, there are a number of facts-of-life clothes in the $35-to-$100 bracket that are very high style.

The winter coat, which for much too long a time has had a way of looking as well as being practical, is more lively this season—not just warm but prankish and lavish, in contrast to the trimness, if not downright skimpiness, of the dresses and suits beneath it. It makes sense for city girls, who are constantly in transit between shivery sidewalks and steam-heated interior sets, as well as for the girls constantly in transit between Manhattan and the tropical wintering places, who want all their protection against cold concentrated in an easily discarded outer shell. Lord & Taylor's Budget Floor has magnificent cloth coats (at $55, $59.95, and $69.95) that are either exact or mildly modified copies of Paris successes. The fabrics are the best domestic woollens, interlining is the rule, and the big armhole (a necessity because of the plenitude of dolman sleeves on dresses and suits) is prevalent. Balmain's prize coat, which has a deep oval yoke, a small standup collar, that deep fold wrapped around the body below the shoulders like a stole, and a sweepingly full skirt, has been done in navy or black duvetyn. (Navy has, of course, been timorously offered to American women for winter for years and years, but this time it is taking. Most of it is now in a shade bright enough to permit black accessories.) A slender Schiaparelli coat has double-breasted detail below the pointed collar to give the effect of a short jacket in front. The slanting pockets on the hips and a slight fullness at the back of the skirt. Chinchilla cloth is the ingredient, in red or gray as well as in more sombre hues. Extra warmth for the chest is also insured by Paquin's device of letting two very full scarves dangle from under the pointed collar to the hem of a handsome suède-cloth coat. Piguet's favorite scarf coat has a lopsided look; a hunk of material fastened at one side of the neck wraps around it and then floats free or tucks inside the belt at the front. The silhouette of this concoction is extravagant indeed. Dior's scarf coat has a scarf tying at the throat and, down the outside seam of one rounded shoulder, a big double fin of material flaring out a good four inches to make the head, neck, and shoulder seem longer and narrower. A Molyneux coat with a deep shawl collar slanting down the shoulders pyramids out below into vast fullness at the hem. It's perfect in red, and you may have it in black, too. Broadcloth is the basis of most of the really dressy coats, such as Mad Carpentier's one with a buttoned-down bodice, a huge, rippling shawl collar, and a skirt that is gathered at the sides. Other broadcloths are double-breasted and have soft box pleats in back beneath the little tab at their very low waistline.

MACY'S Little Shops are alive with Paris copies and adaptations that should please you even more when you feel the goods. Among the dresses is Grès's wool jersey (all right in workmanlike colors but something special in Kelly or red), whose narrow shawl collar has a slight V in back and knots at the throat in front. There are unpressed pleats in the skirt; $37.50. Fath's tailored wool day dress has a collar that is all jutting folds at the rear. Two rows of link buttons descend the back and then part below the belt to outline the inverted V produced by Fath's



"The trouble with chintz is that I'm always sorry afterward."



Mr. Whorrably, while very young was probably frightened by a wing collar...

Mr. Whorrably's office is very Olde English . . . except for phones, typewriter, cover girl secretary and P. Wilfred himself.

He's late English, and looks like What The Well Dressed Man Will Wear Next Year . . . a worrier, awfully Correct Thing, and wouldn't be caught dead with his tie crooked—goes with the business, I guess.

But he's no dope . . . does very well with Wulspen Woolens, Ltd., importing fancy suitings for two-hundred-clams-per-copy tailors, and a few big manufacturers. Sends out catalogues, swatches, quotations . . . a natural for a postage meter.

I popped in on P. Wilfred of a Monday a.m., and by appointment, of course. Cover Girl was just uncovering the morning mail.

P. Wilfred warmed up to the postage meter . . . Buying postage by having the postal chaps set the meter was novel—but sound, very! Because no stamp with stickum on its back was too bally practical, what? Dampish days they did clot?

Keep a short stock of stamps, and run shy of threes, say—then what? Two and one look messy, while five was too much . . . many a mickle makes a muckle, mustn't forget! With a big stock, stamps get lost—or lifted, eh? But postage in a gear ratio—couldn't get around it! Clever, utterly! . . . I wondered who was selling who!

Printing one's postage—charming! Recalls the royal prerogative, King's signet ring and that sort of thing! . . . Print any value stamp with those jolly little levers? Devastatingly ingenious! Print postmark? And a postmark advertisement—splendid! Seals envelope, too? Remarkable!

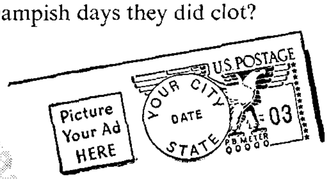
P. Wilfred babbled on . . . So pleased with the meter's "accounting aptitude." And metered mail moves fast through the postoffice—jolly well should! . . .

If I ever saw a sale in the well known bag, it was PWW . . . Then he just froze up! "Wonderful machine, old man, but not for us. Wool trade wrapped in tradition, y'know. Meter stamps maybe not dignified" . . . P. Wilfred goes out to see a buyer . . . I don't know whether to smack him or spit!

Well, who comes up fighting, but Cover Girl! "Dignity!" says she. "Let's show him some of the mail we get! A postage meter might help me make a lot more dignified departure nights, too!"

In PW's wastebasket were thirty-one meter-stamped letters! Cover Girl starts thumb-tacking envelopes on the display board . . . When PW gets back, his eyes pop at the show of meter-stamped mail from top drawer tailors, banks and stores all over, Madison Avenue, Fifth Avenue, Rochester; his local bank, New York banks, London banks; English mill agents, two Bond Street shops . . . Has metered mail a class clientele? You tell 'em! Or let PW do it—he burbles! . . . I couldn't marry Cover Girl (ineligible—me) but gave her the best lunch anybody could buy!

Dignity—or don't mention it—there's a job in every office that a postage meter does best . . . and a meter model for every office, small or large! If you want to see a list of dignified metered mail users . . . call the nearest Pitney-Bowes office. Or write for, "*So You Have No Mailing Problems?*"



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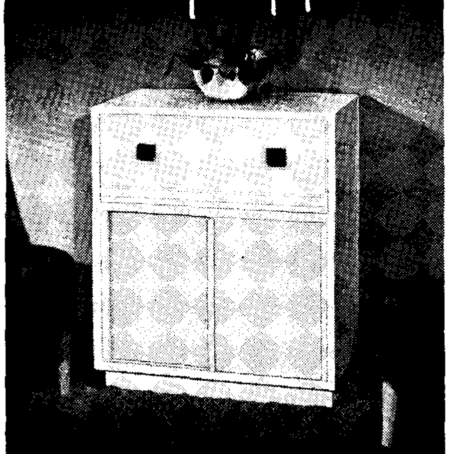

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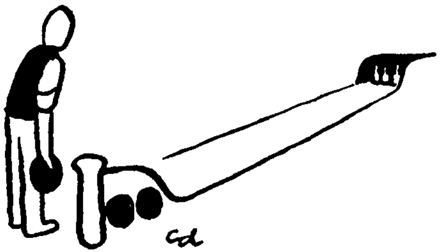
famous fan-pleated godet, which is placed dead astern. Fath also contributes an elegant wool wrapped dress, buttoning down on a slant from under one arm. It has a short, narrow underskirt, and an overskirt that fastens on the left hip, where the material is folded back into deep points, fore and aft of the fastening, to reveal the underskirt. The Faths are $46.95 and $56.25, respectively. For around $100, there are several suits, including a wool Fath with a fitted jacket that has a double-tiered collar trimmed with trapunto. Its skirt, too, has that godet of fan pleating at the center back, also with buttons descending the inverted V. The peplum of the jacket is split at the rear, and the two tails of it are fastened down by the top buttons decorating the godet. (All the pleats in town this fall, by the way, are supposed to be indestructible, no matter where they're placed.) Balenciaga chips in with a trim little wool suit whose jacket peplum goes into deep Vs front and back, and with a wool suit whose jacket is long in front and ends in back in a short, ruffled peplum. For half this kind of money, there's a red velveteen Molyneux suit with the casual simplicity of the twenties; $46.95. This has a fitted, beltless jacket with high revers, and buttons down the front that have a link effect. The skirt is slim. Among the other dressy costumes is Piguet's black rayon velvet evening sheath, mid-calf length, whose jacket is to be worn with the opening buttoned up tight or else turned back and buttoned down at the sides to show its sequined black satin facing. For glamorous evenings, young girls might like Balenciaga's red rayon taffeta invention with a deep V neck and a skirt composed of overlapping vertical petals; also $46.95. Worldly women could consider Dior's scissors dress, in navy rayon velvet and rayon satin—strapless top, inverted vest points on the diaphragm, and two panels that cross down the front and swing out below like scissor blades when you walk.

Jo Hughes, at 10 East 56th Street, is a big help to females who like that permanent Belmont Park and house-party look. For between $40 and $95, she has deceptively simple clothes that will do the trick. There are wool jerseys that suggest the Chanel of long ago, some of them in the bright red she loved so well. A red suit with trouser pleats on its slender skirt and a buttoned-up jacket that has a round collar and buttonhole pockets on the chest and hipbones is $70, and standard equipment for Hughes' race-track customers. A thin wool dress has a jacket with a shawl collar and padded pocket detail on the hips and chest. This is in taupe, plum, or black. Also an established success is a wool jersey dress with a velvet collar and velvet bindings on the slashed pockets. The dress is gathered through the ribs and has a flat panel in front to make it look slim; $60. Another Hughes uniform is a wool dress with short sleeves and a wide band of rayon velvet, edged with braid, encircling the deep oval neckline. A fitted jacket with rayon velvet and braid on its turnover collar completely covers this décolletage for mornings; $90. Silk taffeta in tomato red, lilac, slate-blue gray, taupe, or (inevitably) black makes short-sleeved, full-skirted cocktail or dinner dresses that are good in any climate. Some of them have tightly buttoned bodices and skirts with sewing-bag pockets; others use great folds of the fabric to produce bolero detail on the tops; a few (especially effective on tall women) have deep, casual folds at their surplice necklines matched by jutting pockets at the hips. Hughes will make two separate tops to order in practically any color. One is silk jersey with short, shirred sleeves, an off-shoulder neckline, and looped drapery down both sides in the front; the other is a short-sleeved, round-necked business of wool jersey in a variety of weights. There are separate skirts of faille and some noble ones of upholstery fabric, all of them likewise made to order, to go with these tops.

Kathleen, at 118 East 60th Street, takes loving care of, among others, the dignified-matron type, in sizes ranging up to 42. She has a satisfying assortment of simple, well-cut woollen dresses with longish, loosish jackets, one of which, in purple, is given slot-seaming treatment to provide the detail on both dress and cape-collared jacket. It's $89.95. Some of the knitted rayon wool suits, which usually have plain skirts and contrasting tops, look definitely festive, though they'd be all right at midday, too. Their skirts are straight and plain, but the collarless, buttoned jackets are sometimes shot with gold nylon. Suits of this type are $49.95 to $69.95. One of Kathleen's pets is a dress and jacket in wool jersey. It's on tap now in dark and bright big-city colors, and will soon be appearing in pastel resort colors as well. Little tucks around the neck impart a hand-knit look; the dress is just about sleeveless, and the skirt is fan-pleated all around, starting at a becoming distance below the waistline. The jacket is waist length. The final item is a belt, to suck in the dress while the jacket hangs free or to give the jacket a bloused back. A little work of art, at $49.95 and in sizes up to 20. The evening clothes here run from the very ingénue to the very formal. The top price is $225, but there are some full-length dresses for only a fraction of this sum. A black rayon sheer with a gathered skirt and short sleeves below an off-shoulder neckline edged with Val-type lace is $35; a black rayon satin with broad shoulder straps, bow detail that flares out from the chest over the upper arms, and a skirt that is full below its pleated hip yoke is the same price. And (still at $35) there is a black or gold ribbed rayon faille with a surplice V in back, flying panels low on the skirt, and dolman sleeves. For $75, you may own a black rayon velvet or crêpe with a bolero cut away to display a gathered brassière top of cerise rayon satin covered with dotted black net. Thoroughly Diamond Lil. The rest of the dress is lithesomely slender. Lastly, wonderful metal-brocade coats, flaring in back and a bit below hip length, are interlined and therefore suitable for the theatre in New York and for evenings down South, too; $49.95.

MARTHA WEST's best knitted suit this fall is of a firm, nubbly wool-and-rayon, at $49.95, in a splendid choice of colors. Five jet buttons fasten the lapelled jacket, other buttons top the pockets, and four more are placed low at the center front and back of the slim skirt. She is also well supplied with simple, classic tweed suits, often in muted stripes and mostly fitted and single-breasted. The jacket of her nicest gray flannel suit has a turnover collar above the button fastening and vest points on the front. West is, of course, famous for her blouses. Some of them are made of fine chenille tailored like cloth, with diagonal seams down the ribs and other tricks so they won't be too clinging. There is necklace detail around the round necks, and the sleeves are short. Ideal either with separate skirts or with suits. One model has silky ribbon bowknots to dress up the front; others have horizontal ribbon stripes;



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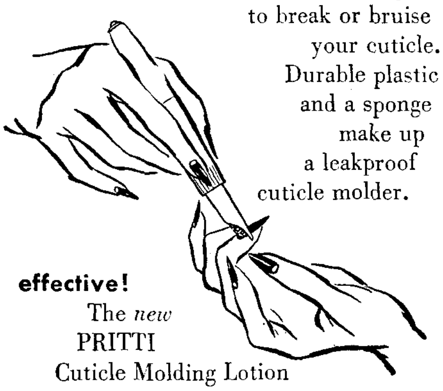

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others have velvet medallion detail below the neckline. They cost from $21.95 up, and there are lots of colors.

NOT so long ago, it was difficult to find a dress or suit for $40 or $50 that didn't look apologetic. Now, as you can see, things have changed. Seventh Avenue, come home; all is forgiven. —L. L.

MARKETS AND MENUS

From Here to There

CHANGE is not confined to the garment trade. There was a time—also not so long ago—when anybody in the great city who honed for, say, some preserves from back home could drop a dollar bill in an envelope, address it to old Mrs. Somebody in Nantucket, or Mobile, or Urbana, and be reasonably certain of getting in return something good to eat. The procedure has recently grown less simple, and the results are far more uncertain. It is, in fact, rarely that the hopefully expedited dollar brings back anything as substantial as a glass of jelly or a batch of cookies, good *or* bad. Instead, one is likely to receive a communication from old Mrs. Somebody's press agent in the Chanin Building, telling what wholesaler carries her line of canned goods, and a sheaf of mail plugging the old lady's radio program. All the more reason to take note of the relishes, preserves, and so on that can be obtained from the Arthur Bauer Plantation, at Walterboro, South Carolina. So far as I know, Mr. Bauer offers no tiresome sales talk about how his conserves are made from an heirloom recipe handed down from a fabulous great-grandmother; he relies on superlative palatability to make friends for his wares. Ordinarily, I have a certain hostility to pickles and condiments, because they play such sorry tricks at table with good wine, but in the case of the Bauer artichoke relish I can imagine going to some pains to reconcile the two, or, for that matter, occasionally banishing the wine in favor of the relish. It makes an unquestionable contribution to certain sandwiches and appetizers accompanied by a spirit strong enough to look out for itself. In addition, there is a pear relish that in its own way is just as delicious as the artichoke; a watermelon-rind-and-lemon marmalade; and a sweet watermelon-rind pickle that has the tang and crispness necessary in this old-fashioned confection. All these are of a quality seldom met with. The Bauer orange marmalade, made of chopped,

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added, will delight devotees of marmalade who do not hold out for the bitter variety. There is also wonderfully fresh-tasting guava jelly, made, like all the other items, of ripe fruit. Little did I think that I would ever catch myself running on so ardently about *any*body's relishes. The price of these marvellous products, of which I think the marmalade and the artichoke relish are the most unusual, is $5.75 for half a dozen pint jars, mixed or all of a kind, postpaid east of the Mississippi.

ONE of the less pompous offshoots of the glorified Williamsburg restoration is a small concern, named Lucy Ann Gray, Inc., that is licensed to make and sell delicacies whose recipes appear in "The Williamsburg Art of Cookery." Two of the Lucy Ann Gray products—a fragile seed cooky and a particularly satisfactory gingersnap—have considerably more than an antiquarian appeal. The cookies, which are called Shrewsbury cakes, have a most engaging eighteenth-century flavor. They are made like dropped cookies, crisp, rich, and generously scattered with caraway seeds. (The Georgian English and, consequently, the stylish Virginians of the period were caraway-crazy.) The gingersnaps are pleasantly gingery and of the most desirable consistency—crisp around the edges and just barely chewy in the center. Since directions for making both the seed cookies and the gingersnaps can be found in any early-nineteenth-century cookbook, it isn't clear why the blessings of Colonial Williamsburg need be invoked, unless it is to indicate that the ingredients of the cakes are of a purity that antedates our present-day substitutes, as, indeed, they are. A thirteen-ounce tin of the Shrewsbury cakes is $2.25, and a pound tin of the gingersnaps is $1.95, postpaid from Lucy Ann Gray, Inc., Box 1300, Richmond, 10, Virginia.

RECOMMENDING a ham to ham-fanciers is, I know, as risky as urging a favorite dentist on a friend who has a favorite dentist of his own, so, exercising great restraint, I shall say merely that the hams I have had from the Smithfield Packing Company, of Smithfield, Virginia, were splendid. Probably nobody who cares enough about fine hams to take the trouble to write for one is sufficiently naïve to believe that all the pork classified as Smithfield is beyond criticism or that Virginia packers don't know just as many nasty tricks with syn-

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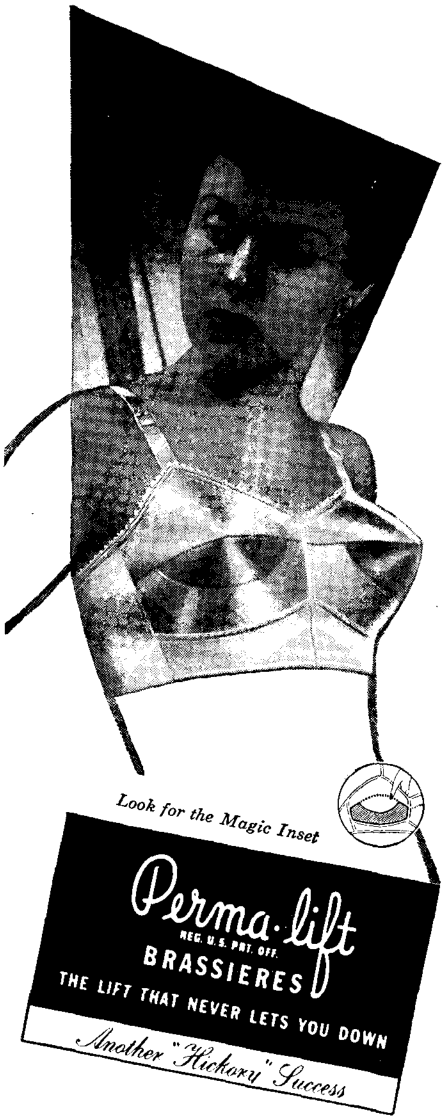

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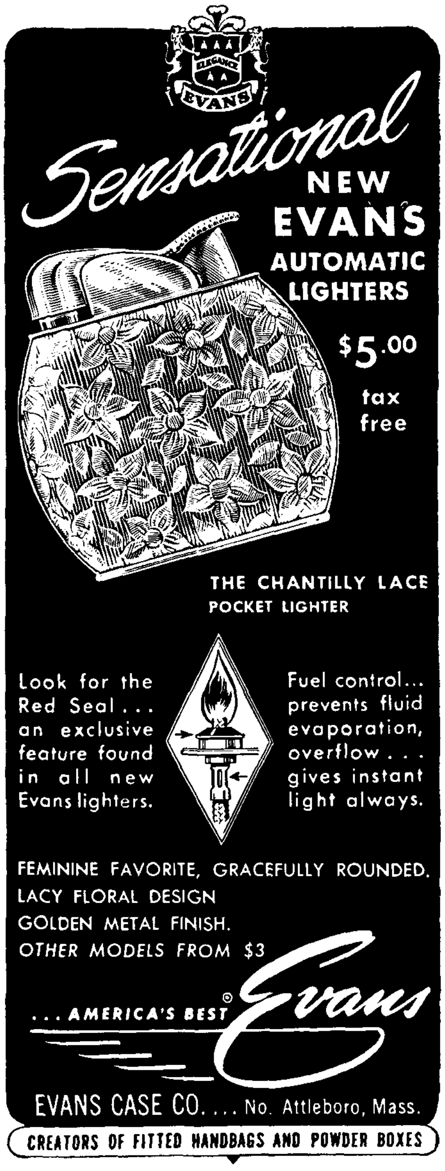
thetic smoke as their neighbors to the north and west. The products of this reliable firm are well aged and have that subtle flavor that depends as much on the right hog as on the right smokehouse. The price is ninety-nine cents a pound (postage extra), and the average weight is around ten pounds. The concern also takes orders for cooked hams, which average around nine pounds and cost $1.75 a pound, but these I have not tried.

I shan't even attempt to be cautious about a bacon that has recently been put on the market, since I refuse to believe that anybody can name a better one. It is cured and smoked at Fiddler's Creek Farm, Titusville, New Jersey. The flitches from which it is sliced (thin, medium, or thick) are processed so slowly over hickory logs in a small country smokehouse that the taste of the smoke survives even the frying pan. It is sold in five-pound lots, consisting of five one-pound packages, in a newly contrived trick plastic bag from which all air has been expelled. The bag will presumably keep the contents fresh a long time—in a refrigerator, of course. If you think the large-size package is a disadvantage, that's where you are wrong; as a matter of fact, five pounds of this appetizing bacon seems hardly a starter. If you prefer to slice your own bacon—and when it is to be used as a flavoring in boiled dishes or meat pies, that's a good idea—it can be bought in six- to eight-pound slabs in the same fancy packing for ninety cents a pound. The sliced bacon costs $1 a pound, and insurance and postage are twenty-eight cents a package, anywhere in New York State. Postage on the slabs, of course, depends on the weight of the slab.

THIS is a great week for the smokehouse. Two brand-new items, smoked shrimps and smoked scallops, have put in an appearance and, I understand, met with spirited acclaim. The shrimps, a small North Carolina species, are sold at Charles & Co., 340 Madison Avenue (44th), and at Vendôme, 415 Madison Avenue (48th). Vendôme also carries the scallops and some extra-big smoked shrimps. They are all wonderful accompaniments to a dry Martini, but the scallops seem to me to be the best of the three, with the small shrimps next; the jumbos are somewhat less delicate. Incidentally, all three are improved if served with some kind of highly seasoned mayonnaise. The quick success of this new cocktail provender will almost certainly lead to an outbreak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hoped, although not really expected, that the standard of smoking demanded by Vendôme and by Charles will continue to prevail.

A RATHER special sort of shop, called Soupçon, which opened last spring at 203 East 61st Street, seems to be doing fine and filling a need more than adequately. The firm deals principally in those undefinable objects known as gifts, but it has a sideline—and it's that that we are concerned with here—a culinary department that makes fresh every day hot and cold sauces and a variety of cocktail spreads. The establishment also provides ready-mixed chocolate or cheese soufflés, which, the management assures me with every indication of sincerity, can be baked at the customer's home. (The egg whites, which are to be beaten and folded in at the last moment, come in a separate container.) Experimental housekeepers whose cooks shy at mixing a soufflé may want to put this claim to the test, but I think I'll stick to soufflés that are made, baked, and eaten under one roof. On the day of my visit to the firm, it was just pulling itself together after a summer vacation and many of the specialties were not on hand, but I can report on an excellent mayonnaise, made with honest olive oil, and something called fresh herb mixture, which is mayonnaise suavely flavored with numerous herbs that bring out the best in a cold fish dish. This would go capitally with the smoked shrimps and scallops. Soupçon's exquisitely seasoned *béarnaise* sauce, which I reheated at home, behaved a great deal better than I would have expected a *béarnaise* that had travelled halfway across town to behave, but although it went most enjoyably with a rack of lamb, it never quite achieved the smooth unity of the sauce that is whisked up in one's own kitchen the moment the roast leaves the oven.

As for the cocktail spreads, some of them are extraordinarily good—notably, a terrine of truffled pâté of chicken livers, which is a whole shelf above the *pâtés maison* turned out by many expensive shops that ought to know better; a strongly garlic-flavored spread of cream cheese and fresh tomatoes; herring in sour cream and white wine; and a cream-cheese dish whose name, watercress mixture, gives insufficient recognition to the variety of pungent herbs and piquant condiments included. A fruit-salad dressing, made of mayonnaise with lumps of preserved ginger

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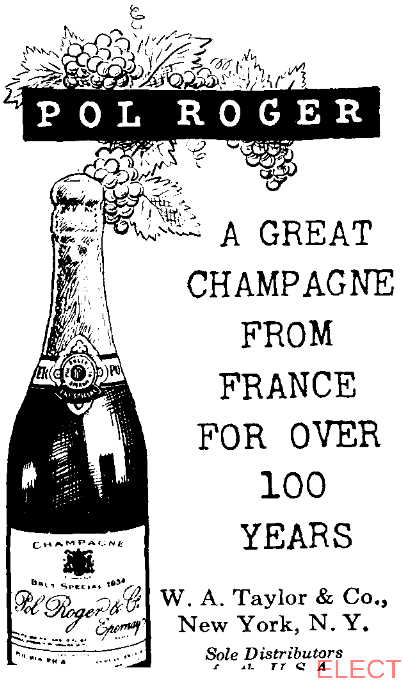
CHAMPAGNE BUBBLES BY LUCIUS BEEBE

During the great mining bonanzas of the nineteenth century the most concentrated consumption of champagne in the United States was not in the cities of the East but in the mining towns of California and Nevada where suddenly acquired riches dictated a luxurious way of life which would have been considered florid in New York or Boston. In San Francisco in the seventies and eighties, in Virginia City, Nevada, and in scores of other communities where gold and silver made men rich overnight, champagne flowed in continuous Niagaras. Even today the sites of such forgotten bonanza towns as Bodie, Aurora, Candelaria and Rhyolite in the Nevada deserts are marked by immense mounds of empty champagne bottles. Champagne was the standard currency of luxurious and mannered living.

It is only reasonable to assume that the great French house of Pol Roger sent many a case of its finest vintages to these western mining towns, for the fame of this distinguished brand dates back a hundred years. A vintage currently available wherever the best is stocked is Pol Roger Brut Special 1934. It has a magnificent body and is very, very dry. —Lucius Beebe.



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welcomed at tables where fruit salads appear, but I don't believe there will be any particular enthusiasm anywhere for a paste of mushrooms tasting of nothing much, and least of all of mushrooms.

BEFORE I propose a jaunt to any of the numerous Daitch & Dubin butter-and-egg stores in the upper reaches of Manhattan's West Side, it should be understood that such an expedition can interest only those people who are made unhappy by the sort of unsalted butter that is found in most places. Shoppers who in recent years have searched with increasing despair for a butter free from the flavor of preservatives will think nothing of a trip to upper Broadway—or, for that matter, to the moon—if it leads to a really edible unsalted product. Well, the Daitch & Dubin stores carry 93-score butter that is made in Minnesota and Iowa specially for the chain and that seems to me a long way indeed above the present depressing average. D. & D. have both the whipped and the plain bar varieties. I find the bar more to my liking, because butter that has had a minimum of things done to it appeals to me. Perhaps neither is as good as the very best unsalted country butter that was obtainable before the war, but it is *certain that at the present time* you would have to go far to find the equal of the D. & D. product. The only stores I know of that sell a similarly commendable butter are at the other end of town. They are the Consumers' Coöperatives, at 393 Sixth Avenue (8th) and at 244 Third Avenue (20th), and their butter bears the Corn Country label of a group of coöperative Minnesota dairies.

City dwellers who think tenderly of a fresh country egg and bitterly of their inability to find one will be pleased to learn that the William Poll Delicatessen, at 1120 Lexington Avenue (78th), sells eggs that are only two days old and that really do have the innocent and rare taste of freshness. They are delivered to Mr. Poll daily from farms upstate and in New Jersey. Two other sources of fresh eggs (two days old) are the Coöperative Cafeterias, at 49 East 25th Street and 57 West 10th Street. The eggs are sold at the cashier's desk, and I'd better mention that the 25th Street concern opens at 11 A.M. and closes at 7:15 P.M., and the one on 10th Street opens at 11:45 and closes at 7.

NOW that, presumably, there is good butter in the icebox, one

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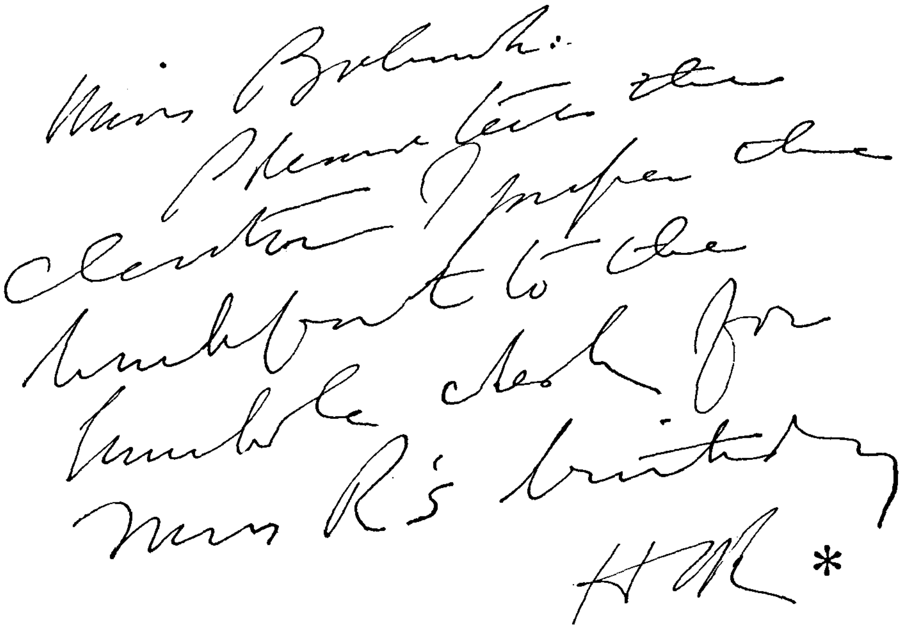
JOSEPH PELKEY Dept. C

less new cheese loaf, which is made like any respectable homemade bread, except that it contains a generous quantity of Cheddar cheese. Toasted under a hot broiler or over coals, this makes one of the nicest imaginable complements to tea. Another bread that might cheer your days in one way or another is Munzenmaier's Whole Grain, which accommodates itself very happily to all kinds of smoked fish and is good just spread with sweet butter. The Munzenmaier bread is sold at most Gristede stores and at many delicatessens. A well-made corn bread is turned out at the Miss Douglas Bake Shop, 187 West 4th Street. This is the kind that incorporates yellow corn meal and sugar, and it can be obtained, fresh, any day after two o'clock. I have already spoken in these columns of the unexcelled French bread at the Marseillaise French Baking Company, 293 West 4th Street, but I can't believe there could ever be a time when the subject wouldn't be apropos.

AFTER making such a to-do over guiding New Yorkers to the very best food, I feel pretty shamefaced about bringing up the subject of Christmas boxes for England, because the food gifts that go in them must, of necessity, be so embarrassingly inferior to our own holiday fare. Nevertheless, the time has come to start assembling the packages. For the benefit of those who are not up on the current British food situation, here are a few tips gleaned from travellers home from visiting English friends, and some suggestions that have been pried, with great difficulty, out of the British themselves. Un-Christmassy as they sound, the dull, solid things are still what is wanted—meat, sugar, butter, cooking fat, and olive oil. Forget about starches, for all of them, even the rice that was so yearned for a year ago, are now plentiful. The solider the meat, the better; canned tongue, large cuts of roast or corned beef, and whole chickens are greatly preferred to the so-called "luncheon" meats that usually turn out to be, if not Spam, then its first cousin. Most stews are a disappointment; many of them are of a poor quality and nearly all of them contain too large a ratio of potatoes and carrots. Cocoa and coffee are easy to get in England. Tea, however, is still very scarce; fine China teas would give a great deal of joy and an ordinary Darjeeling would be a comfort. Fruit juices are now available in most districts there, but canned fruits are hard to obtain; these are bulky and heavy though



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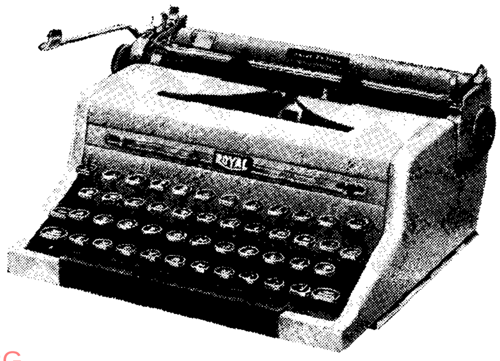
†T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Translation: Miss Babcock: Please tell the decorator I prefer the breakfront to the kneehole desk for Mrs. R's birthday, HCR.

GRAY MAGIC

ROYAL PORTABLE

The Standard Typewriter in Truly Portable Size



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sible (and sensible, unfortunately, is what we must be) to send dried fruits, like apricots, raisins, and figs, which are only slightly less welcome. Crystallized orange peel and citron are needed for what few cakes are being baked this year. Plain one-pound boxes of sugar mean that much life and energy to an English family. Aside from the excitement of receiving a box of luxurious candies, there is more genuine satisfaction in chocolate bars, especially those with almonds. Cookies have to be fairly robust or they will arrive all dust and fragments; a variety called Zombies is a good traveller and is well liked, as are *Lebkuchen* and gingersnaps. Shelled almonds or almond-stuffed fruits are always a delight, and in families where there are children, full-cream dried milk or unsweetened evaporated milk would be happily received.

As for postal regulations, they are much the same as last year. Packages weighing up to twenty-two pounds can be sent abroad, thus making possible what is unquestionably the finest gift of all—a ham or a side of bacon. In case you don't remember the rules governing overseas shipments, you can find them in bulletins that will be put up in all post offices any day now. The Post Office has set December 10th as an absolute deadline for Christmas delivery and urgently hopes that everybody will ship a lot sooner than that. Pan American World Airways, American Overseas Airlines, and the other transatlantic airlines will tell you all you need to know about their shipping rules. With this much of a head start, you should be able to see to it that your British friends receive something more than your loving thoughts on Christmas Day. —S. H.

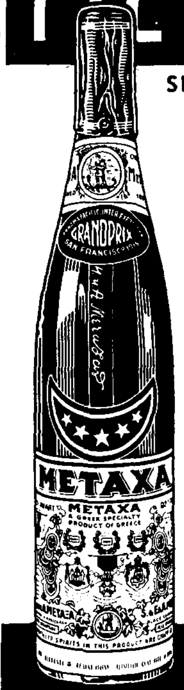
•

GOING INTO AUTUMN

Now tendrils trade
An elegance of shade
To be bare, to lie
Black on sky;
Each hour now
Exposes eye;
A far horizon
Hastens here
As tree drops clear.

Whose neighborly house is this?
What bay has leapt from green?
O we who were so private
And unseen
Are in the open
In a single day.

METAXA



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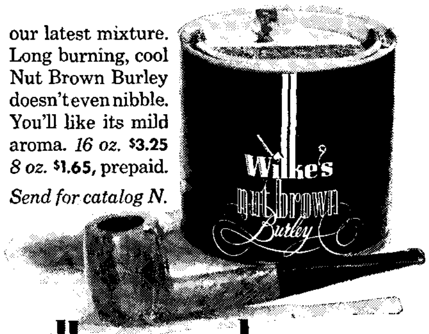

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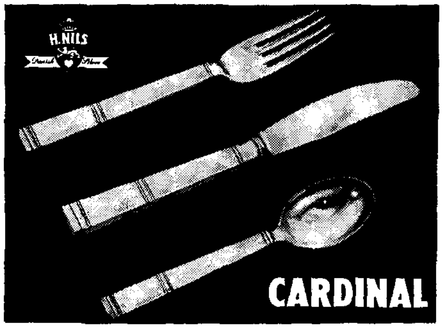

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ALWAYS TIP YOUR HAT

THE selfsame day the head Sister at the infirmary telegraphed to Aunt Geraldine, in Newark, that there wasn't any hope for Floydie Boy's mother, Uncle Marvin went out and bought a sofa that opened into a bed. And practically the minute Aunt Geraldine got to Louisville, which was a few hours too late to see her sister alive, she told Floydie Boy how Uncle Marvin and she were prepared to welcome him to New Jersey; he could sleep in their living room and make it his own little den. "Uncle Marvin and I already think of you as our son, from now on," she said, sniffing. "Our very own."

Standing on the sidewalk in the fragrant, tremulous June air, neither of them able to reckon where to go or what to do next, Aunt Geraldine reached up to embrace Floydie Boy. He drew back, because his pimples embarrassed him. Besides, no one but Motherdear kissed him. She never noticed his blotches; for her, he was the handsomest, brightest boy in the world and the universe. *Was*, he thought, with his heart brimming over; she would never say it to him again. Then he caught Aunt Geraldine, who hadn't seen him since he was a baby, staring oddly at him, as if he were mature, instead of tall and powerful for sixteen.

"You look like a grown man. You surely have your full growth, Floyd," she said, no longer mourning. "We couldn't still call you Floydie Boy; that's for a kiddie—"

He interrupted her. "*She* did," he declared in his soft, courteous, slurred tones. "She called me Lover once in a while, too."

"Not 'she.' " Aunt Geraldine now eyed the warts on his chapped hands, his dirty fingernails, the baby-fine light hair wisping over his flushed, bumpy forehead. "Speak of your poor mother, God rest her, by name. What did you call her, Floyd?"

He wet his lips. "Motherdear," he whispered, dragging the word from his rasped throat. But to himself he added: And, also, she liked me to call her Sweetheart.

"Then speak of Motherdear as Motherdear," Aunt Geraldine said, and she mashed a draggled handkerchief against her nose. "Motherdear passed away of a broken heart."

That, Floydie Boy reflected, was a big, spiteful lie; her heart stopped, it never was broken. Motherdear and he didn't once doubt that Papa, if he'd lived, intended to come back to them, else why did he leave the insurance policy in her name? Unforeseen circumstances had kept him away nearly ten years, that was all. "She died of an embolism, following a hysterectomy," he said gently. "The doctor told me."

"Don't you use such language in front of me," Aunt Geraldine said. "Never, do you hear?"

Besides, Papa didn't come first with her, Floydie Boy told himself. If she'd said it once, she'd said it a billion times: "Floydie Boy, if anything happened to you, I couldn't live." But nothing had happened to him, he thought, suddenly sick at his stomach; only to her, whom he must now defend. He said aloud, slowly, "Papa was the one more likely died of a broken heart."

"Gus Hummelmeyer fell off a moving train when he was dog-drunk." His aunt sniffed. "Maud didn't owe it to that one telling you anything different."

Motherdear had told him the truth, he thought, the whole truth, time and time again, and he had never tired of listening. When the sisters were young, only a year apart in age, the fellows all went for Motherdear. "Geraldine just couldn't help being tacky," Motherdear had observed in her fluty, little-girl voice. Tacky was the worst you could be; cute was the best. When Motherdear and Floydie Boy had walked along Fourth, or gone to the movies, each with a bag of candy, she had always consulted his opinion about women, in life or on the screen. "Would you think her cute, Lover?" He had thought every one tacky but Sweetheart. He had had no use for girls his own age, for anyone in skirts except her. Glancing now at his aunt, he could see her as she must have looked that long-ago summery evening, leaning against the rail of the river boat—a lifeless, dowdy girl beside her radiant sister. Papa spoke first to Aunt Geraldine. He had an elegant

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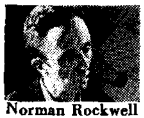

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said, "Pardon my temerity, please, but would you consider it an impertinence if I asked for this fox trot?" Of course, the girls had been taught never to speak to a stranger, but Papa offered both his calling card and his business card. He lived almost in the same neighborhood, it turned out, and the pickle company he travelled for was so familiar—why, the girls had its relish and chowchow staring at them from the pantry shelf. Aunt Geraldine fell hard, while all the time Papa was only being chivalrous to her. After Motherdear and he married, Aunt Geraldine wouldn't speak to them for months, not till she married Uncle Marvin, quick as she could.

"Motherdear told me Papa was always polite," Floydie Boy said.

"He always tipped his hat," Aunt Geraldine answered scornfully. "The last poor Maud saw of him was out the window, when you were little. He turned to wave goodbye and tipped his hat, and she never saw hide, hair, nor lid again."

The more Aunt Geraldine and Uncle Marvin treated him like their very own, Floydie Boy thought, shaken, the worse it would be. Only, where could he go if he didn't go to them, in Newark? A boy who'd never been farther away than just across to Jeffersonville, in Indiana—who'd never once ridden on a train? "If Papa wasn't safe on the railroad, no one is," Motherdear had told him. "I'd rather trust you and me on camelback." Still, she'd never made him promise anything, and she surely hadn't said it was ungentlemanly to run away. So, right then and there, Floydie Boy resolved that during the summer he'd try to teach himself to overcome his dread of trains, of change, of crowds, of strangers. He dug his hand into his coat pocket and clenched his fingers around his mother's spectacle case, taking an oath on his dearest treasure. Floydie Boy needed no other keepsake than Motherdear's pince-nez, with the nick on one rim, the snaky black cord. He had only to touch the case to be comforted, almost to hear her light, belling voice—"Lover, would you hunt up my glasses?" What could bring them nearer?

THE secret amulet—the secret knowledge that he had only the summer months to bear—tided Floydie Boy through the funeral, through graduation at High, with him the next-to-youngest in the class. Aunt Geraldine kindly stayed on while he got his

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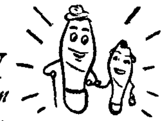

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was a sacrifice. Floydie Boy, however, appreciated more than this her self-control when he threw up on the train to Cincinnati. Once they got to Newark, he also honored his uncle's efforts to be nice. In his ear, Uncle Marvin wore a little lavender button, which Floydie Boy took to be something to tie his hat onto, till he learned it was a hearing aid. First off, Uncle Marvin clapped Floydie Boy's shoulder and shouted wholesomely, "Fellow, I know. You've lost your best buddy."

Respectfully, Floydie Boy answered, "Yes, sir." How explain that she was his only buddy? The others were just boys at school or in the neighborhood, never close, like her and him. Yet he'd never been lonely till now. And he'd never, never been in anyone's way till now.

He took up as little space as possible—one bureau drawer, half of the hall closet—and still it was too much. He tried to make himself scarce. He got a job delivering for the tailor, so he was gone all day, and presently, for other reasons, he was out every evening. He told his uncle and aunt that he went to the movies, knowing they didn't care, so long as he wasn't underfoot. Floydie Boy knew how much his presence inconvenienced them, because he could hear them as they lay in bed nights gabbing about him in their room, on the other side of the papery wall. Maybe they didn't care whether he heard, or maybe Uncle Marvin couldn't hear if Aunt Geraldine lowered her voice.

Floydie Boy felt almost sorry for them, thinking they'd be saddled with him forever and amen, not suspecting he'd be gone by fall. How could they guess? He carried his savings-account book on him, so neither of them could snoop and find out how his money was mounting up. He spent scarcely a cent, save for essentials, like the calling cards that read, "Floyd G. Hummelmeyer, Louisville, Kentucky." He carried several of the cards with him at all times to flourish before any acquaintances he might happen to make.

By fall, Floydie Boy had passed all but one of his self-imposed tests; he still had to gain experience in talking to strangers, to become as courtly and engaging as Papa had been. Otherwise, he was prepared for flight. He had travelled the length of all the New York subways in order to cultivate fearlessness and endurance. Every evening, when he bolted out after supper, he took the Hudson Tube to New York, where he journeyed underground for several hours. How could he now dread ord

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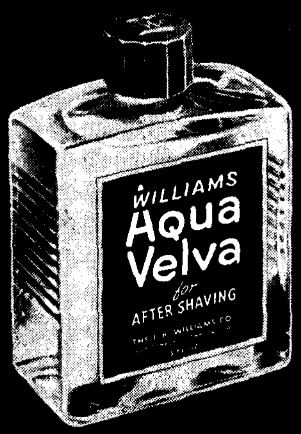

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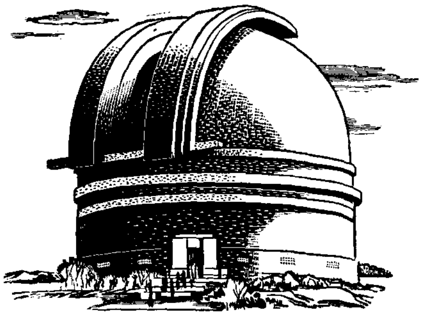

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nary surface trains or crowds or unknown cities? Floydie Boy was hardened, a veteran, at home on the Canarsie line, the Culver. He was equipped to guide strangers through subterranean mazes, to answer many questions—but so far no one had asked him anything.

ONE October evening, as Floydie Boy set out on his underground travels, he was on fire to take the last leap, to exchange worldly, poised chit-chat with other travellers. He longed to be approached as he rode the West Side I.R.T., in Manhattan; he longed in Brooklyn. Switching nimbly from express to local, experimenting with different cars, different seats, he watched passengers come and go. Yet whenever he groped for an opening—to offer his candy bar, to flash his ring with the compass set in it—his nerve failed. He didn't demand lifelong friendships; he just wanted to learn how to break the ice with people, so that, finally, he'd be armed to set forth on his own. The chances for developing the skill on this expedition faded before his train was out of Brooklyn on his return trip to uptown Manhattan, but he continued to look listlessly for a likely prospect.

At Chambers Street, a man got in the car ahead of Floydie Boy's and a girl in the car behind his. Floydie Boy knew the other cars were as deserted as his own, so when the girl, instead of staying where she was, came clattering through the connecting doors into his car and planked herself down right opposite him, he felt a stirring in his breast. While she surely didn't seem to be looking at him—her eyes were half closed and she was leaning against the wall just below the map—Floydie Boy nevertheless stuffed his half-eaten candy bar into his pocket, out of sight. It wasn't only her mop of tarnished-yellow hair or her wan doll's face that persuaded him she was cute. It was everything, even her frail suède sandals, double-peaked at the heels, like a gnome's, and open at the front to show fruity big toes that were enamelled like thumbnails. Suddenly he didn't care if she was a girl and maybe as old as nineteen, perhaps twenty; she had, he decided, as good as invited him to address her.

Carried away on a wave of self-confidence, inspired, also, to look older, he took out Motherdear's glasses, looped the cord around his neck, and pinched them onto his nose. Half blinded, clutching his hat, he got to his feet, stumbled across the aisle, and peered upward at the map. She did

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SELL'S LIVER PATE

not raise her eyelids. "I beg your pardon," Floydie Boy murmured in a silky, indolent voice, "but could you direct me where to get off for the Museum?"

Now she took notice of him. She said, "What?"

Maybe no museum was open at this hour, Floydie Boy reflected anxiously, and she knew it and thought he was a cheap slicker. "Where to get off for the Museum?" he repeated uncertainly.

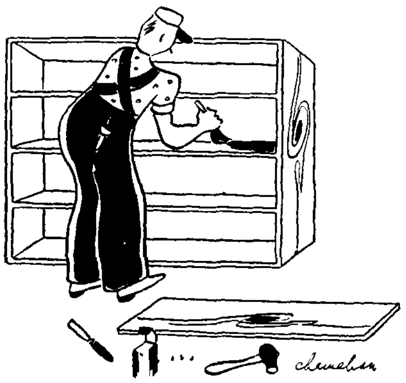
"Don't ask me." Her young, knowing eyes flickered away from him. "Half the time, I don't know where to get off at myself."

Wasn't this a welcome? Floydie Boy seated himself beside her. As itchy sweat trickled down his back, he mechanically fanned the girl and himself with his hat. "Where I come from—the South—no young lady would speak to a man without their being presented." With his free hand, he fished out a calling card, flicked a crumb of chocolate off it, and pressed it on her. "Therefore, may I introduce myself?"

Her mouth hanging open, she stared at the card and back at him. Then she said, "Will you please stop that damned fanning? You're ruining my hair."

Floydie Boy stopped the hat in mid-arc. "If we were meeting down yonder where I make my home, I shouldn't try to make a breeze for you," he said. "It's always airy on the Ohio, where, most likely, we'd be at the rail, in the moonlight . . ." Seeing the girl shrink from him, as if afraid that he was a masher, he added, "Reciting poetry. I'm an educated man. A high-school graduate—at present in business in Newark." He removed his pince-nez, letting them dangle on the cord. Just then, the train stopped in the Thirty-fourth Street station and the doors slid open.

Without a backward glance, the girl flew to the door and darted out. Floydie Boy clapped on his hat and raced after her, past her, and then wheeled to face her. And, mindful of his manners, he brandished his hat on high. "Pardon my



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temerity," he said, "but would you consider it an impertinence if I asked for this fox trot?" That last part sounded funny; he felt his ears flame. "So to speak. In a way," he explained, and was dazzled by his own ease and fluency.

"Beat it," the girl said, barely moving her lips. "Follow me, Fresh, and I'll get a cop." Walking around him, she added, "I'm going right up those stairs, where there's a cop. You follow me one step more, and I'll give you to him gladly."

By the time Floydie Boy turned, all he could see were her shoes, like a gnome's, and her dear little legs, climbing the stairs. Carelessly, he returned Motherdear's glasses to their case; jauntily he headed toward the tube. On the way, he paused at a basement show window, where a waxen girl bestowed a waxen smile upon him. If she were real, Floydie Boy decided, she'd be cute. And it occurred to him that all over the world, where he could now roam confidently, there were living, breathing cute girls, and everywhere both sexes would sense in him the seasoned, genial, self-reliant companion. He grinned back at the dummy. He was still grinning as his train roared through the tube. Fresh, he repeated to himself, and, in a burst of jubilance, tossed his hat into the air. The man at his side regarded him dubiously.

"This girl, she called me fresh," Floydie Boy began, beaming affably at his seatmate, thinking it surely was a snap to put strangers at their ease.

—Leane Zugsmith

•

THE LITERARY LIFE
(SUDDEN SHIFT ASPECT)

[*Memo distributed in an advertising agency*]

Office Memorandum

Subject: "Second Mrs. Burton" Story Line

To:
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Mr. Harding
Mr. Richardson
Mr. Rapp
Mr. Pauch
Mr. Swayze
Miss Black
Miss Aikman
Mr. Mountain
Mr. Pagenstecher
Miss Fox

There has been a slight change in the story line which you received recently for the "Second Mrs. Burton."

Instead of the *baby* being kidnapped, young Brad Burton is.

The story line remains the same except for this slight change.

Rex Smith

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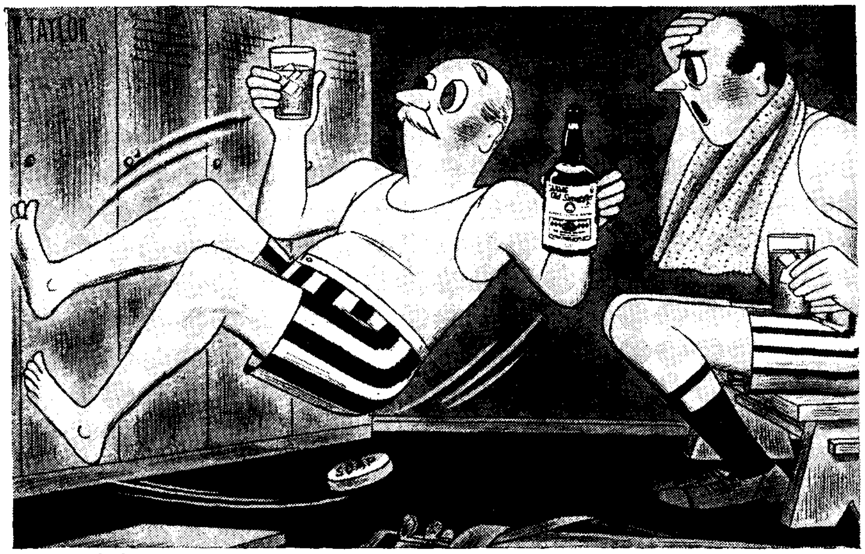
TABLES FOR TWO

All Around the Town

A WEEK or so ago, I went down the few steps that lead into the Riviera Lounge, in the Village, and slid onto the red-and-black leather banquette that runs around the small room. Willie (The Lion) Smith was planted solidly but casually behind a tiny studio piano, a cigar held lightly in the middle of his mouth, and was playing with admirable strength and feeling, getting surprisingly full tones from the instrument. A bass player and a trumpet player—an amateur protégé of The Lion's, I learned later—were going along with him in old-time jazz style. The pianist Art Hodes, another hired hand, was sitting at a table with a couple of customers. (He's since moved uptown to Jimmy Ryan's, on 52nd Street.) After a while, The Lion quit, and Hodes rose and sauntered over to the piano and went into one of his impeccable performances of standard jazz works, in effective contrast to The Lion's firm and brash manner of playing. The one waiter in the room was sitting and listening, too. All in all, it was an agreeable atmosphere to walk into, and both Smith's music and Hodes' music were fine to hear.

Across the street, at Nick's, Phil Napoleon's restrained Dixieland sextet provides the music. A sooty-brown, rathskeller-like room, Nick's is as much a museum as it is a restaurant and night club. Scattered around the walls are moose heads, elk heads, a tiger head, a fox head, a coyote head, antlers, stuffed ducks, dishes, beer mugs, framed publicity stories, photographs of former Presidents and of entertainers, a sketch of Daniel Frohman, nautical pictures, sporting prints, and a neatly framed portrait of Duchess Astrid of Shinnecock, a dog, surrounded by various ribbons she won at shows. There are also stained-glass windows. In this setting of comfortable decay, the band plays in an expert but routine manner. The most expert and most routine performer, I should say, is the drummer, Tony Spargo. His knowing work, done with complete detachment, is of immense importance to the band. Napoleon's outfit is proficient, as is Hank Dunca



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the relief pianist, but the music is pretty cut and dried.

In the next block is the Village Vanguard, and here there is an interesting exhibition of the new jazz, out of which a modified form of bop, suitable for dancing and pleasant to the ear, seems to be emerging. Mary Lou Williams and the J. C. Heard Trio are the mainstays at the Vanguard. Miss Williams, who is also a composer and a gifted arranger, is an artful pianist, but, as it happens, so is the fellow who is a regular member of the Heard combination, and since Miss Williams merely replaces him in the Heard group for her stint, I couldn't detect any great difference in the sounds made by the two combinations, particularly as the Heard pianist did a lot of solo work. It is, however, gratifying to have two such accomplished people on hand. Both play coolly and nimbly, not watching the keyboard, and a notable feature of their complex style is the way in which they always manage to *retain the essential structure of the* piece they are playing. Heard's drums and a bass fiddle complete the regular trio, and there is a man with a tenor sax who helps out a good bit of the time.

Like the Heard band, the Billy Taylor Quartet, at Café Society, plays an easygoing brand of bop, elastic enough to admit a conventional chorus of "Begin the Beguine," so that the customers can rumba as well as fox-trot. Taylor plays the piano with verve and finesse. With him are a talented guitarist, a bass player, and a drummer. It is a new band, green as yet, but extremely promising.

UPTOWN, at the handsome Persian Room, Victor Borge won me over entirely. He is an able concert pianist and his act is built around this accomplishment, but it is by no means entirely dependent upon it. His forte is

nonsense, and he is both witty and ingratiating. He rattles on about one thing and another, sitting down every now and then to play "Clair de Lune," "Liebestraum," or a digest of Rachmaninoff's Second Piano Concerto—selections that represent, I suppose, just about the limit of music appreciation to which a night-club audience can be subjected. He plays these very well, of course, but also as though he would like to be doing some less worn pieces. His inane chatter is amusing, as are his facial expressions and darting gestures. One of his bits is the reading of a passage from Shakespeare, in the course of which he utters ridiculous sounds indicating the various punctuation marks. He is a first-rate clown.

THE most I can say for Joe E. Lewis, who is back once more in that bustling well, the Copacabana, is that he is a disarming fellow, for I find almost everything he says and does totally unfunny, though his élan is tremendous. For one thing, I have developed a glassy indifference to the experiences of comedians at the race track, to their winnings and losings, and to the characters of their bookmakers. Lewis leans heavily on his horseplaying adventures, and I lean the other way. One of his innumerable song parodies is a laborious jest on the subject, and his conversation is liberally sprinkled with references to it. He sings on and on—doing a Gilbert and Sullivan medley and a "South Pacific" medley, both fitted with awkward new words relating some doubtful story or other—in a weak, husky voice. With him on the current program are the usual pretty showgirls (mostly brunettes, this season) and the inevitable perspiring dance team.

A STYLIZED "package" entertainment, "Salute to Cole Porter," has replaced the succession of ice shows in the New Yorker's Terrace Room. It is a swift survey of some of the highlights of the composer's songwriting career and is distinguished by remarkably fine dancing. John Kriza and Ruth Ann Koesun, both from the Ballet Theatre, perform with startling grace and expression to "Miss Otis Regrets" and "You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To"—especially the former—and Miss Koesun does an appealing solo dance while "In the Still of the Night" is being sung. Spotlights flit all over the floor during the revue, picking up a baritone, a contralto, a mixed singing group, and one or more narrators, who discuss Porter at intervals. James MacColl, an actor who looks a little like the songwriter, is involved in the proceedings, but Kriza and Miss Koesun are the only noteworthy aspects of the show. They are superb. Take them, a few musicians, and one good interpretive singer, and you could do without the rest. —D. W.

• •

MRS. DOOM

I'm tired of helpless Hannah and of carping Kate,
Phoebe, who sees a ripper behind each garden gate,
Jane, who would be a writer if she had a private room,
but most of all I'm weary of Mrs. Doom.

She gets up every morning in desperate plight;
there's a small catastrophe waiting on her right,
on her left the flu stalks, the atom splits above,
never quite ripe the melon, or white the glove.

Grocer to husband, every man's a crook,
nature's a device whereby women wash and cook,
your children will milk you, then they either die
or leave you in your old age high and dry.

Democracy is over, see the Fascists throng,
the European twilight is hurrying along;
gone, beauty gone; on the roof the dung, and goat;
the insects will inherit the earth, close quote.

Mrs. Doom is happy in her curious Greek way,
waiting for the spider to spoil the play;
child of Eliot, granddaughter of Freud,
she's the lady I most like to avoid.

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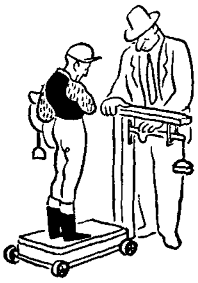
THE RACE TRACK

Top Horse

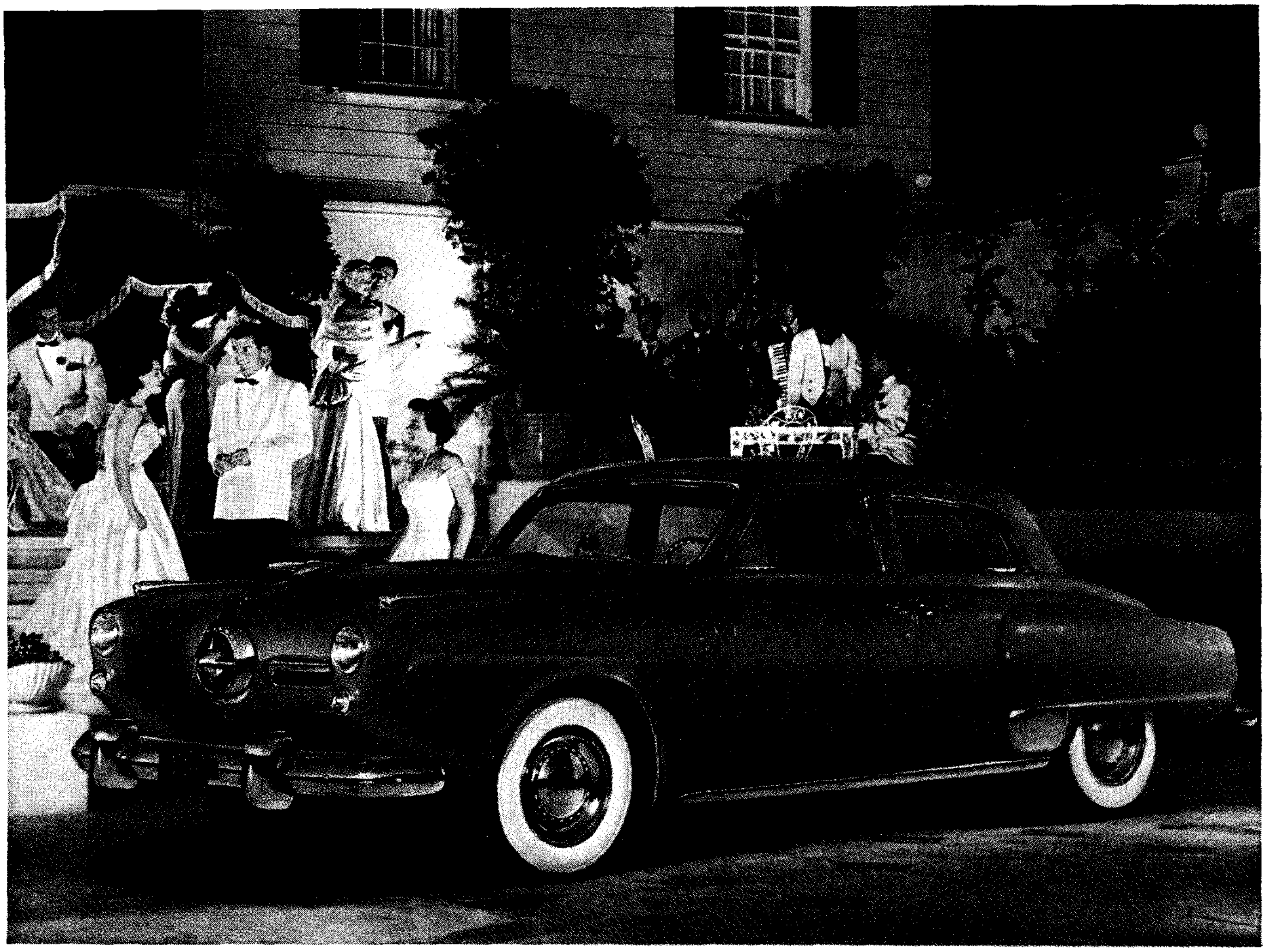


SO much of the racing at Belmont Park last week was interesting that I hardly know where to begin talking about it. I might begin, I suppose, by saying that the race of the week—the race of the year, perhaps—was the Sysonby Mile, won by Capot last Wednesday. As everybody who saw the race will always remember, Coaltown and Capot ran stride for stride most of the way. As they went down the backstretch, it looked from the grandstand as if Coaltown were running alone, because Capot, who was on the far side, was blanketed by the larger horse. Turning for home, Atkinson hit Capot with his whip. It must have been a powerful blow, for in a couple of jumps Capot was ahead. Brooks, Coaltown's jockey, began whipping, too, and then for the first time one noticed Manyunk, the other starter in the race. He had been lengths behind, but at this point he came up so fast that for a moment one wondered if he'd catch the leaders. He couldn't, and in the last furlong Capot drew away to win by a length and a half. I've seldom heard such an ovation for a winner. Of course, Greentree, Capot's owner, is a popular stable, but the crowd, always severe with beaten favorites (Coaltown was 1–10), seemed to take particular delight in cheering Capot. As Atkinson rode into the weighing-in enclosure, he waved his cap gaily, which brought forth more applause. And I don't know a jockey who deserves it more.

I have always believed that Coaltown is as fast a racer as I've ever seen. Also, I have always had a notion that if a top horse ran head and head with him from the start, Coaltown would crack first. That's exactly what happened in the Sysonby. Naturally, partisans of Calumet Farm insist that Coaltown, who did a mile in 1:34 at Washington Park last August (a world's record for the distance over a circular course), must have been off his feed, or something, to be beaten in 1:35⅗. As to that, his stable has stated emphatically that he wouldn't have gone to the post if he hadn't been fit and ready. It's only fair to point out, though, that Coaltown never has been really at his best at Belmont. Last season, he was beaten there in the Withers [illegible] although he won the Swift Stakes and the Jerome Handicap, he was hard pressed in both and his times were no great shakes. The reason for this, horsemen agree, is that the topsoil of the track is deep and sandy, and he is one of those animals who prefer firm ground underfoot. However, I venture to say that had the Sysonby been run where Coaltown shone during the summer, at Washington Park or Arlington, both of which, I'm told, have no cushion and are as fast as trotting-horse tracks, Capot would have won just the same, and no doubt the mile would have been run in no more than 1:33.

WATCHING horses does something to the brain. How else can I account for saying only last week, "Those of us who have been mooning around and yearning for the three-year-old of the season need look no farther" than Ponder? Admitting that Ponder ran well in the Lawrence Realization Stakes, and even more impressively in the Jockey Club Gold Cup last Saturday, on reflection I doubt whether he is quite as extraordinary as that. After all, Capot, by racing Olympia off his feet in the first mile of the Kentucky Derby, smoothed the way for Ponder's victory at Churchill Downs. Besides, Capot beat Ponder in the Preakness and the Belmont Stakes. But the performance that would rate full marks in any horseman's book was Capot's in the Sysonby, for he met the fastest of the older horses at scale weight and beat him at his own game. That's good enough for me.

DISTRESSING as the defeats of Theory in the Futurity, Coaltown in the Sysonby, and Bewitch in the Ladies Handicap were to Calumet Farm, it came through beautifully on Saturday. Theory beat a moderate lot of two-year-olds in the Champagne Stakes (The Diver, who hadn't trained well since the Futurity, didn't start), and Ponder, as mentioned before, picked up another trophy for his owner's sideboard. Incidentally, it was the fourth time the Jockey Club Gold Cup was won by a Warren Wright horse. The other winners were Whirlaway, Pot o' Luck, and Citation. Also, Saturday's prize money—$23,150 in the Champagne Stakes and $35,300 in the Cup—increased the stable's earnings this season to around $1,100,000. The only exciting moment of the Cup came when Ponder got himself boxed in while go-



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FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION • AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY ing around the turn into the stretch; that didn't cause much of a flutter, though, for his jockey simply waited till the other runners tired and fell back. It was as easy as that.

GAFFERY, winner of the Ladies Handicap, is one of those fillies who do the most disconcerting things. After she won the Santa Susana Stakes at Santa Anita last winter, it was predicted (not by this fallible department, however) that she'd be the Miss Wonder Horse of 1949, or some such, but up to last week she had been able to win only one minor race. It is probably unkind to say this, but to almost everyone except her backers—she paid a $34.10 mutuel—it seemed that she was rather lucky to beat Miss Request, by about an inch, in the Handicap. In fact, the placing judges studied the photograph of the finish so long before putting the numbers up that most of us thought there had been a dead heat. Later, in the paddock, several competent horse-watchers declared that Adile, who came in third, just a nod behind the first two, had pushed Gaffery into first money, which amounted to $24,800. They insisted that Adile bumped into Gaffery half a stride from the winning post and that the impact popped her over the line. Well! Atkinson, who rode Adile, had an equally interesting version of the affair. He said that his mount didn't actually bump Gaffery but merely brushed past her, and *scared* her into winning. Of course, it could happen. Adile's coat is a singular shade of gray, and maybe Gaffery thought she saw a ghost horse.

IF there were more jumping races like last Friday's Grand National, one wouldn't hear so much talk about discontinuing steeplechasing. His Boots won, and it was a good show; even old Elkridge, who is eleven and has run more than a hundred times, was right up there for most of the three miles. Unfortunately, many of the steeplechases and hurdles races—and particularly the latter—that I've seen this season were pretty sour, and one can't blame the Belmont and Aqueduct managements for dropping these events from their Saturday programs. —AUDAX MINOR

•

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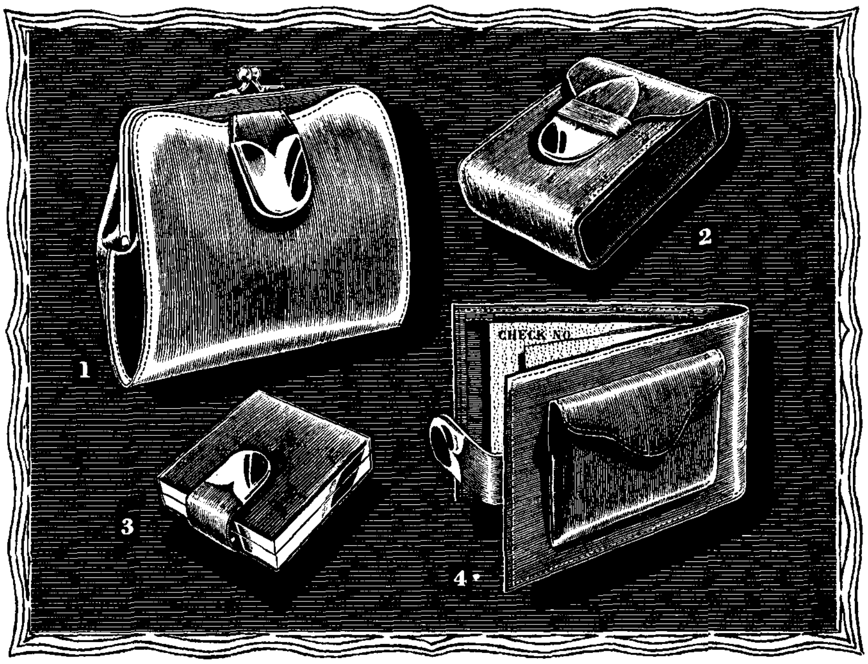

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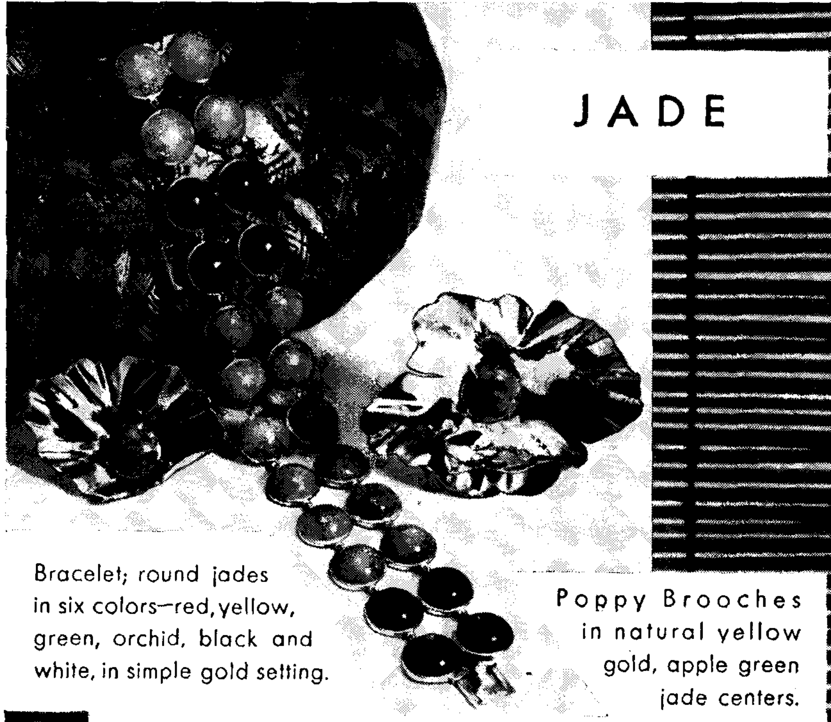

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LETTER FROM PARIS

OCTOBER 7

THE summer is over, and the drought with it. The greatest harm the drought has done is to shake the French peasants' confidence in the necessity for rain. This year's sugar beets are, it is true, unusually small, but they contain an unusually large amount of sugar. This summer's Burgundy grapes are scarce, but they are especially sweet and will make another vintage wine—*the fifth in a row.* Fruits, notably pears, have been abundant; the lack of rain was made up for by sunlight and the absence of destructive winds. The wheat was more plentiful than it was last year, even though it was short-stalked. Potatoes did suffer. Ile de France farmers are digging only twice the weight of potatoes they planted, though an eightfold return is normal. And the farmers cannot compensate for the arid pastures of August and the one crop of meadow hay instead of the customary three. Cattle were slaughtered because they could not be fed. The French government, having turned groceryman, like all governments, has subsidized butter—which it calls "a demagogic victual"—so as to permit a three-per-cent price cut, to stifle the age-old political complaints, from the Left, of high prices. French cigarettes de luxe have just been cut fifty francs, or fourteen cents, a pack, and American cigarettes, at fifty cents a pack, in francs, will be sold in government tobacco shops beginning in November—too late for the tourist trade. The Queuille Cabinet's crisis was provoked by the Socialists' demanding both lower food prices and higher wages for underpaid workers, which workers generally are also insisting upon before prices gather strength for the new jump expected as a result of international devaluation. The cost of food has already risen. According to the official index, it was up four per cent in September.

Another Leftist political undercurrent was set going by the Communist Party's private "vote" for peace on its International Day of Struggle for Peace (Sunday, October 2nd), which culminated in a monster rally around the voting urns set up for the sabbatical balloting in the Parc des Expositions, near the Porte de Versailles. *L'Humanité* next day claimed (as usual) that the rally was attended by "hundreds of thousands of Parisians." The vote was a very successful propaganda sprout of spring's World Congress of the Partisans of Peace. Six Communist mayors were temporarily suspended by the Minister of the Interior for helping local voters to vote, and the Minister of Education publicly warned schoolteachers to eschew any connection with "this illegal referendum." The ballots were printed in September by the Party's elaborate presses and carried the words "I Vote for Peace" (an extension of the earlier slogan "The French Will Never Make War on Soviet Russia"), plus six reasons detailed underneath. Abbreviated, the six reasons ran as follows: "Because I do not want France to become again a field of battle ruins and death. Because I do not believe that one defends peace by brandishing an atomic bomb [the ballots having been prepared before the recent announcement that Russia had an atomic bomb, too]. Because I do not want more hundreds of billions of francs to be tossed into the pit of military budgets. Because I do not want to see revived a Western Germany that is militaristic and vengeful. Because I am ashamed of the war against the Viet Nam. Because I know that an immense majority of the French want peace." About this six-point "referendum," the conservative *Figaro* commented that to expect anybody to vote for anything but peace was as silly as to expect anybody to vote for a plague. The Parc des Expositions jamboree, which included bands, parades, flags, speeches, and perfect sunshine, was only a part of the Communist Peace Day balloting going on all over Europe that day. *L'Humanité*, reporting on Moscow's rally, quoted an article in *Pravda* stating that "we will defend peace, the peace of children's smiles, of seed, and of flowers," and added that Moscow's walls were decorated for the great day with "caricatures of warmongers, American generals, Socialists like Léon Blum, and, naturally, Tito." According to the French Communist Party, one million Parisian votes were deposited in the Exposition Park urns on the International Day of Struggle for Peace.

THE British were the first tourists to make the rounds of the Continent, several centuries ago; then the

Germans began travelling in hordes, accompanied by their Baedekers; and finally came the Americans, preferably to Paris, accompanied by their dollars. Without the Germans, with few British as compared to those of the *milord* days, and with only a hundred and sixty thousand invaluable dollar citizens from the States, the 1949 season has nevertheless been a spectacular one for European travel, with an estimated six million people—mostly Europeans—footloose at one time or another. There was also a rich mixture of exotic voyagers, such as Arab chiefs in linen robes, Hindu wives wearing diamond nose buttons, Chinese, Israelis, Turks, and an extra-heavy contingent of elegant South Americans. Even the upper-class French, who rarely go anywhere (except into occasional exile), have been travelling outside their own land. In preparation for an expected three million Catholic pilgrim-tourists to Italy next year, who will put that country at the top in tourism, Rome's mayor recently concluded an investigation into why his city has been running second to Paris. He discovered that the answer is noise. Noise was suppressed for a time, by Mussolini, and the Demo-Christian Republic has for political reasons feared to bring the matter up again, but it will now take steps. For tourists are the most cherished big business in Europe today.

Not only was the Paris tourist season the best in all Europe but it is continuing, thus turning into the longest one on record. Paris hotels, chic or shabby, Right Bank or Left, are still packed with summer leftovers, and they all say that they will have no rooms till the end of October. The Paris hotels, which, in comparison with those of London or New York, were always cheap, have gone up formidably in price, owing to taxes, wage scales, and the postwar

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The CRILLON, in black Chinese lacquer, as shown...**$30**
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Meier & Frank	Portland, Ore.
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Neusteter's	Denver, Colo.
Russell's	Eugene, Ore.
Von Lengerke & Antoine	Chicago, Ill.

French system of high profits to replace lost capital. Last year, the Government Tourist Bureau feared that Paris's rising hotel rates would scare off tourists or at least make them scream. The only outcry right now is from frustrated travellers who can't squeeze in anywhere, regardless of what they are willing to pay. This summer's mass travel in Western Europe was probably a logical enough result of its recent history. For six years, almost nobody travelled except soldiers and those segments of the population that made an exodus in fright or in fatal, forced emigrations. Some people travelled then because they were ordered to, while others, shut in, yearned in vain to move about. And there were not enough trains, food, or, most important, money, all of which now seem to abound. It is difficult to believe that Europe could change so miraculously and become the great, pleasurable, money-making and money-spending touring ground that it has been this season, exactly one decade after the war season of 1939.

THE liveliest revue in Paris features that oldest of old tourist favorites, Mistinguett, in the smallest, funniest, lowest-priced show of her endless career. She must be almost the age of the Third and Fourth Republics combined, and her famous legs have long since assumed the impersonal rank of public statuary. Her show, entitled "Paris S'Amuse," is housed in the little A. B. C. Music Hall, with tickets at from a hundred and twenty to six hundred francs—thirty-four cents to a dollar seventy—and with costumes that are also strictly cotton-grade. Mistinguett is an amazing sight; she still has her lovely, white, sharp-looking teeth, her handsome blue eyes are still empty of thought, and her voice still tintinnabulates on pitch, like a nice, weathered sheep bell. Her dancing has become a series of gingerly skips. To judge by the topical songs she sings about herself, she is still hard-working, still rich, and still growing richer. Big Paris revues such as those she used to star in were traditionally nude and dull. With elderly showmanship, she has seen to it that the sketches in her current revue have satire and good acting, and she has, further, arranged that her chorus girls be buttoned up to the neck.

Mme. Colette, another aged French phenomenon, is also maintaining her front-line position. A new dramatization she has written of her romantic novella "Chéri," which will star Yvonne [illegible] and Jean Marais is expected to

Eddie Carr

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SQUARE DANCING
(*Tuesdays, Fridays, Sundays*)

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Incomparable, irresistible..this distinctive blend of the CORSAIR'S famed sailing luxury, the glamorous appeal of Acapulco—rendezvous of Old World romance and modern comfort, vacation paradise of the Western Hemisphere. It's the travel adventure of a life-time.

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be the theatrical event of the autumn season. A movie made from her short story "Gigi," which deals, like "Chéri," with Paris cocottes, will have its première this month. Her newest book, "Le Fanal Bleu," is selling as her books always do—like a dish appreciated by gourmets who are no longer hungry but who savor its style and sauce. "Le Fanal Bleu" consists of tidbits left over from her "Etoile Vesper" of two years back, which began her autobiography. In the new book, she is less the memorialist than the sibyl, presenting once more her timeless oracles interpreting nature, feline love, human love, and her love of all three. The longest chapter is devoted to her lifelong friend the actress Marguerite Moreno, who recently died, ending her ripe career as the Madwoman of Chaillot.

—GENÊT

•

Budget of Councilman Richard E. Love, San Anselmo police commissioner, was attacked at a city council meeting last night by Councilman Carmel Booth, former police commissioner.

She wanted to know if his budget was finished. It was apparent that some items of equipment had been ordered and Councilman Booth questioned their need.

"I wish we had more coordination in this group," she said. "We're working at odds. There's no cooperation."

She criticized the need for a horn blower for the police department. (This instrument automatically blows the police car horn if the radio is not answered, thus bringing a police to a call if he is out of range of the radio loudspeaker.)

Mrs. Booth said she didn't think such a thing was needed.

A policeman came forward from the back of the hall and supported the horn blower system.

He said he would have been able to catch a man only a few minutes before if the city had the horn blower. The man had been whistling through the bushes at a woman but got away before a police car could be dispatched.

Later the council decided that the bushes should be cut down and to look up the property owner for such a job.—*San Rafael (Calif.) Independent-Journal.*

That's the ticket—always get to the root of a problem!

•

NO COMMENT DEPARTMENT

[*From the Todd Company's house organ*]

Two thousand years ago a wanderer in Galilee preached a message. Twelve men believed His words and they revolutionized the history of this world. If twelve Todd men will consider their position now at the crossroads of 1949, and believe in their product with similar faith, they are the men who will head sales management for this company in the next quarter century.

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World Famous Since 1779
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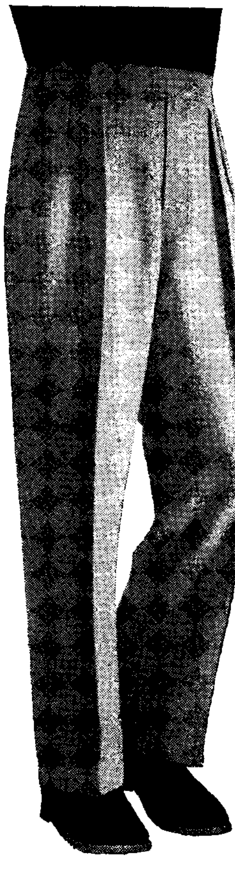

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New revaluation prices: **$25.00 to $32.50**

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Write for name of nearest dealer
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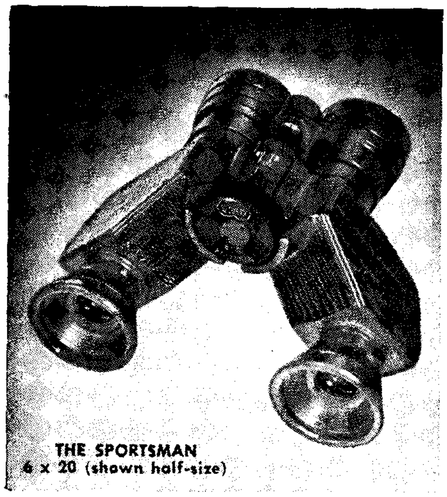
THE SPORTSMAN
6 x 20 (shown half-size)

For football fans
SARD six-power
prismatic binocular

The extremely compact Sard Sportsman can be carried to games *in your pocket!* This high-precision binocular weighs a mere 4¼ ounces. Yet it offers six-power magnification, full field of view, maximum brilliance and finest optical qualities. Handsomely finished. Available at better sporting goods, jewelry and optical shops. $198.00, Federal tax included.

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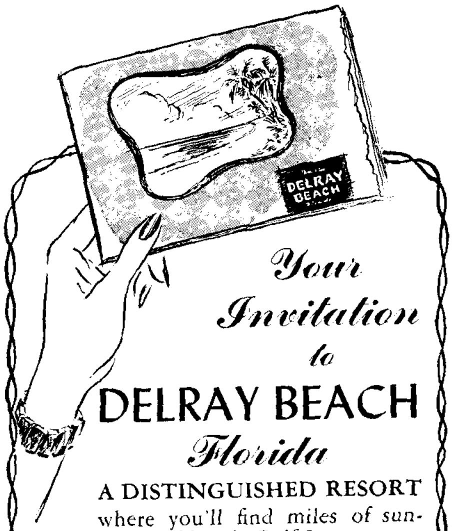

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Raimu, Posthumously

"STRANGERS IN THE HOUSE," an uneven French film based on a novel by Georges Simenon, has in its favor the presence of the late Raimu and several other French character actors, who play their roles with more enthusiasm than the script perhaps deserves. The central figure is a dipsomaniacal lawyer (Raimu), who has been nibbling at the bottle for twenty years, trying to forget the sad end of a marriage that left him a cuckold stuck with a small girl of dubious ancestry. His relatives, a practical lot, are inclined to think that he is taking the defection of his wife much too seriously, but he goes right on morosely pouring in the wine, until presently the picture abandons its study of his peculiar woe and introduces the corpse of a murdered man and a quintet of juvenile delinquents—among them the daughter the lawyer has been skeptical about from the day of her birth—one of whom is presumably responsible for the gentleman's demise. The counsellor at this point transforms himself from a besotted misanthrope, who hasn't appeared in court for almost a quarter of a century, into a shrewd defender of downtrodden youth, with an ability to dope out a murder which is nearly as impressive as that of Philo Vance. In the inevitable courtroom scene, the film gets pleasantly sardonic about French forensic procedure, and a good bit of the testimony is funny stuff. In the end, of course, virtue triumphs, after Raimu has pointed out that parents are largely guilty of the sins of their children, and that *bistros* and brothels are no valid substitutes for gymnasiums and bird walks. Just to make sure that the particular youth he is defending doesn't wind up in the hoosegow, Raimu manages to fix the crime on yet another youngster, whose fate remains a mystery. Some rather jerky editing mars the film, and the photography is often murky, but Raimu is, as usual, worth watching.

IN "The Black Book," liberties are taken with the facts of the French Revolution, but the picture does have

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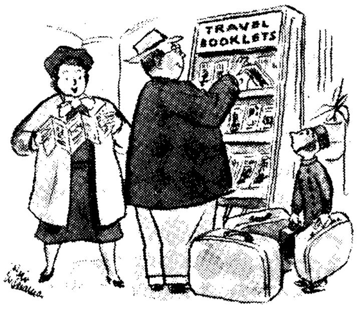

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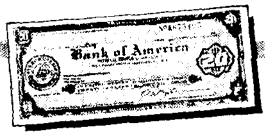

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The characters gallop about the landscape at any provocation, and whenever the clatter of hoofs shows signs of becoming wearing, the camera whips away from the cavalry exercises to peek at some Frenchman having his head removed by the guillotine. The title of the piece derives from the notion that Robespierre kept a list of his future victims between boards. According to the film, this led to his undoing, once the list was publicized, because most of his supporters found themselves marked for the knife. This questionable inside stuff about the Terror need not impair your enjoyment of the carryings-on; those horses scamper around as though they had never read a page of Carlyle in their lives. Figuring in the human end of the affair are Robert Cummings, Arlene Dahl, Richard Basehart, Arnold Moss, and Richard Hart. They roll their eyes in fine style.

"UNDER THE SUN OF ROME," an Italian picture, is plainly designed to cash in on the reputation for excellence built up by movies like "Shoe-Shine." It probably won't do so, because it is devoid of any interest whatever as it meanders along after a pair of Roman juveniles, neither of whom can act. The point of the business is to show the results of war on sensitive adolescents. It's a sad demonstration.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

Sunderland fire brigade were fighting a grass fire on Tunstall Hill yesterday when water from the 2,000 feet of hose connected to the main at the bottom of the hill suddenly died away to a trickle.

The firemen signalled the engine crew away down the hillside; yes, the water was still on.

Then they discovered what had happened. A thirrty goal on the hillside had noticed the water praying out of a pinhole in the hose. He took a drink, but was not satisfied with that, so he bit a lump out of the hose.

The brigade had to run out another 2,000 ft. of hose to put out the fire.

Sixty-four invalids, including 14 on stretchers, were among 550 Roman Catholic pilgrims who left Edinburgh for Lourdes.—*London News Chronicle.*

Let's get back to that thirrty goal for a moment.

•

LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

TULNOY LUMBER & TRIM CO., INC.
871 LEXINGTON AVENUE
BROOKLYN 21, N.Y.

September 1949

DEAR FRIEND:

I am a man of precious few failings. About . . .

TABASCO
Frank BEAVEN

"...But there is only *one* Tabasco"

It is made by the McIlhenny Company at Avery Island, La., the "birthplace" of Tabasco peppers and the only place where you find the precise peppers needed to give Tabasco its smooth, pungent flavor. Like rare wine, Tabasco is aged through three summers in oaken casks. Ask for Tabasco* to heighten your enjoyment when dining out. Have it always on your table at home—for seafoods, meats, vegetables, sauces, gravies. Recipe folder in every carton.

*Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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It is worth noting that ONE genuine sour mash bourbon, naturally distilled and aged on the same exclusive family recipe since 1870, is First Choice among Kentuckians who know bourbon best.

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OLD FITZGERALD

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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD FITZGERALD
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
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4/5 QUART

Runnymede, Bourbon County, Kentucky

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT

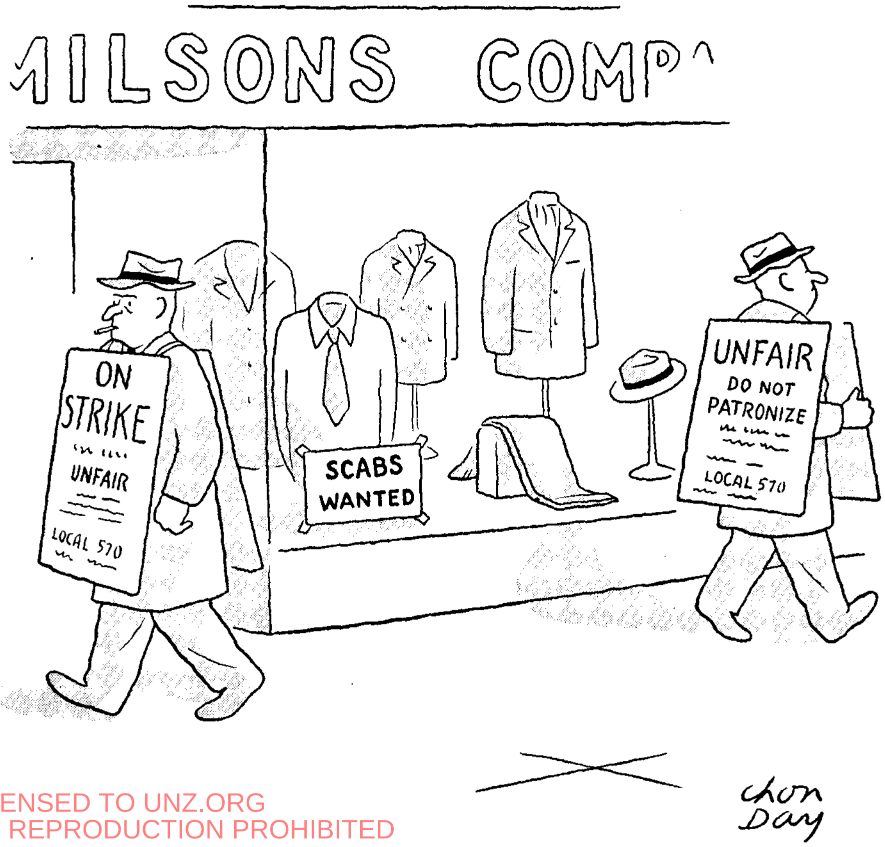
BOOKS

East and West

WHEN we first meet the heroine of "Celia Amberley," a novel by Victoria Lincoln (Rinehart), she is a child of about five—one of those shy, knowing little girls with enormous eyes and pale-yellow hair who are so common in fiction and, to our astonishment, in life. We find her engaged in sorting and labelling the accumulation of unmatched facts out of which, for a child, the adult world slowly takes shape: such facts, gathered in secret and carried up to her room for further study before being stored away, as that her father is considered a handsome young man and her mother beautiful; that they are a rich family, as other families are not rich; that something, no one will tell her what, has gone wrong; and that she will be sorry for it. By the time we leave Celia, she has crossed the threshold of her twenties, and the scuffed baggage of childhood lies in disorder on the road behind her. Her mother is dead; the family is no longer rich. She has fallen in and out of love. She has learned that you have only to believe for a moment that your heart is broken for your heart to be broken indeed. And she thinks that she has acquired a sense of her identity as the person called Celia Amberley.

That is all there is to the novel, or nearly all. If it has turned out that nothing very extraordinary is concealed in Celia's baggage or in her love affairs, which might be those of any bright and pretty Radcliffe girl, Miss Lincoln's intelligence and humor are nevertheless such that she has caused us to follow her heroine every foot of the way. She has even managed to lure us past Celia's four years in high school—from a reader's point of view, the dreariest uphill years of life, full of acne and anguish—with a minimum of impatience and discomfort on our part. We have watched a girl growing up, as girls have been growing up for generations in, say, Providence or New Haven or Hartford, meeting no violence greater than that of their own feelings and with every winter storm still to face. This is plainly not a major theme for a novel, and Miss Lincoln never mistakes it for one. "Celia Amberley" may be small in scale, but it is in scale to her adroit use of materials at hand. For one thing, she has chosen to deal with a past that, close as it may seem to the survivors of it, is already beginning to put on the false, tipsy charm of remoteness. This is the period from about 1910 to 1925—not a time, one would have said, when the pastoral note was very often sounded, yet Miss Lincoln's accurate account cannot help making it appear mysteriously lighter and friendlier and more rural than our own dark, hostile, urban present, and to readers born after 1925 that era of high-ceilinged automobiles and creaking canvas hammocks on front porches will surely shine like the last sunset of the age of gold. Miss Lincoln has also taken advantage of the opportunity to make her novel a portrait of the artist as a young girl. Members of the weaker and less narcissistic sex are not much given to depicting themselves, and as a self-portrait "Celia Amberley" is a pleasant novelty. For Celia is not only bright and pretty; in her large, grave eyes lie reflected, page on page, the makings of many books. Miss Lincoln has been careful to keep her heroine's gifts within bounds, with the result that few readers will feel inclined to hang Celia's likeness beside those of all the sad young men who down through history have sketched for us precisely how they first saw, fell in love with, courted, and won themselves. Miss Lincoln is too ladylike, or perhaps too detached, to paint that sort of canvas.

"CELIA AMBERLEY" is an intensely New England novel, in which human relations produce conflicts and the out-of-doors is where one walks in fine weather. "The Way West," by A. B. Guthrie, Jr. (Sloane), is a prime specimen of the Western novel, in which human relations play second fiddle to floods, copperheads, lame hosses, Injuns, and other pesky varmint. Guthrie, who wrote the popular "The Big Sky" and is an author of the most creditable seriousness of purpose, here recounts the adventures of a wagon train heading West from Independence, Missouri, in the year 1845, destination, Oregon. The leading figure, Lije Evans, has it generously in mind to help open up the West for Uncle Sam. Lije is Henry Fonda to the life, and "The Way West" also provides roles as juicy as Brown's Mule plug for Walter Brennan, John Wayne, and Ward Bond. (The womenfolk can go hang.) What befalls these Independence pioneers could be guessed with the book lying unopened on one's lap: camp



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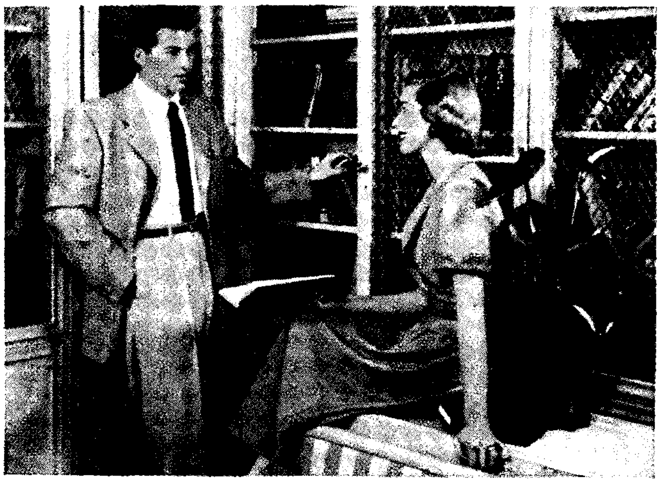
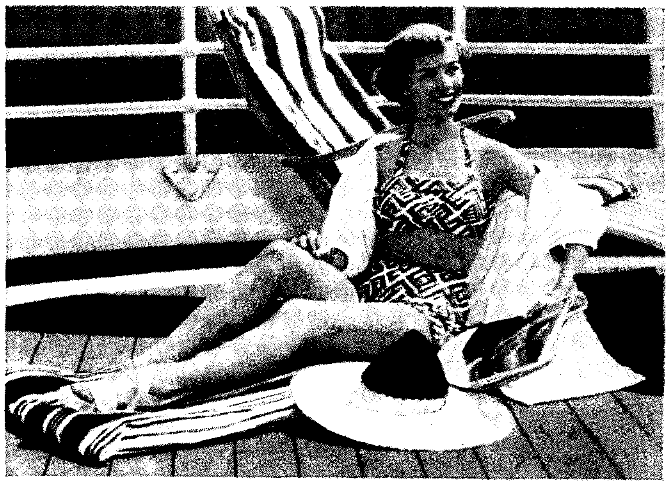


Loveliest ship afloat, the Lurline offers every sea-going pleasure. You can spend restful hours in Library or deck chair, enjoy meeting new friends, dance, listen to concerts, dine superbly. Your stateroom is spacious, air-conditioned.



You meet the Pacific sun . . . and relax! Or join in the fun of deck games. And when the Islanders welcome you off Diamond Head with armloads of flower leis, you'll agree no cruise anywhere could possibly be finer. See your travel agent soon.

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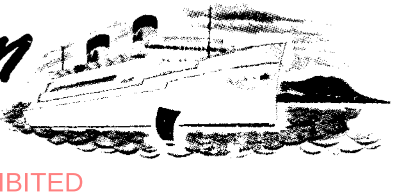

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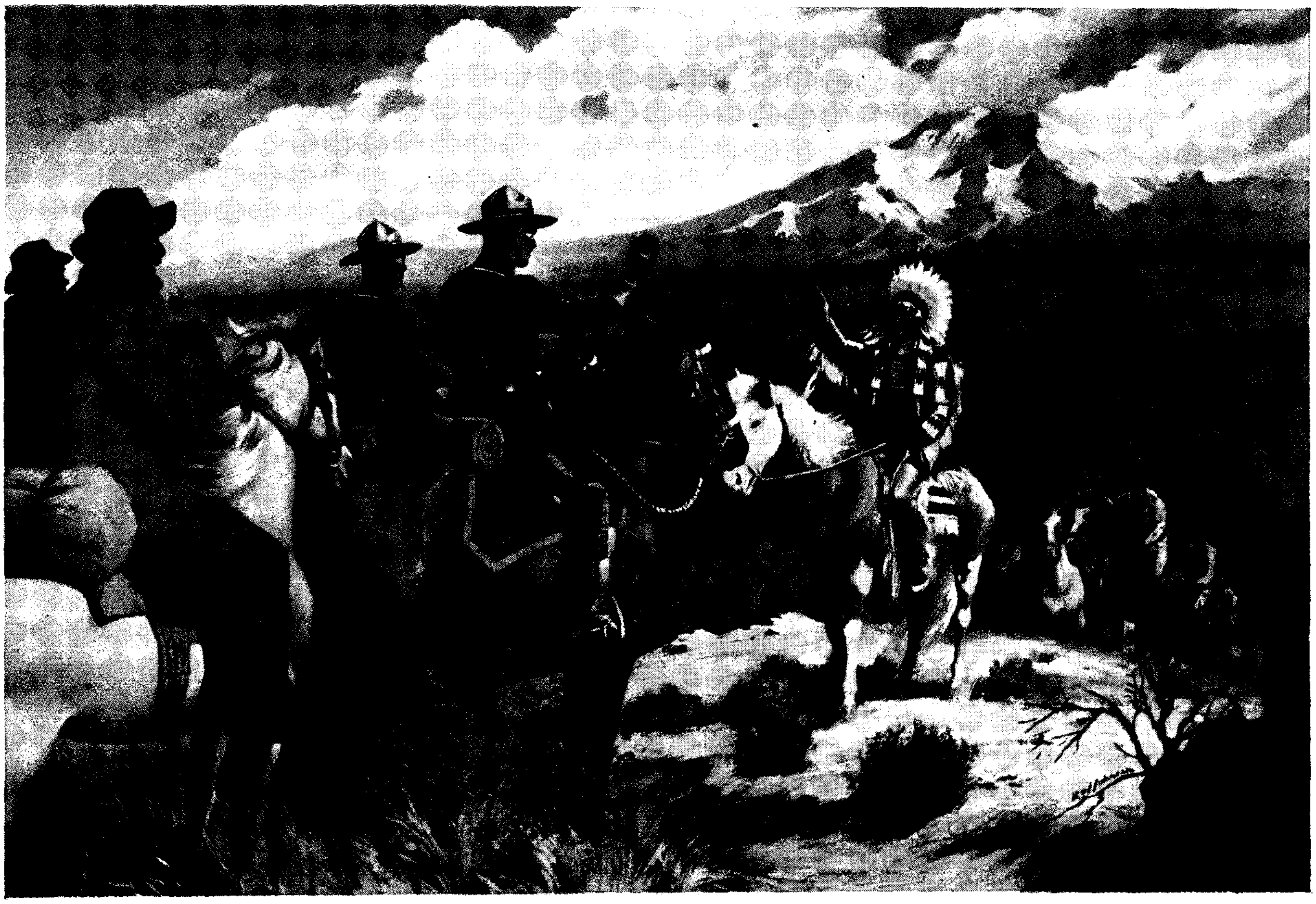

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AN WHISKY • 90.4 PROOF • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK fever, dissension over the best route to follow, the death of a child from the bite of a rattlesnake, a buffalo stampede, and enough Pawnees, Crows, Snakes, and Blackfeet to keep a man sleepless for days. In the end— But the end speaks for itself, which is more than Lije ever feels comfortable trying to do: "A tide rose in him, so fierce, so bursting in the breast, so close to women's tears, that he feared to meet the others' eyes. Yonder it was, yonder was home, yonder the rich soil waiting for the plow, waiting for the work of hands, for the happy cries of children [this is ol' Lije, a-thinkin']. They'd made it. They had rolled the miles. And back of them came others. Crossers of plains. Grinders through the dust. Climbers of mountains. Forders of rivers. Meeters of dangers. Sailors at last of the big waters. Nation makers. Builders of the country . . ."

Hollywood, canner of celluloid, meet Bud Guthrie, hewer of rhetoric!

—BRENDAN GILL

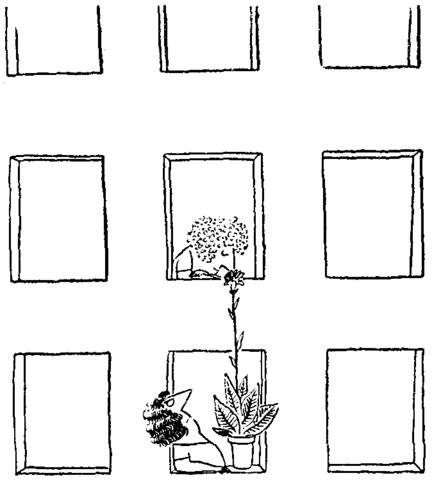
BRIEFLY NOTED

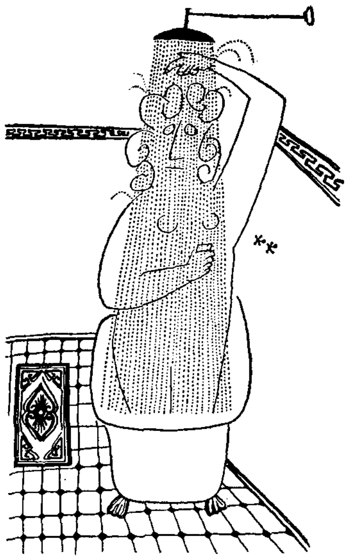
FICTION

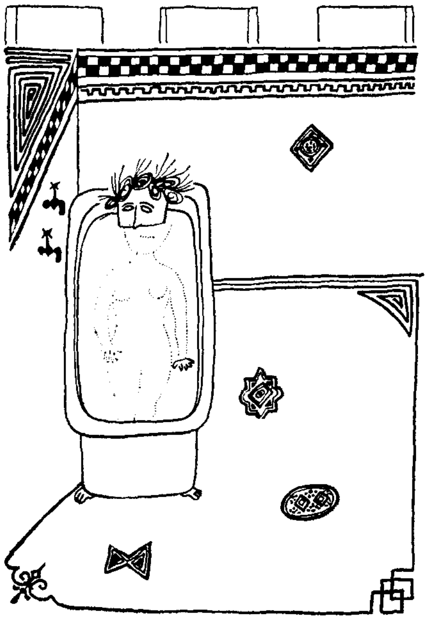
THE HAPPY GENERATION, by Ferenc Körmendi (Crown). An enormous novel that has already sold half a million copies in various European editions. The author, a one-man literary equivalent of the welfare state, carries the Hegedüs family, of Budapest, from womb to tomb, leaving out nothing along the way. As in any such journey, the desert places outnumber the points of interest, genuine as these are, and the steady hum of the prose, which may have more zip in the original Hungarian, tends to make the reader doze off.

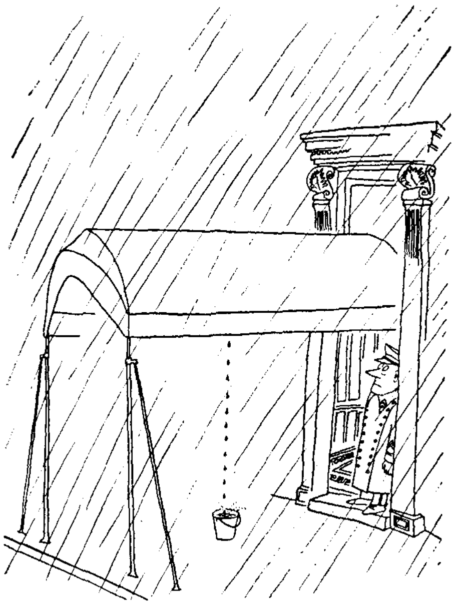
THE LONG LOVE, by John Sedges (John Day). Edward Haslatt, a staid and dull young man, marries Margaret Seaton, a lightheaded and dull young woman, and they live together quite peaceably for at least forty years, which is as far as their author takes them. Mr. Sedges is at great pains to establish grounds for trouble between these two, even before their engagement is announced, but as far as one can see, they are perfectly suited to the domestic life they share, and the author could just as well have married them off and left it at that. The Literary Guild selection for November.

THE SHOW MUST GO ON, by Elmer Rice (Viking). Mr. Rice takes a play through all the stages of pro-





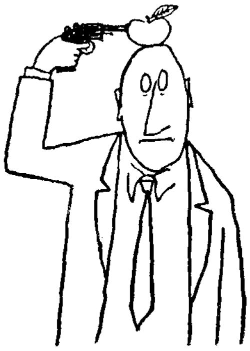


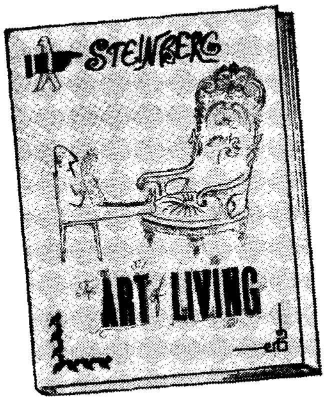


The ART of LIVING by STEINBERG

or How to Survive in The Wrong Century

300 drawings, two-thirds of which have never appeared before.





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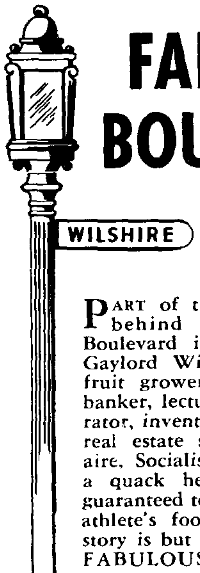
FABULOUS BOULEVARD



PART of the fantastic history behind colorful Wilshire Boulevard is the story of H. Gaylord Wilshire, who was a fruit grower, billboard owner, banker, lecturer, gold mine operator, inventor, city founder and real estate subdivider, millionaire, Socialist, and promoter of a quack health device which guaranteed to cure anything from athlete's foot to dandruff. His story is but one of the many in FABULOUS BOULEVARD, the book for anyone who has been to Los Angeles — or ever hopes to go.

by Ralph Hancock

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duction in a novel that also seems to be an authentic report on the way the theatre functions. Perhaps if he had told the story entirely from the points of view of his two principal characters—the author of the play, who is new to Broadway, and its director, who has worked there for many years—instead of so frequently taking time out to explore the backgrounds and private lives of even the most unimportant ones, it would have moved it along at a considerably faster clip and been almost as informative. He writes about theatre people at their jobs with great affection and understanding, but his long descriptive passages are not nearly so revealing, or, of course, so entertaining, as scenes of action in which the director supervises a technical rehearsal, handles a drunken leading man, or breaks the news to his cast that the show is going to close.

CALL IT TREASON, by George Howe (Viking). A swift and precise account of espionage in Germany during the recent war, written without cloak-and-dagger bravura and with an obvious first-hand knowledge of the subject. Mr. Howe follows three operatives, recruited from among captured members of the Wehrmacht, back into the Fatherland on a reconnaissance prior to the American crossing of the Rhine. Unfortunately, the idealistic young German to whom the author devotes most space is less plausible and less interesting than his two confreres—one of them a Communist with a strong acquisitive urge, the other a Russian émigré who parachutes into hostile territory from sheer *joie de vivre*. Mr. Howe's use of detail, both in military matters and in his views of Germany during the final weeks of the war, is admirable.

ALL HOPE ABANDON, by Irene Odoevzev (Pantheon). A thoughtful and telling study by a former Soviet citizen of life among her native country's present ruling class. Although Miss Odoevzev has perhaps dramatized her story a trifle too much for her work to be ranked with Arthur Koestler's on the same theme, her glimpses into the minds of a party bigwig and two victims of the Kremlin's disfavor are notable. The unlucky pair are a ballet dancer and her husband, a writer, who is purged for letting slip a little too sharp a political epigram one evening. The job of disposing of him is allotted to a high-ranking Communist who happens to have been his friend since childhood. The friend reflects acutely and at length on the ironies of this situation when he, too, is nominated for oblivion a few years later.

THE SEEKER AND THE SOUGHT, by Marie Baumer (Scribner). Walter Williams, a decent sort of little man, closes his door to a panicky young boy one night and then is driven by guilt to go out and search for him, following a trail of unlikely clues that lead him into the darker parts of the city. There are times, in fact, when Walter's search seems only a device for exposing him—and the reader—to an endless procession of odd figures, none of them very memorable. Eventually, Walter finds the boy and everything returns to normal. Miss Baumer had a good idea, but one can't believe that Walter's impulse would have had as mild an impact on his character as she claims.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET, by Bellamy Partridge (Crowell). Authoritative-sounding, if not very penetrating, comedy about the restored-Colonial-house set in the western part of Connecticut. Mr. Partridge's ingredients, which should appeal most strongly to certain residents of Fairfield and Litchfield Counties, include two feuding groups of garden-club ladies, various dry and taciturn New England townfolk, and a battered salt-box house. His main characters are an amiable architect and his wife, whose most pressing troubles are finding space for all their children and servants and arranging to have the salt box made over into a historical shrine. The native New England types are shrewdly drawn, but the author apparently couldn't quite bring himself to do a similar satire of the suburbanites.

THE PLUM TREE, by Mary Ellen Chase (Macmillan). Three ancient and obstreperous inmates of an old ladies' home are committed to the State Hospital. Their departure coincides with the blooming of a small plum tree on the lawn of the home. Miss Chase and the two worthy nurses who run the home derive much comfort from the fact that the plum tree will continue to bloom every spring, no matter how many ladies grow old and mad.

CLOAK OF FOLLY, by Burke Boyce (Harper). Elizabethan flummery and high jinks are strung together around the well-worn hypothesis that Shakespeare's plays and poems were

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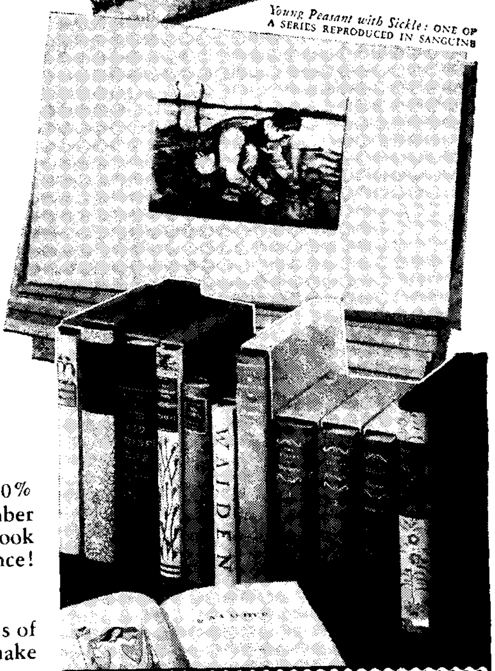
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From the Beacon Press editorial rooms, Boston

SOMETHING HAPPENED to America when Toynbee hit it. Toynbee is an Englishman; but in England his writings were calmly received and assessed with deliberation. By contrast, America went on a Toynbee-jag. It is time that Toynbee's *A Study of History* were followed by *A Study of Toynbee;* and this, as a matter of fact, is the subtitle of the new Beacon Press book, THE PATTERN OF THE PAST: CAN WE DETERMINE IT? In this book, scholarly rapiers flash. The three men engaged in its pages are *Professor Toynbee, Pieter Geyl,* the Dutch historian who was recently described by The New Statesman and Nation as "one of the great historical minds of our time," and *Pitirim A. Sorokin,* most widely translated sociologist in the world. Just published, it's at your bookseller's for $2.

Advance bulletin: October 20 will be the 90th birthday of John Dewey, and the dean of American philosophy will be honored with a three-day celebration of his contributions to the intellectual world. On October 20, The Beacon Press will publish Mr. Dewey's new book (written in collaboration with Arthur F. Bentley): KNOWING AND THE KNOWN. Your bookseller will gladly take your order now ($4).

Just released is another Beacon Press title at $2: THE WIT AND WISDOM OF DEWEY. Surprised at the title? Doubt the wit part? Then go to your favorite bookstore and leaf through the pages.

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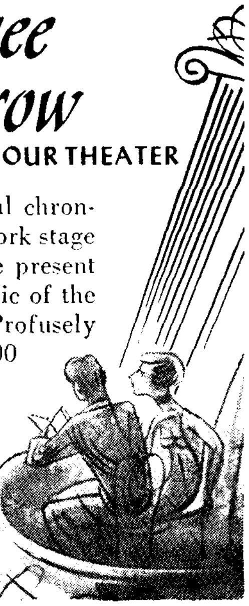
written by Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, one of Queen Elizabeth's courtiers. Mr. Boyce, like more serious scholars before him, is able to produce much more plausible cultural and political background for his candidate than has ever been dug up for the Stratford boy, but he doesn't unveil much evidence of the Earl's sparkling literary inspiration. The narrative is filled out with a quota of sixteenth-century intrigue, passages at arms, and earthy dialogue.

MEDICAL MEETING, by Mildred Walker (Harcourt, Brace). Looking into the question of what doctors do at medical conventions, Miss Walker has come to the conclusion that they devote most of their time to reading learned papers, which are generally ignored, and to quarrelling with their wives, who don't have much fun. The half-dozen medical couples whom the author follows through a scientific get-together in Chicago are presented in a succinct and credible manner. For all of them, the meeting is an occasion for personal stocktaking, and for the central pair, an obscure research man and his wife, the meeting becomes a severe but not disastrous trial of both their marriage and their professional ideals. The author puts these back together for them without getting pat or syrupy. The book is distinguished by one of the most forthright, and dullest, titles of the year.

THE SARACEN'S HEAD, by Osbert Lancaster (Houghton Mifflin). An extremely enjoyable kidding of the Middle Ages. The author has invented a "parfit gentil knight" named William de Littlehampton, who might be described with some overstatement as halfhearted. William, prodded by his masterful mother, goes off on one of the Crusades with serious misgivings, all of which turn out to be well founded. His adventures, however, have a happy ending, no thanks to him. Mr. Lancaster tells the story straight and has illustrated it captivatingly.

GENERAL

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, by Hans Kohn (Macmillan). Professor Kohn has been a student of the evils of nationalism for more than a quarter of a century, and this "Mid-way Account of the Western World" is the latest installment of his lengthy indictment. The book is humane, dig-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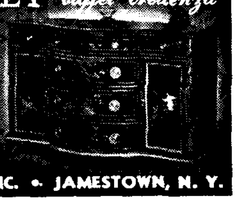
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nified, and informed, but Professor Kohn, like all historians of ideas, tends to overestimate the importance of these shiny counters and to play down geographic and economic realities. His central thesis, that we had better find some way of checking the power of statism before it destroys us, seems incontrovertible, but it is hard to believe that the solution lies entirely, as he seems to imply, in the assumption of world leadership by the United States, on however selfless a plane.

BIG GOVERNMENT, by Frank Gervasi (Whittlesey). An extensive and by no means unimpassioned analysis and defense of the Hoover Commission's report on the functioning of the government. Mr. Gervasi is strongly convinced that the report should be acted upon, and he does a competent job of presenting and dramatizing the facts it contains.

ALCATRAZ ISLAND PRISON, by James A. Johnston (Scribner). In the early nineteen-thirties, when organized crime and criminals had got pretty well out of hand, the federal government decided to set up a prison for our worst criminals that would be both escapeproof and no fun for the inmates. Mr. Johnston was the first warden of The Rock, and he stayed there fifteen years. His story of the place deals, of course, with the greatest outlaws of the recent past—Alvin Karpis, Doc Barker, Machine-Gun Kelly, Count Lustig, Al Capone, Roy Gardner, and many others—and his experiences included commanding the prison militia during the famous attempted break of May, 1946. The author is a lawyer and a banker as well as a penologist, but fluidity of style is not among his talents, and he tells his story with very little humor, which is perhaps as it should be. Photographs.

THE COMMONWEAL READER, edited by Edward S. Skillin (Harper). A selection of the best writing that has appeared in the *Commonweal* in its twenty-five years of existence. Some of the non-fiction pieces are excellent, among them a charming reminiscence of Carry Nation, by E. A. Braniff; a brilliant study called "The Analyst and the Confessor," by the Reverend Victor White, a psychologist and Dominican priest; and several specimens of the militant Catholic liberalism for which the *Commonweal* is famed—an attack on the poverty of the modern Catholic intellectual tradition, by

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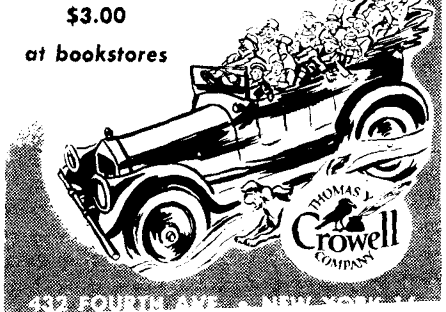

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C. G. Paulding; a sharp criticism of Monsignor Ryan's doctrine of religious intolerance, by James N. Vaughan; and an essay by the Reverend Daniel M. Cantwell defending the "asceticism" of regular attendance at union meetings and insisting that the important question these days is not "Would Our Blessed Lady smoke?" but "Would She sign a restrictive covenant?" Much of the remaining non-fiction, however, is on the level of the chatty piety to be found in any denominational paper. As for the fiction, the short stories are uniformly poor. The verse, except for poems by such standbys as W. H. Auden and Robert Lowell, is undistinguished.

MORE ABOUT JANE AUSTEN, by Sheila Kaye-Smith and G. B. Stern (Harper). The authors have written a sequel to "Speaking of Jane Austen," which turns out, as so many sequels do, to be slightly less fascinating and slightly more forced than its delightful forerunner. Several of the chapters have the high quality of the first book, principally Miss Kaye-Smith's interview with Miss Austen, in which the latter resents the familiarity Mr. Kipling took in addressing her in a poem as "Jane," and Miss Stern's foredoomed attempt to convince a seventeen-year-old girl that Miss Austen is worth her time. However, the authors' endless preoccupation with what happened after Emma and Knightley were married, and with what meals were served to whom on what occasions, eventually gets to be a bore.

THE CONQUEST OF SPACE, by Chesley Bonestell and Willy Ley (Viking). If one should land a rocket ship on, say, Mercury, what would the terrain look like? How would the sun, Saturn, and the earth appear from there? This book answers questions like that specifically, in words and in pictures. The pictures, many of them in color, were painted by Mr. Bonestell and show, to the best of scientific knowledge, the topography of the planets—the forms of their mountains, the textures of their deserts, the peculiar things that erosion does to their soils, and so on. The text is in the hands of Mr. Ley, who probably knows as much about rockets as anyone and, in addition, can write about them with style and animation. An exciting book, and a handsome one.

CHILD OF DESTINY, by Ishbel Ross (Harper). A detailed recapitulation of the professional woes and triumphs of Elizabeth Blackwell, the first woman doctor in either America or England, whose career—in outline, at least—has become a standard inspirational item in the educational diet of young ladies in both countries. Miss Ross has filled in the familiar outline with exemplary care and, despite her overinflated title, has avoided most of the horrors committed by many biographers of feminine pioneers—the gusty indignation over their treatment at the hands of their masculine competitors, the coy approach to their love affairs, and the prolonged lingering over quaint detail. Dr. Blackwell was a pertinacious but completely unassuming woman, whose interests extended far beyond the field of medicine alone; in this biography all the various phases of her career are handled capably, if without any great stylistic distinction.

THREE PLAYS, by Jean-Paul Sartre (Knopf). The plays are "Dirty Hands" ("Les Mains Sales"), "The Respectful Prostitute" ("La Putain Respectueuse"), and "The Victors" ("Morts sans Sépulture"). The first two have been produced in New York; the third has been seen in Paris but not here. It is a harrowing and expertly written drama about a small group of Resistance fighters who have been captured during an attempt to seize a village. While awaiting their fate, they kill one of their number who they fear will crack under torture. Some years ago, Bertolt Brecht wrote a play on a similar theme, in which two Communists killed a third. His protagonists were absolved by the Party, but Sartre wisely leaves all moral and philosophical judgments to the reader. The plays have been well translated by Lionel Abel.

THE MEANING OF THE ALPHABET, by Howard Peacey (Murray & Gee). A little treatise by an English dramatist who has become interested in the problems of human speech. Mr. Peacey believes that the sounds out of which languages are made have primary meanings that stem from the physiological processes such sounds involve and that are more or less the same among all peoples. The book is rather amateurish—both sketchy and clumsily written—but Mr. Peacey's speculations seem sometimes to represent real insights and suggest that better-equipped students of linguistics might well make inquiries along these lines.

Trout Fishing, by Dan Holland (Crowell). A comprehensive and readable volume by a son of the famous sportsman Ray Holland. All eleven of the major varieties of trout available in this country and Canada, including the little-known arctic char, are satisfactorily discussed from a sportsman's viewpoint, and there is a lot of sound advice on baits, lures, tackle, and angling methods, among the last of which the author includes such novelties as dappling (letting the wind skip the bait along the surface) and night fishing. The book is refreshingly long on information and short on personal reminiscence of the "beautiful sunset" school. Diagrams, drawings, and photographs.

Modern French Painters, by R. H. Wilenski (Harcourt, Brace). A new and slightly revised edition of a book that was first published ten years ago and is still the major source book on the Impressionist and post-Impressionist painters. Eight color plates have been added to the more than a hundred monochrome reproductions that appeared in the earlier edition, and minor changes have been made in the text to bring it up to date. The minute, meticulous, almost day-by-day information on the activities of the artists described has been left unchanged, and it is this that gives the book its impressive scholarly value.

VERSE

Complete Poems of Robert Frost: 1949 (Holt). This volume includes all Frost's work, from the exquisite early lyrics and the bitter knowledge of humanity in the middle years to the rather crabbed and gnomic later utterances. The lyric vein runs pure and unchallengeable throughout, but the thought, especially when it becomes thoroughly middle-class, as it often does, can be challenged at many points. A fine portrait, which makes Frost look as homespun as he often sounds, and his now classic prose remarks on the poetic process, "The Figure a Poem Makes," are included.

Poets of the Pacific: Second Series, edited by Yvor Winters (Stanford). Mr. Winters gathers together in a second volume (the first appeared in 1937) work by young men and women who have studied with him. Through the years, Mr. Winters has emphasized form in poetry, and his influence is apparent

(Advertisement)

by CEDRIC ADAMS
MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

I GUESS THE COLD-CREAMED, bobby pinned, ready-for-bed lady of today isn't so bad after all. I just read where ladies of colonial days slept with strips of bacon on their faces, believing it would enhance their beauty. . . . Joe Radman, the Lake street vegetable tycoon, has this sign over his cheaper tomatoes: "The Pinch and Squeeze Department." . . . New definition of a hypochondriac: A guy who needs a hernia for his truss. . . . So elegant is television that the sponsor's message is never referred to as a commercial. Instead it's a "sales demonstration." . . . Scientists come up with some dillies: Hark to this one—If you have a youngster who eats too fast, try candlelight, melba toast, celery and artichokes. . . . Grocers have some curious problems thrust on them now and then. The telephone rang in the grocery store the other day and the small boy said, "I was in your store this morning and I left my glass jar with my frog in it in your store. I can't come and get it until Monday so will you catch some flies and feed them to my frog 'til I can pick it up?" . . .

★

EVER WONDER WHERE the term "booze" came from? Evelyn Nordstrom, an energetic pharmacist at Sacred Heart, Minn., passes along this background information. It was back in 1840 that a distiller named E. G. Booze bottled his whiskey in Philadelphia in bottles which were replicas of his distillery. Naturally they were called Booze bottles and it wasn't long before the whiskey itself was being referred to as booze.

★

LAST THING IN THE WORLD you'll ever find in the glove compartment of a car is a pair of gloves. . . . So busy are doctors in England under the new government health program that one doctor had this sign in his patients' waiting room: "Please have your symptoms ready." . . . There's no such thing as "postmistress," according to the United States post office department. Man or woman, it's always postmaster. Reason: It would require a double set of blanks in post office forms. . . . Suede bathing suits and suede wedding gowns are in the offing. . . . Youngsters really have a knack of stumping us oldsters. What would you say, for instance, if one of yours popped with this query, "Why do they call roads 'highways'?" . . . Car Treatment Tip: If you do most of your driving around town, it's a very good idea to take the old heap out on the highway now and then and give it a few miles of faster driving. It'll improve your city driving a lot by blasting out some of the accumulation in your engine from all your slow driving. . . .

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MEN ARE CLEANER than you might think. The dry cleaning industry reports that the average man's suit yields only 3½ ounces of dirt after six months of normal wear. . . . Best barber day of the week is gradually changing from Saturday to Friday. . . . Jim Saks thinks we're better equipped for aggression than affection—two lips for kissing, 32 teeth for biting. . . . Now you can hide your extra car keys in a magnetized safe that will stick to any part of your car that's metal.

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I WANT TO BRING YOU up to date on one thing that happened since we last met here in the back of the book. The Minneapolis Star and Tribune's new newspaper plant, one of the largest and finest in the world, was completed. It was the second time in 10 years that the plant has been doubled in size to make possible greatly expanded news handling and newspaper production facilities. More than 125,000 people attended various dedication events; carrier salesman Don Olson flew 25,000 miles around the world delivering copies of the Sunday Tribune to public figures; and the citizens of the huge, four-state Upper Midwest area joined in celebrating an important milestone in the history of their favorite newspapers . . . **The Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 465,000) and **The Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: more than 585,000).

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all through the collection, so much so that the poetry, although usually wonderfully written, tends toward monotony. Only two out of the twelve poets included are undergraduates.

ONE-HORSE FARM, by Robert P. Tristram Coffin (Macmillan). For some time, Mr. Coffin has been *threatening* to theatricalize his verse, himself, and the State of Maine right out of literature. In "One-Horse Farm," he pretty well succeeds. The book is illustrated by Coffin line drawings that recall some of the efforts of the young contributors to the old *St. Nicholas*, and here again Mr. Coffin appears, with what seems to be a touch of mascara around the eyes.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

DO NOT MURDER BEFORE CHRISTMAS, by Jack Iams (Morrow). A new mystery by the author of last season's pleasant "Death Draws the Line." The managing editor of a small city newspaper is aroused to the point of doing some amateur detection when an old character called Uncle Poot, who has always given a Christmas party for underprivileged children, is knocked off, evidently by one of a bunch of rival do-gooders. Among the editor's volunteer assistants are a young social worker and a society editor, the latter being funny enough to walk off with the whole rather casual plot. An excellent job by an author endowed with that rare quality, the light but never asinine touch.

•

Plain Ben Franklin was a fancy dresser. At the Massachusetts Historical Society headquarters is displayed a suit he wore in Paris, made of lilac poplin with cuffs of pleated la —*Los Angeles Daily News.*

You mean pleated ooh-la-la?

•

His address was an insult to anyone of normal intelligence and his constant use of antiquated clinches was sickening to say the least.—*From a letter in the Boston Herald.*

Well, some of these modern clinches turn a man's stomach, too.

•

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When Milton wrote "Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints" was he calling down a curse on certain writers of saints' lives?

Was El Greco a mystic?

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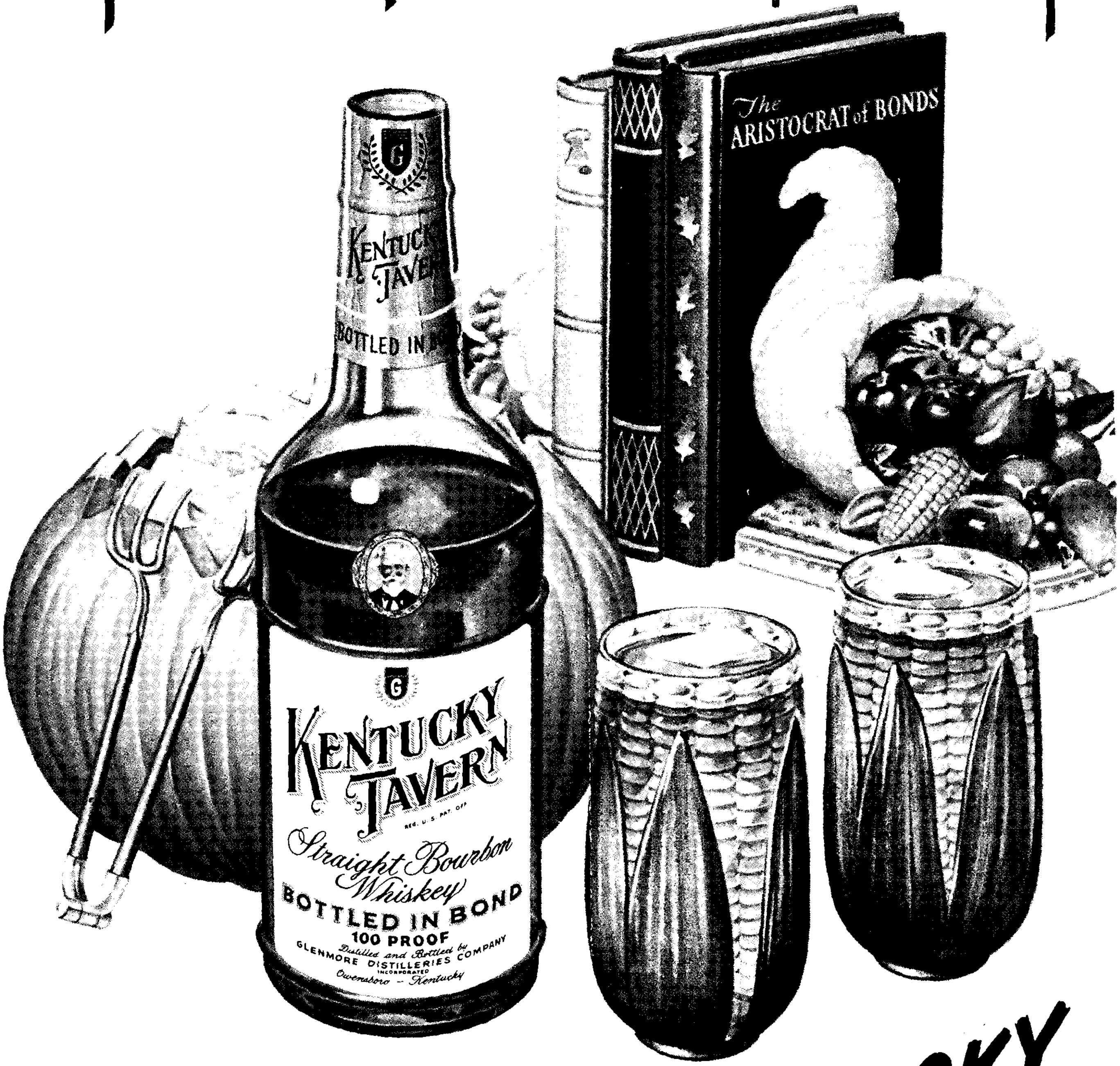
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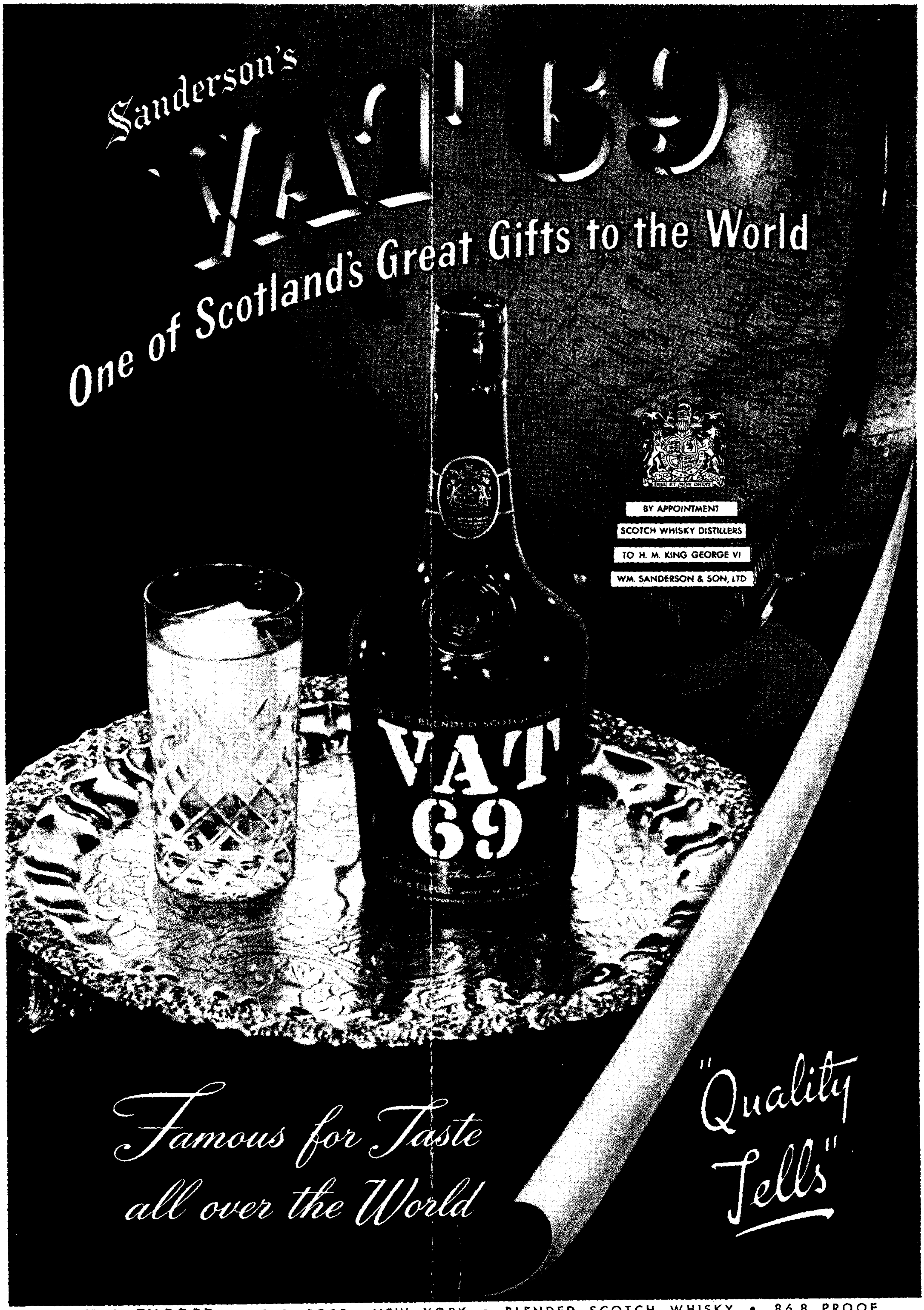
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